Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
MAY 1993

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

Death Warrant
Capital punishment on trial

Mark Geyer
Rugby League renegade

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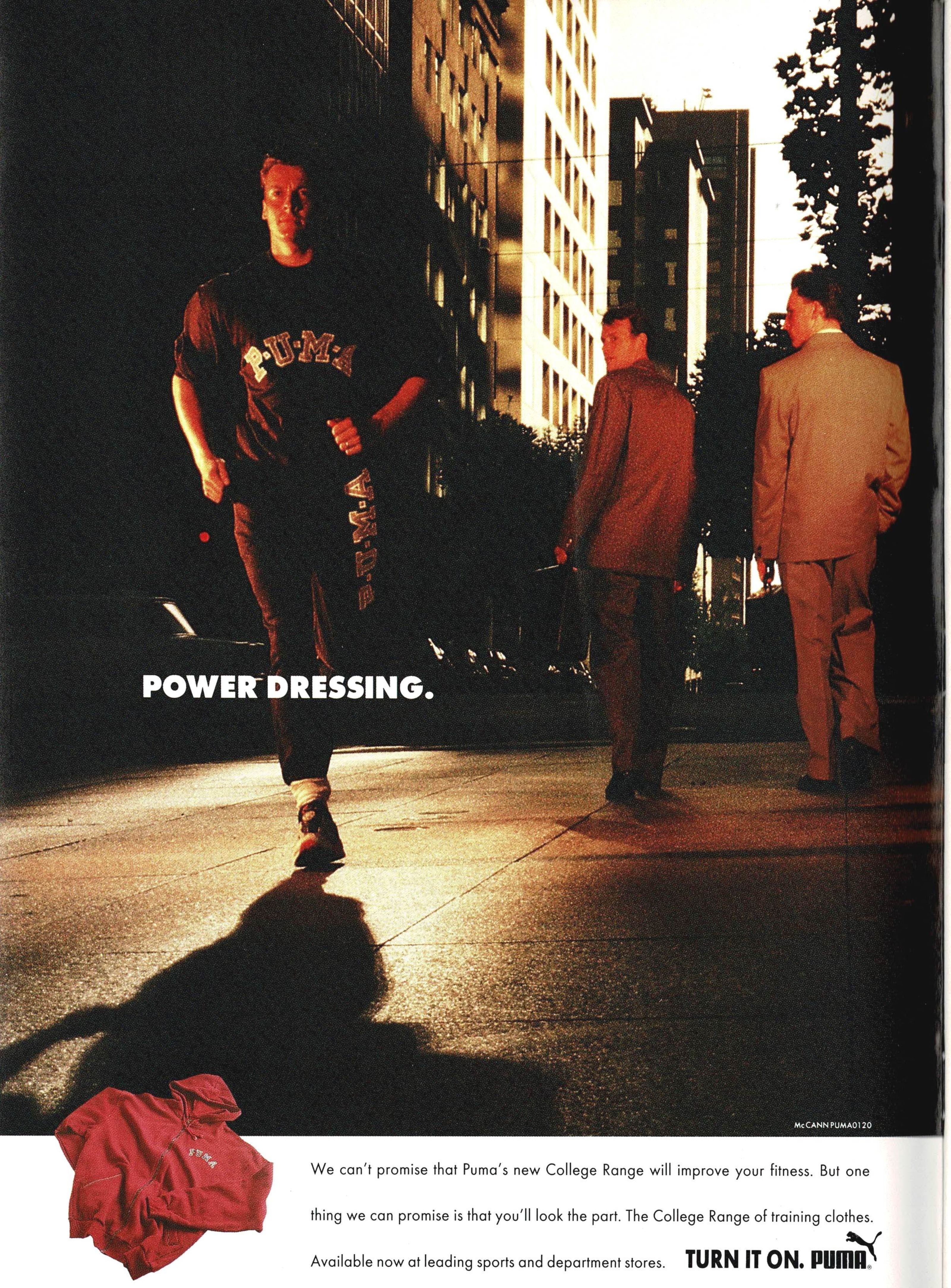

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No. 5/May 1993 Black Label Edition

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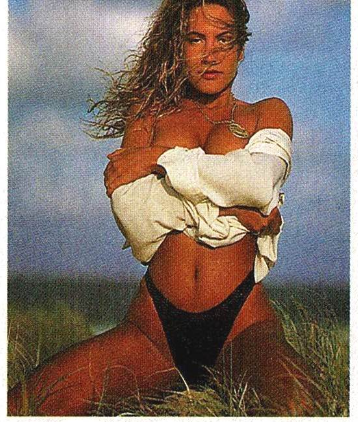
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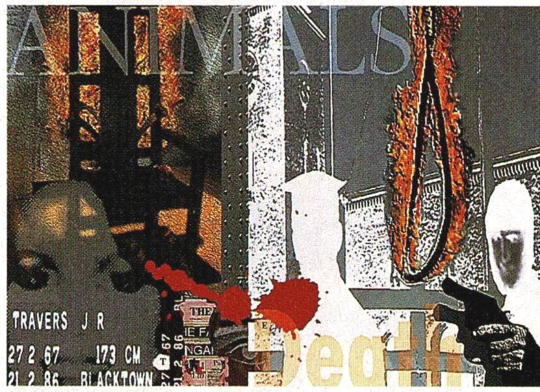
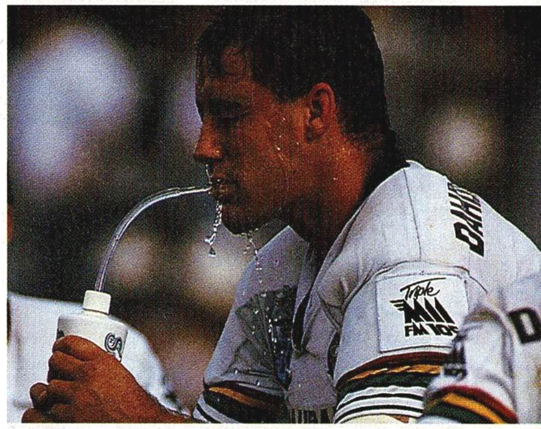


Capital punishment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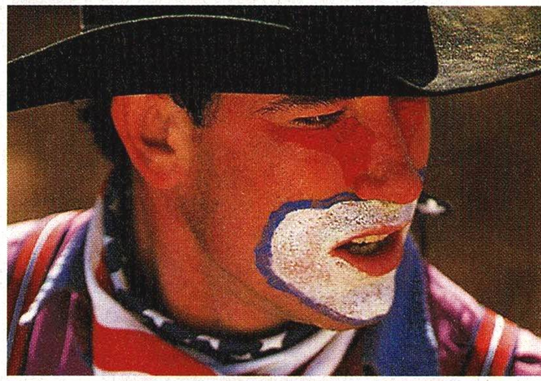
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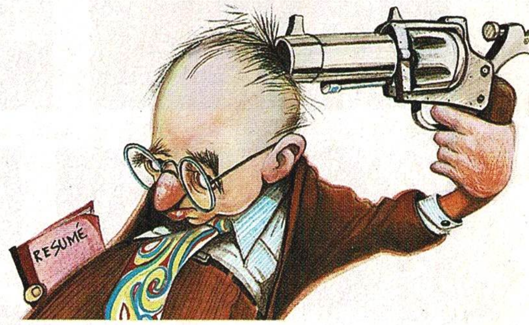
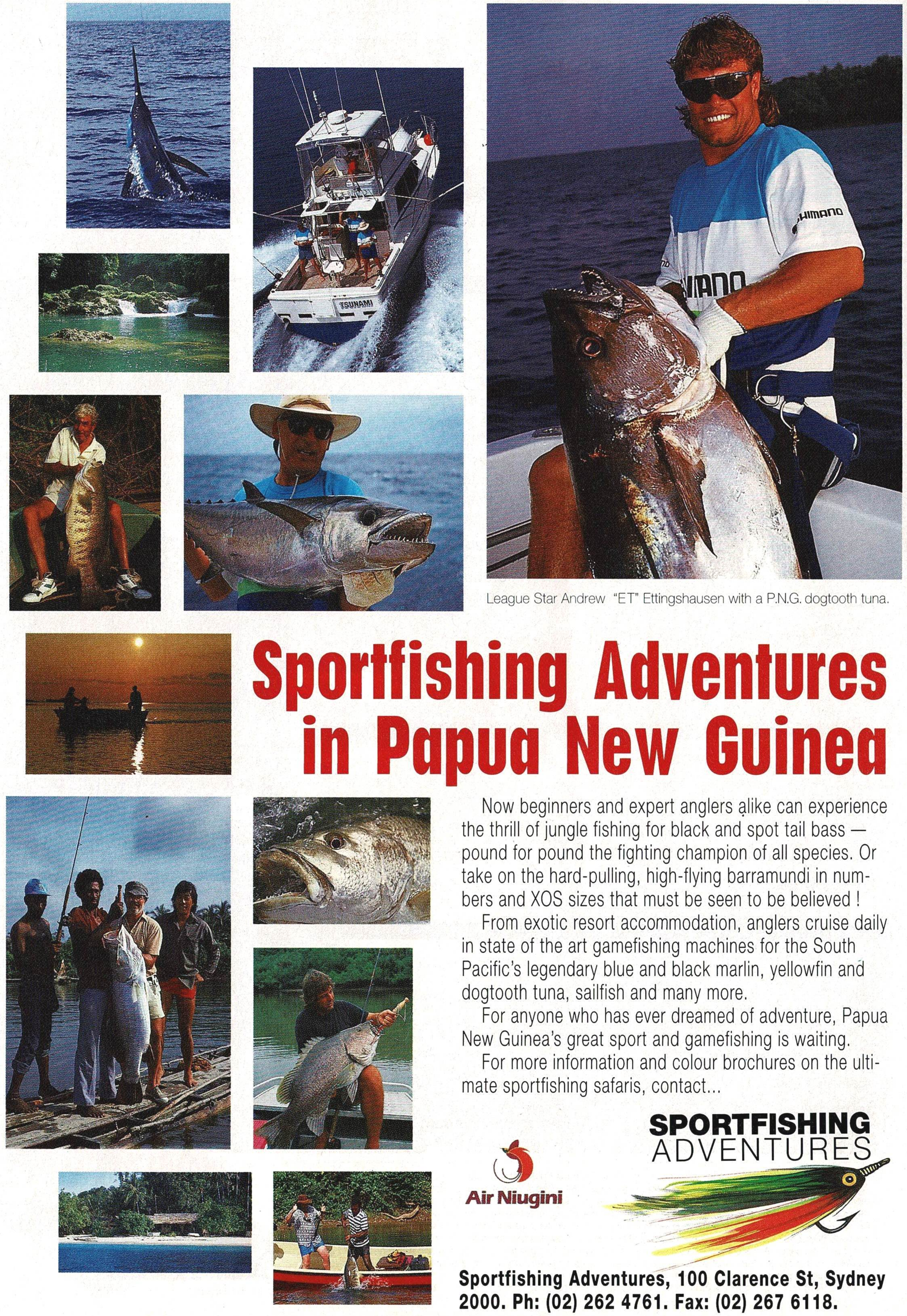


Fast track to failure



League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.

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housecall

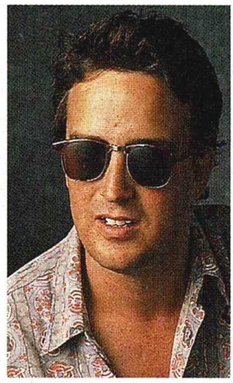
BOB WITHERS

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

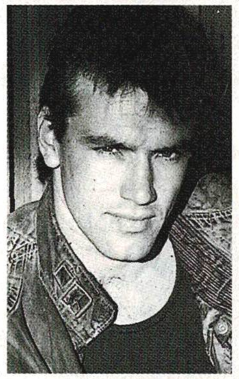
The last person to suffer a legal death penalty in Australia was hanged in 1967. Ronald Ryan swung 25 years ago and the capital punishment debate has raged ever since. The capital punishment story by **Paul B. Kidd** on page 34 is illustrated by the distinctive work of **Bob Withers**. The Malaysia born, New Zealand trained Withers uses specialised computer technology and existing images to make his collages. The unique artwork has seen him published in *The Bulletin, Australian Business Monthly* and *Good Weekend* magazine. Withers says the subject of capital punishment was perfectly suited to his computer-generated art.

ENEMIES WITHIN

Senior Editor **Todd Cole** turns his writing talents to fiction on page 98. His is the disturbing tale of a Gulf War pilot who is captured by the enemy but finds himself haunted by something far worse than the threats from his captors. Cole has the military background to tell his story having worked with all three services over the past years. His previous stories have covered the gruelling Australian Army's SAS Cadre course, a marathon night on the town in Sydney and tales of gold smuggling in Asia. Cole worked in publishing before going freelance and landing a job on *Penthouse*. **Cameron Singleton** provided the illustration.



TODD COLE



GRAHAM MONRO

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

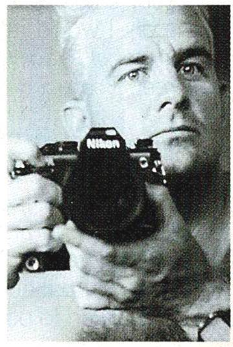
They paint themselves to look like fools, they dress like tramps and taunt wild bulls. They are the rodeo clowns and on page 66 **Graham Monro's** pictures of the 1992 Mt Isa Rodeo show just how brave these men are. The Sydney photographer has had his experience with taking pictures of wild bulls. Several years ago he was embroiled in a scrap with animal liberationists after taking a sensational shot of cattle racing in Bali for an airline company. Despite the controversy, the airline stuck with the photo which has become a minor classic. See Monro's shots of Aussie outback bulls chasing clowns, with the story by **Mark Dapin**.

HOW TO BECOME TOTALLY UNEMPLOYABLE

He may call himself an "expert in under-achievement" but **Gareth Harvey** is a successful man. The father of two trained as a journalist in Sydney on magazines such as *The Bulletin and Playboy* before becoming a producer on Channel Nine's *60 Minutes* and then the *20/20* news program in New York. On page 82 we publish the first chapter of Harvey's new book, *Fast Track to Failure.* He decided to write a manual on failure after reading too many How To Succeed books and says this is the perfect time to launch such a book. "This wouldn't have worked 10 years ago, but this is the Nineties; a No-Can-Do generation." **Eric Lobbecke** drew the pictures.

KRISTIE

Photographer **Adam Watson** chose Sydney's northern beaches as the setting for our Pet of The Month, Kristie. The photographer of ten years divides his time between Sydney and Los Angeles. Watson is also a fitness trainer who has worked with Martin Potter, Tom Carroll and Wendy Botha. He specialises in taking pictures of the human body and his photos can be found in magazines such as *Inside Sport, Playboy, Studio For Men, Black And White, Waves, Tracks* and *Australian Women's Forum* as well as this magazine. See how good he can make Kristie look on page 72.



ADAM WATSON

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

The fun police

As a Black Label subscriber, I am concerned about the rising tide of censorship in our over-regulated country. I fear that many people who like to read magazines such as *Penthouse* and view X-rated videos which are offered by *Penthouse* and other companies, don't realise how easy it is for legislation to be passed in parliament without the general public knowing about it. A good example is the "Lights On" legislation for motorcycles that was passed recently. The first most riders knew of this was when they got pulled up by the "anti-fun squad" and given a fine for not riding with their lights on! What a joke. Anyway, back to my point, I think it would be a good idea if *Penthouse* did an article on censorship in this country so readers can get an idea on what could happen if the "do gooders" in our society take away our rights as responsible adults to view and read what we like in the privacy of our own homes.— *Grant Furlong, Westleigh, NSW*

Wet women

I would like to see more of those two water-nymphs, Michelle Lake (May 92), and Lisa Brookes (Nov 92). Speaking of water-nymphs, has anyone among your staff and contributors ever considered some Lindseyesque scenes of *Penthouse* Pets frolicking in an appropriately secluded lily pond, or perhaps something in the style of Rosetti and his contemporaries — namely the Pre-Raphaelites. The girls could dress up instead of dress down and still look exciting. — *C. Ellis, Balmain, NSW*

You'd be so lucky

I cannot understand how *Penthouse* could pick Kylie Minogue as one of Australia's 20 sexiest women (January 1993). Kylie may be Australia's most famous and successful female singer of recent times, but she has never turned me on. I would rather go to bed with Ita Buttrose than Kylie Minogue.— *P. Street, Boronia, Vic*

As mad as hell

Last week, my local newsagent informed me that due to community pressure, he had removed *Penthouse* magazine from sale. Well frankly, I'm glad.

I am appalled that *Penthouse* was ever allowed to be sold. I feel it should be removed from general public display because it disseminates images and information not fit for public consumption. Similarly, *Cleo* and *Cosmo* should be removed because they denigrate and exploit women. While we're there, magazines that deal with guns should be taken from the stands because they encourage violence. We should also ban: the *Bulletin* because it tows the imperialist line; *Woman's Day* because of its insidious campaign to defame the Royals. In fact, all popular magazines should go because none tell the absolute truth; the empirical truth, my truth.

Why stop there? What about books? I say that many books, like *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *The Life and Loves of Frank Harris* should be put on the bonfire. And movies should go, all movies. They all enforce the myth that is not reality; nor reality the myth. They are sinful. Burn them all. Burn everything. No-one should see anything; no-one should know anything. All information should be struck from the minds of men and women. We should begin from the Year Zero where knowledge is absolute. You see, censorship would make a better world. — *Annoyed, Brisbane, Qld*

Melissa Burrows — simply irrestistible

Special request

I have just read the February edition of *Australian Penthouse*. I enjoyed the article on Special Vehicles by Peter McKay. I own a Chevrolet Corvair, among other cars, and I hope the VL Group A Commodore never becomes like my Corvair. Holden dealers were actually paid to remove all that space junk and convert the cars into Calais clones. One name for them in the trade is "space shuttles."

By the way, can we see some more of Lisa Brooks? Lovely girl. Lovely eyes. — *Name and address withheld*

Unlawful entry

David Smiedt's article on male rape was a real eye-opener for me. In the Housecall section of the February issue he made the point that while feminism was very important in bringing issues like sexual assault and abuse to the minds of the public, it also created a vacuum for male victims. Men who are either assaulted or abused have very little in the way of support networks or counselling services and I hope that the article makes the public more aware of this. — *Richard Mark, Strathfield, NSW*

Magnificent Melissa

Melissa Burrows is an utter delight. She is waif-like and innocent yet seductive and sensual. She has a far-away look in those beautiful eyes and a dreamy expression that is simply irresistible. Her body is just as wonderful although it speaks more clearly of earthly pleasures. It would be difficult to come up with anyone to match this wonderful woman, but I look forward to your next Pet. — *Mitchell Knight, Perth, WA*

More boys please

Just a brief note to congratulate you on *Couples No 18*. I was a subscriber until a few years ago, but I became bored with the coyness of your male models and let the subscription lapse. I'm now reconsidering as those boys in *Couples 18* were not backward in coming forward. Nice to see less gender bias, though the girls still outnumber the boys by a substantial margin. Would you ever show gays, or would you get too much flack from the machos? Anyway, good work and keep it up. Maybe the magazine will be good enough to show my wife soon. — *Name and address withheld*

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blinds, half-
closed eyes
and a night
to try and
remember.

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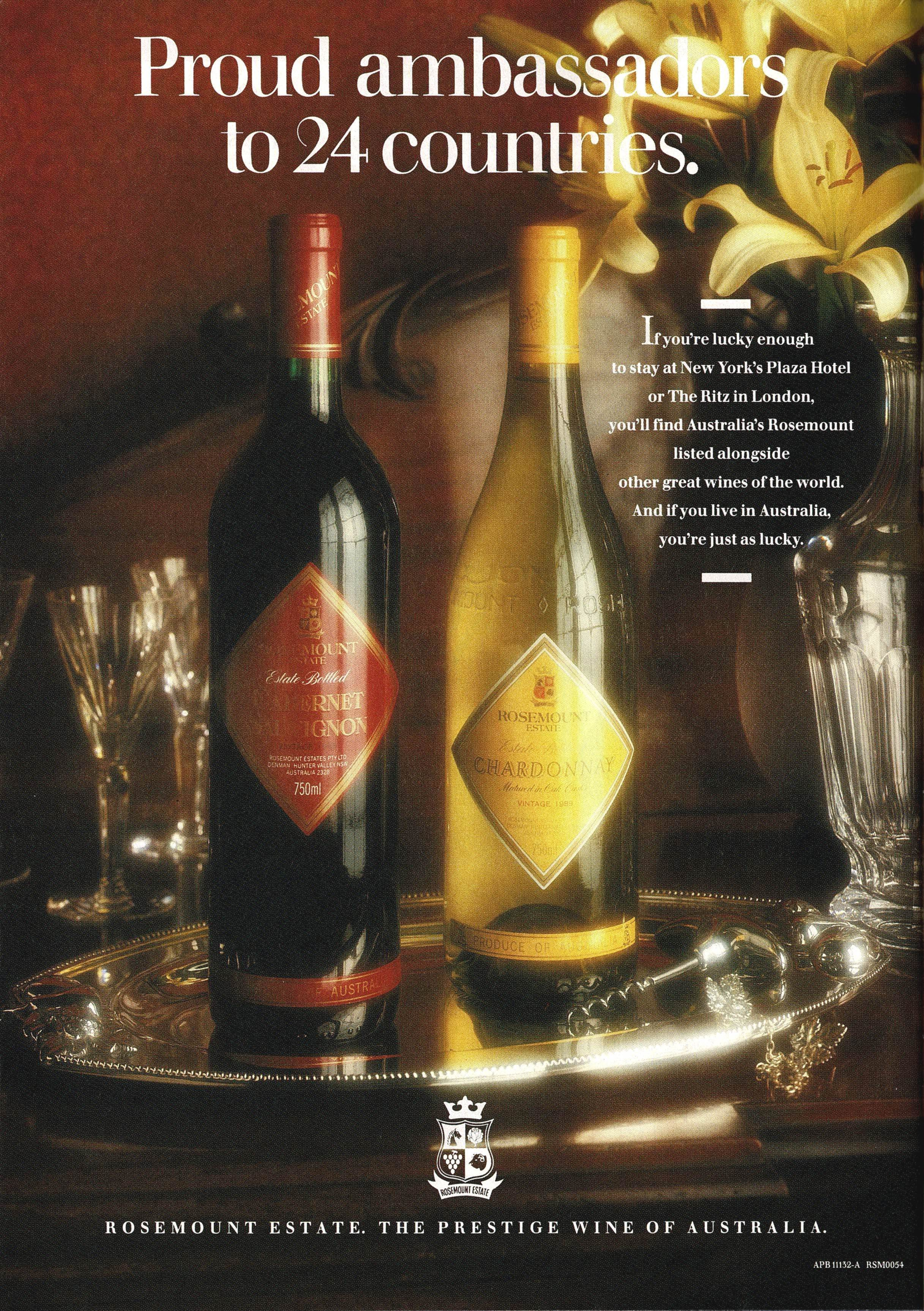

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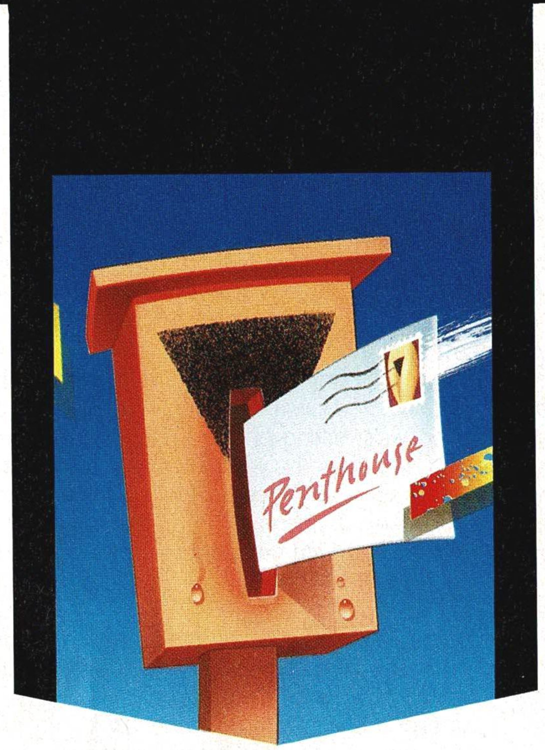


forum

For whom the belle tolls

Sex for me was always a fairly mundane activity. It usually amounted to a weekly romp on the croissant crumbs on Sunday morning. The girl of the week would hump and grunt; I'd bury my face in the pillow and away we'd go. The whole activity was little more than aided masturbation. That is, until I met Cathy.

To give you some idea of the intensity of our current sexual relationship, let me tell you about our first liaison. But first the mandatory description.

Cathy has honey-blonde hair, deep-emerald eyes and olive skin. She stands about 170cm, has a distinctive well-postured stance and breasts that are very big and round, yet inexplicably they defy gravity. Her unique beauty never fails to elicit stares and nods of approval, even from other women.

Anyway, I was at a party of a friend doing the usual, "really, that must be interesting" crap when I saw Cathy. She sauntered into the room like she owned it. Within seconds, two blokes latched onto her and I dismissed any chance of even meeting her.

But fortune smirked upon me and I found myself sharing a cab ride home with this, by now, slightly tipsy goddess. Going across the Harbour Bridge, just after the toll gates, Cathy leant over and placed her petite hand on my thigh. The driver was mumbling some shit about the flag and Keating and Cathy was — ostensibly — getting into the conversation.

"You know," the driver said as Cathy placed her warm palm on my penis, "this country is no good; no good for the working man." I shot Cathy a glance yet her attention remained on the driver, while her hand remained on my penis.

"You are so right," she said undoing my fly.

"I think we should shoot all the politicians," the driver said. Cathy laughed as she freed my penis and her fingers ran up and down its length. "Shooting's too good for them, maybe we should..."

"Castrate them," the driver boomed in. They both laughed like long lost buddies. After the hilarity had subsided, Cathy feigned faintness.

"Phew, darling do you mind if I lie down in your lap?" she said to me with a devilish smile.

All I could do was nod my head as this beautiful mane of honey-blonde hair vanished behind the driver's seat and into my lap.

"So whaya do mate?" the driver asked. At that moment I felt Cathy's lips encircle my cock and slide to the very base.

"Oh God. Christ that's good," I said between gasps of pleasure. As Cathy started to get a rhythm up and down my cock, she dragged my hand around her back and down towards her arse and pussy. I fondled her warm, moist lips through the thin material.

"You notta priest are ya?" asked the driver. I fought to maintain some semblance of control.

"No, I'm a clerk, the public..." Cathy had increased her pace. Holding the bottom of my shaft, her mouth pistoned up and down the shaft pulling gently on the glans with each stroke.

"Good, I don't believe in God," the driver said.

Just as he said that, I felt come rising. Cathy must have sensed this as well because her pace increased markedly. I attempted to pull her up from the shoulders because most of the women I've slept with didn't like to swallow. Cathy, however, seemed to be looking forward to it.

"You alright back there?" the driver asked with just a hint of suspicion in his voice.

A huge spurt of warm come shot out of my cock and hit the roof of Cathy's mouth. Cathy started to gulp. Her pace decreased to long deep strokes as small gulping sounds resonated in the back of her throat.

"Oh, yes, oh God yes," I said.

The driver, now slowing for a set of lights, craned his neck around.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

The driver pulled the cab up abruptly and turned around in his seat. He was greeted by the sight of Cathy with her lips firmly wrapped around my cock — she wasn't letting up for anyone.

I thrust my hips up into her receptive mouth and she completed swallowing my sperm. For a moment, the driver was awe-struck. Then, with an anxiousness only generated by sex, he quickly fumbled to get his hand down his pants.

After my orgasm had abated, I saw that the driver was beating his meat like he was trying to kill it.

Cathy smiled and looked at me mischievously. With a twist of her slender hips, Cathy spun around and held her legs open. I climbed on top of her and she guided me past her thin white panties and into her pussy. When the driver saw my cock slide into this angel, he let out a moan and really started trying to knock the top off it.

The whole scene was a bit too weird for me, but by God was it exciting. Ten long, deep, warm strokes and I was ready for the gravy. I pulled out and Cathy grabbed my penis. Her hand powered up and down my shaft until sperm spilt all over her pubic hair and cunt lips.

The driver grunted and a stream of sperm about 20cm long arced out over onto the passenger's seat. After three more decent streams, he collapsed over the wheel. Cathy and I arranged our clothes and dashed out of the cab. Believe me, that was mild compared to some of the bizarre experiences we've delved into over the last five years. But it certainly beats the old Sunday morning rumpy pumpy. — *Name and address withheld*

Hello, I'm Mister Ed

I am currently on a training course for work which involves two days a week spent in a crammed room from nine to five. This had been one of those days where everyone and everything was pissing me off. We had been given a break for coffee and I made my way over to the pay-phone having decided to give my friend Ed a call. He answered the phone and we arranged to meet at about 7.30pm that evening, after he played squash.

When I arrived at his apartment I was still in a foul mood so Ed offered me a beer to help calm my nerves. A couple of beers later, I was starting to feel pretty horny and noticed a moist feeling between my legs. This had a lot to do with the fact that I noticed Ed had been looking at my tits all night and my lust for the man was driving me crazy. This was not the first time Ed and I had been in each other's company and feeling pretty hot. Needless to say, this wasn't to be the first night we were to bring each other to orgasm. (Just good friends you could say!)

While sitting on the couch watching television, I leant over to Ed and gave him a kiss on the cheek then proceeded to nibble at his ear.

He responded by giving me a long, hard kiss on the lips. I led Ed into his bedroom and he started peeling my clothes off while still embracing me. I hurriedly dropped to my knees and proceeded to free his cock from the old faded Levi's that he always looked so good in. I couldn't be bothered with teasing him so I just plunged his throbbing dick into my mouth.

Lower and lower I went until his belly-button was resting on the bridge of my nose. He pumped my mouth with strong, wild thrusts, and I could feel his love-lance deep inside my throat. My cunt was dripping with sweet honey by now and aching for some cock. I couldn't stand it any longer.

I got down on all fours and Ed started fucking me from behind. This would have to be my favourite position and the outcome of the position, so to speak, certainly proved that. He began pumping slowly but he soon picked up speed. By the time he came in great creamy wads he was going like a polaris missile — fast, deadly and accurate. I couldn't take it any longer, I was crazy when the feeling came upon me like a tidal wave. For the first time, I experienced female ejaculation. It was the most intense orgasm ever. — *Name and address withheld*

Melbourne magic

I have had many varied and exciting sexual experiences and have often read those of others in Forum, never thinking that I too would ever put pen to paper to relate my sexual experiences.

My girlfriend of the past 12 months is a very beautiful 19-year-old model. She is a tall and slim brunette, with lovely long hair, smoky grey eyes and is incredibly sexy. As I am 35, the past year has been extremely exciting, both in and out of bed. I have been the envy of all my male friends and the cause of some concern for my girlfriend's parents. Her jet-set lifestyle has led me to Melbourne every second weekend, so we can spend time together, mainly in my hotel room.

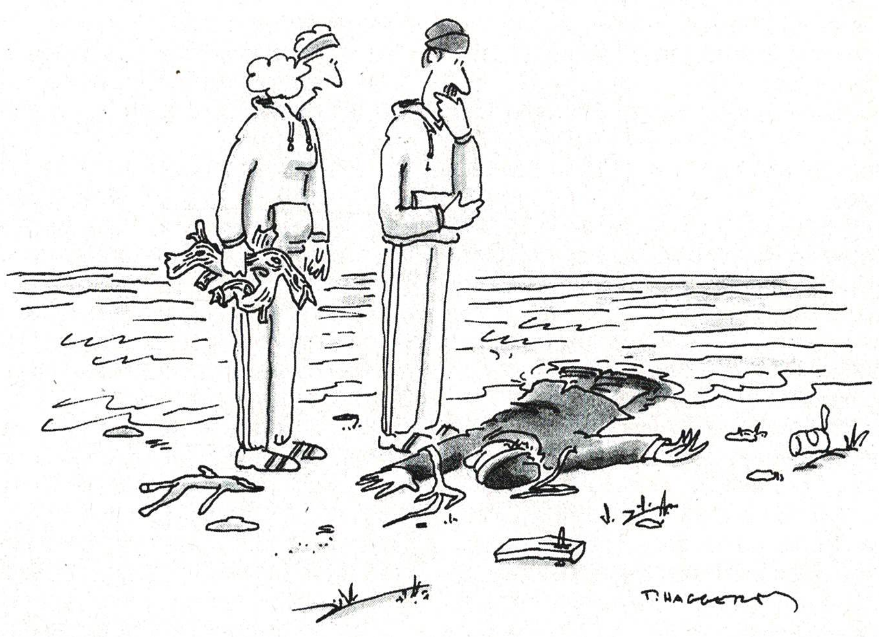
Anyway, back to last weekend. I flew into Tullamarine early Friday evening and cabbed it into my five-star city hotel. Lana was there waiting for me in my suite. We quickly caught up on the news and decided to head out for dinner and a round of nightclubs.

These young models love the attention of being seen on an older man's arm and dancing in front of a crowd at the latest "in" place. The meal and wine at the Italian restaurant were great but we were eager to get to the action of the clubs.

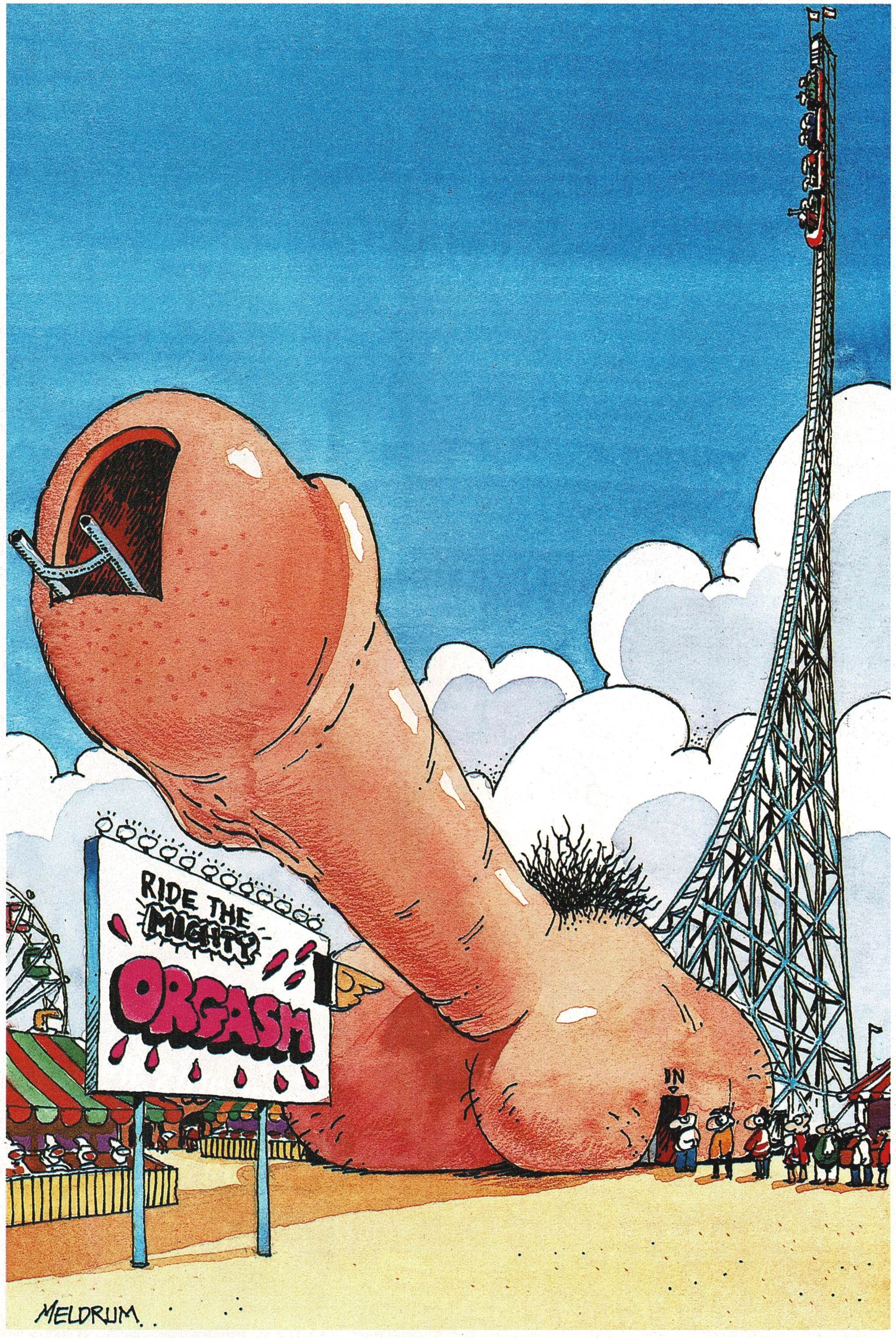
We were only on our second drink at the club of our choice when I was grabbed from behind. I turned to see the grin on an ex-girlfriend, Melissa, as she hugged and kissed me and expressed her surprise at finding me at a bar in Melbourne. Melissa is 24, blonde and green-eyed with a great body and fantastic breasts. She used to model before moving back to Melbourne to work for her family's business. Lana and Melissa knew each other from modelling together in Sydney and the three of us quickly settled into joking, laughing, drinking and dancing like the best of friends. We moved on to check out a couple more clubs and continued our routine of conversation, dancing and drinking until getting weary, then we all headed back to my hotel. Once back in the suite, Lana and Melissa collapsed onto the bed and were giggling at some joke, while I opened the champagne, not that we really needed anything more to drink.

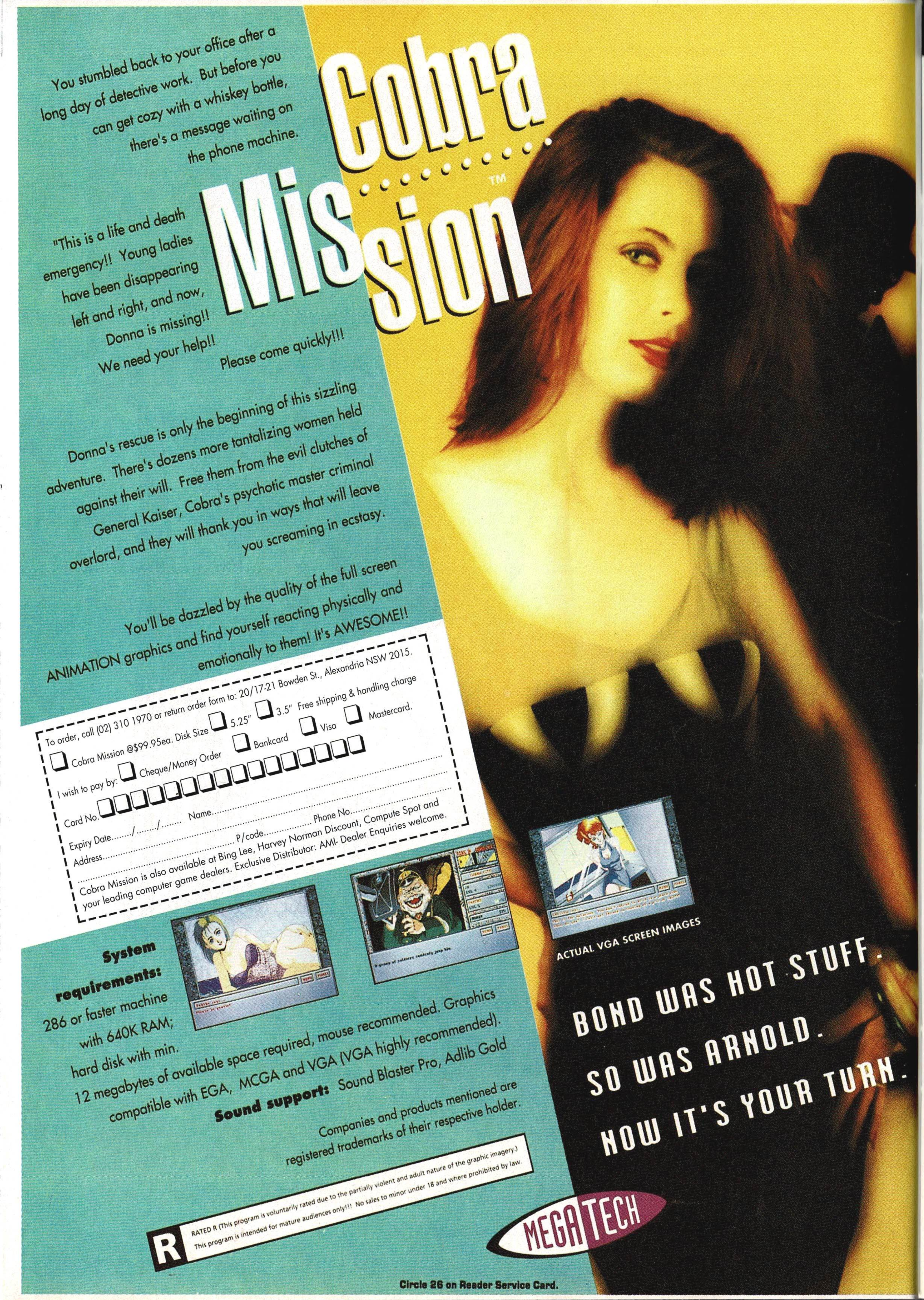
Our conversation now turned to sex and it wasn't long before Lana was telling us how she would love sex with another woman, an experience she was yet to try. Without missing a beat, Melissa pulled Lana to her and kissed her passionately on the mouth. Well, it was like a volcano erupting. Both Lana and Melissa were extremely turned on, kissing and pulling each other's clothes off. When they were both naked, Melissa pushed Lana back on the bed and

Continued on page 118



"It does seem too good to pass up. But you're right honey, it's much too big for a lamp."

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MODERN MAN

FRONT

Man's best friend

Men don't need therapy to get in touch with themselves

Males have a way of showing their happiness: they play with themselves. We may as well admit it. We all do it. Even that hero of the working classes, Al Bundy, isn't averse to plunging his hand down the front of his pants as he watches television. All he's really doing is getting in touch with the one thing he can really trust.

Indeed, the very thing that drives a man's personality — the starter motor, the old fella, the dong, the housewive's joy; yes, gentlemen, it's our dicks.

> **"Women seem resigned to the fact that men play with themselves . . ."**

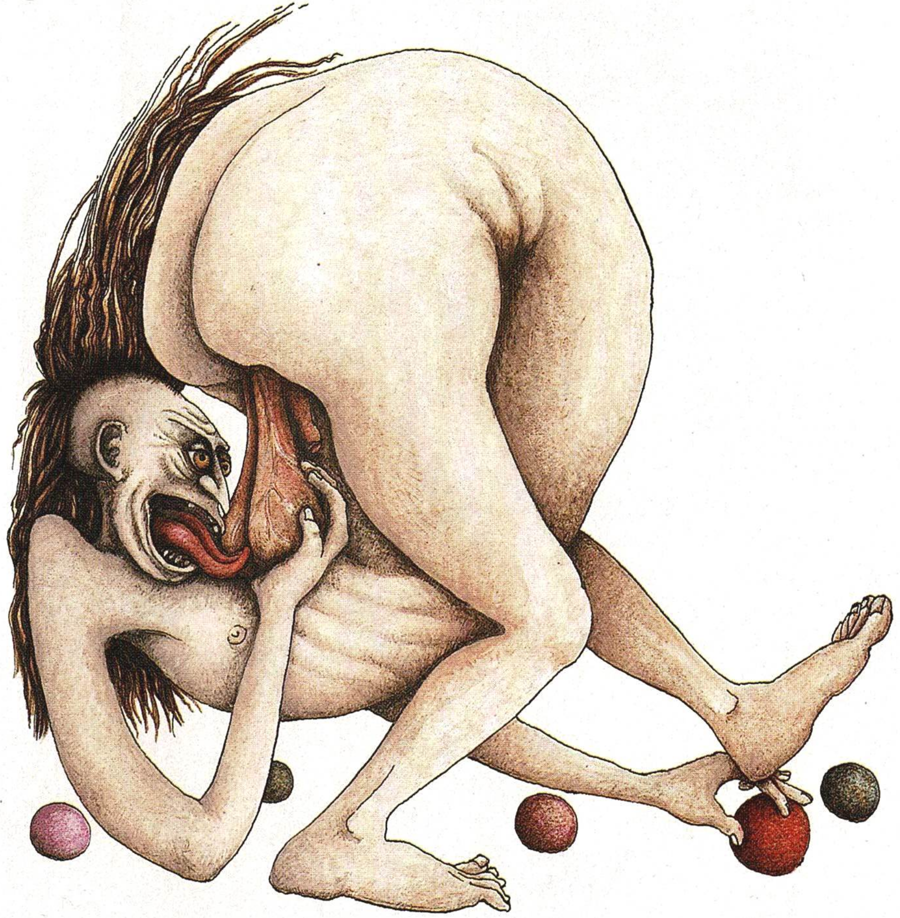


Illustration by Drahos Zak

As males, most of us were raised in a way that made us feel quite comfortable with our sexual organs.

Certainly our mums used to scold us when we were little boys, constantly reminding us to, "leave it alone" and telling us that, "it'll fall off when it's ripe", as we were engrossed in one pleasant activity or another. But it was usually a half-hearted sort of plea. Women seem resigned to the fact that men play with themselves, as though it's just part of their nature, like farting or mowing the lawn. After all, hubby was never much help when it came to discouraging junior from touching his genitals: how could he be, when dad was sprawled on the sofa in front of the telly doing exactly the same thing?

Really, it's just a demonstration of the fact that we're completely at ease with ourselves — that we're in touch with a certain aspect of our personality. As we grow older, of course, we learn not to be so blatant about the whole thing: leading architects don't grapple with their crotches as they excitedly explain their latest designs to the company director, nor do we jostle our tossels on public transport. But once we're safe in the privacy of our own homes, or even if we're in the company of other males, watch out!

Check out your local pub on a Friday afternoon sometime, when everyone's relaxed and happy and looking forward to the weekend. You'll be amazed at how much of it goes on. The odd grab here, the minor re-adjustment there — and check out the bloke in the corner, the one with his cods hanging out of the left leg of his football shorts and swinging about a foot off the floor. You think he's worried? No fucking way! Who cares if the barmaid notices? It's his domain, and hell, who's got the right to criticise — they're his balls, aren't they?

We all know women are uptight and nervous most of the time — it's a part of their nature that we've had to accept. Have you ever met

Man's best friend

a woman who's totally relaxed? No. The reason is obvious: they need to learn that it's all right to play with themselves now and again.

Note that females are taught by their mothers to sit with their legs crossed: to be "ladylike." It's okay to wear the briefest G-string at the beach, but wrong to sit with your legs apart in the beer garden and flash your knickers. You've got to feel genuinely sorry for females, they must be so bloody confused! Their parents instil the message that their sexual organs are "dirty" and that they shouldn't be handled, and then tell them that having a baby is the most wonderful thing in the world.

Have you ever met a bloke who thinks his penis is dirty? No way in the world! Blokes shake hands with their wangers every day. And penises get hard when you play with them, and double their size. They're magic! It's a wonderful process, and we never get tired of repeating the trick for anyone who shows the slightest degree of interest. And if we don't get an audience, we'll do it anyway. There's something miraculous about a penis so who can blame us for checking on it now and then, just to make sure it's still there?

When a dog's happy, it wags its tail. When a cow's contented, it chews its cud. Birds sing, cats purr. Most animals, of both genders, have the common sense to know that if you're happy and you don't show it, you become a nervous wreck.

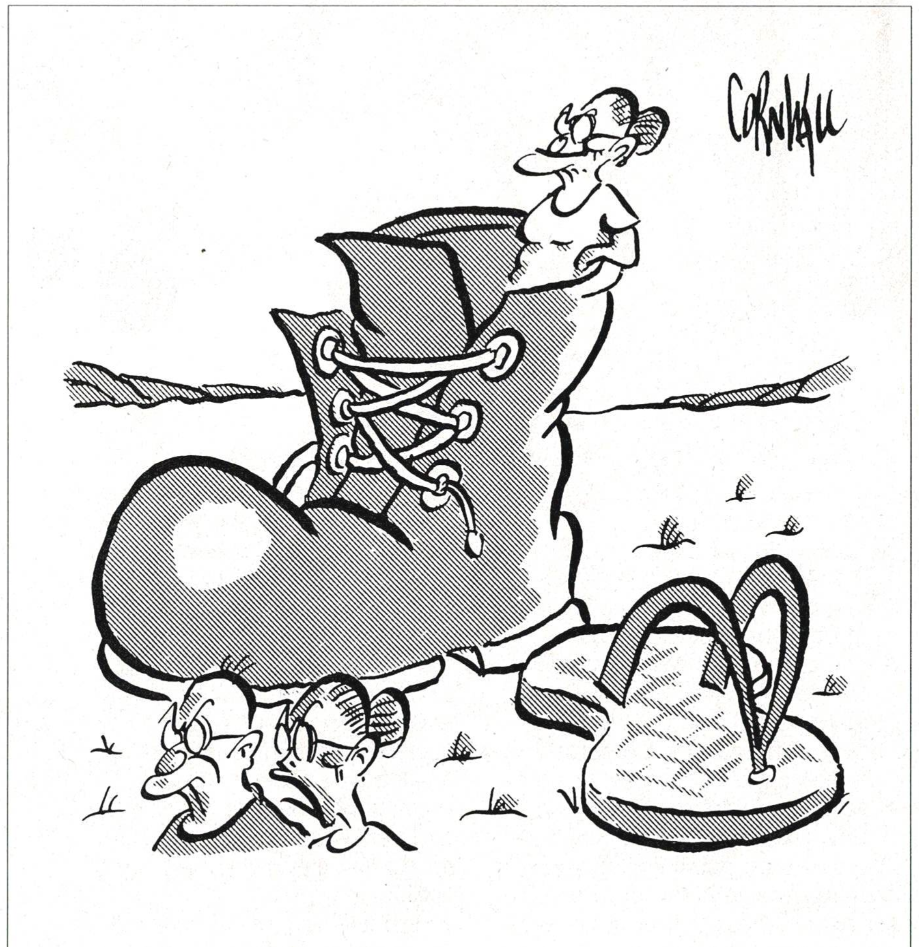
It's okay to bite your fingernails when you're worried. Bob Hawke taught the Aussie male that it's perfectly acceptable to cry in public if you're sad. We drum fingertips on the table when we're impatient and twiddle our thumbs when we're bored.

Females have never really had a problem with demonstrating their emotions when it comes to anger, or sadness, or pain, and I envy them for it. But spare a thought for all those women out there who are unable to vent that most treasured of all emotions: happiness.

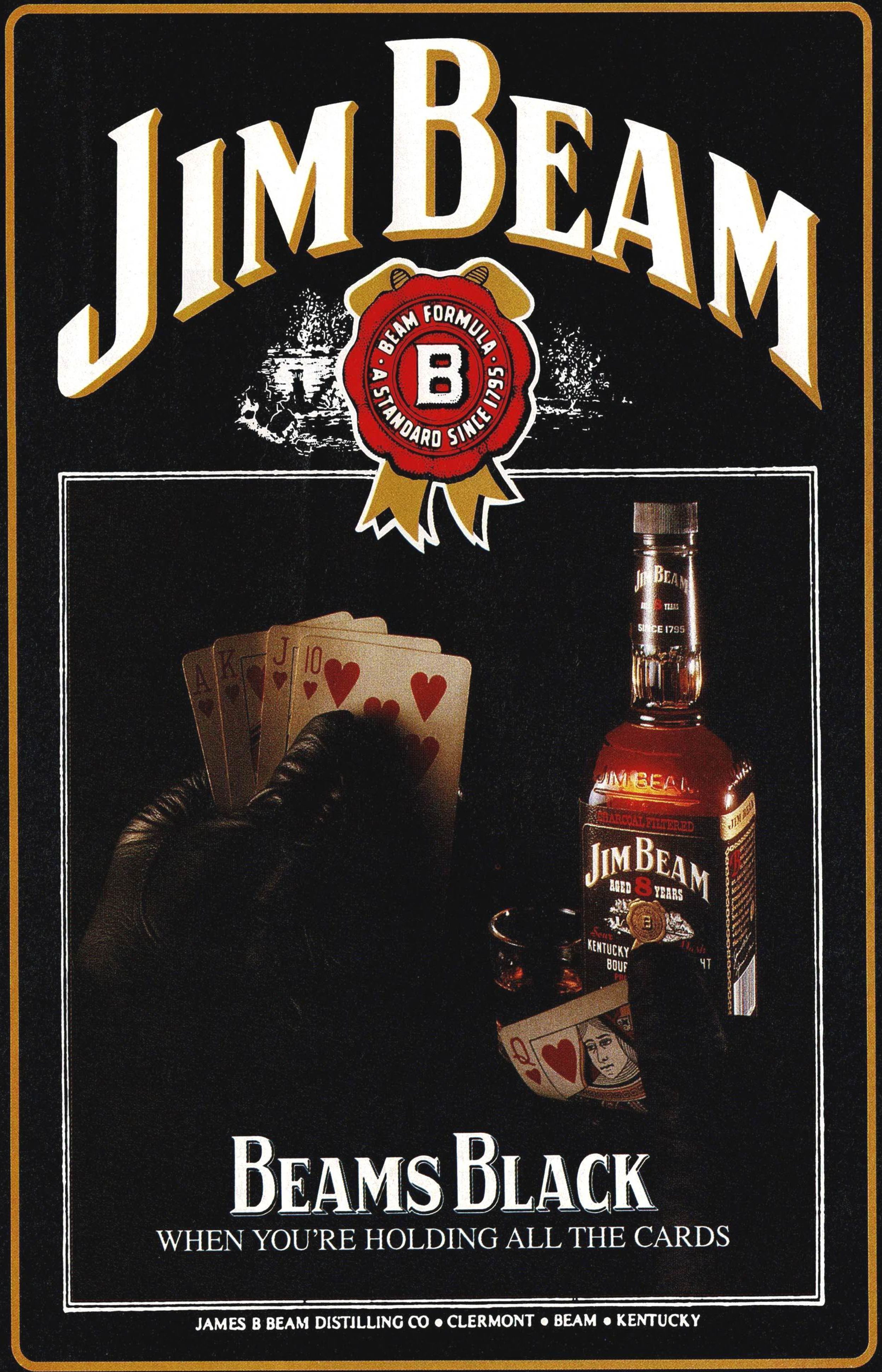
They get jealous when they see a bloke sitting on a couch with a smile on his face, his hands down his pants — they really do.

You could call crotch-diddling a foreplay to masturbation, but it's much more than that. It makes the good times better. If joy is a plate of lasagna, then playing with yourself is the side salad. Christ, I'm doing it right now, as I'm writing this article, and I'm not in the least bit ashamed. My son is on the floor playing with his trains, and he's doing it; the dog's sitting in the corner licking his balls, and the wife's upstairs with her legs crossed watching telly and smoking a cigarette, probably stressing out. Now you tell me, who's the one missing out on the true pleasures of life?

Really, there should be classes for this type of thing. Men have always had problems dealing with negative feelings, but when it comes to positive feelings, I think women have a lot to learn. I feel sorry for any woman who finds it impossible to picture herself sitting in front of the telly with her hands down her pants. Take it from me, ladies, there's nothing dirty about diddling. This is one time when you really can garner a valuable lesson from the opposite sex.— *Brent Lillie*



"Talk about lucky . . . a house and a boat."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Red Symons

Musician and broadcaster

Where you were born and how does it effect who you are today?
I was born in Brighton, England and came to Australia when I was nine. Hence, I have English toilet training and Australian manners.

What do you use for transport?
I am happy to use anything that will get me from B to A — who wants to get stuck at B.
In fact, I have a convertible BMW.

What really pisses you off?
Misspelt graffiti.

What's your favourite saying?
"Talent borrows, genius steals." Attributed to many but in fact a quote from English conductor Sir Thomas Beecham.

What was the last book you read?
Everyone lies when asked this question so as not to look like a complete moron. *Little Wilson and Big God*. Anthony Burgess' autobiography.

Who do you admire in your own field?
What is my field?

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
Craig McLachlan's "Hands-free" — but, then again he's probably already got a copy since he made the record.

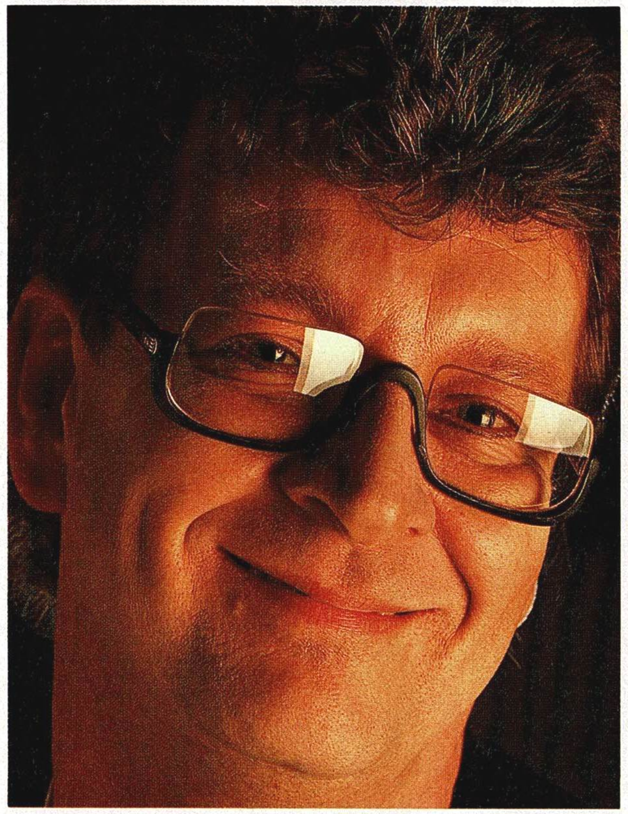
If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
Firstly my socks and underpants. I think that personal hygiene is an important exemplary quality in a supreme despot.

What's your favourite drink?
I like vodka but I still haven't figured out which wine one should drink with it.

What makes you proud?
The ability to accept the constant accolades that come with enormous and sustained success in every avenue of show business without getting big-headed about it.

Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
The pilot — he should stay up the front and steer.

Are there any vices you want to adopt?
Have I missed something? There are some left to adopt?



What do you sing in the shower?
This question should read. "Sixty percent of people masturbate in the shower and forty percent of people sing in the shower. What do you sing in the shower?"

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
To finish this questionnaire.

Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Roman Polanski's next wife.

What movie character would you most like to be?
Roman Polanski's next leading man.

What is decadence?
Something extremely enjoyable that someone you hate is doing and you can't afford.

What is your worst vice?
My friends assure me that my worst vice is gossiping — but I could tell you a few things about them.

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
Self-loathing at discovering myself in front of the TV with a stubbie.

How do you relax?
What do you mean? Who's tense?

What makes you embarrassed?
1976 *Cleo* centrefolds.

When do you lie to people?
If I told you now, how could you be sure I was telling the truth.

What's the sexiest thing in a woman?
Me.

What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
It is my understanding that darts and snooker are the only games played professionally wherein the contestants can concurrently smoke cigarettes.

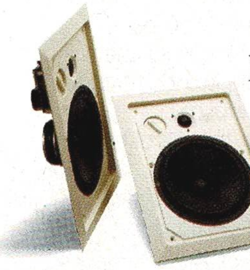
Do you regret anything?
My answer to the question before last. Every dweeby soap star interviewed in *Woman's Day* knows that the correct answer is that intelligence is the sexiest thing in a woman.

Have you any phobias?
Travelling economy, manual labour, tattoos with the names of old girlfriends.

How would you describe yourself?
I don't. I have people who do that for me. Call my agent.

What are you really slack about?
I'll get back to you on that one.

Where do you want to be ten years from now?
I will be spending my time talking to all those people I didn't have time for on the way up.



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READER ADVISORY SERVICE NO. 002

A flying start

The Aerochute puts you up there where you belong

Photography by Laurie Brackley

Over the phone, the description Stephen Conte gave of his ultra-light aircraft was enough to put the fear of God in the most ardent thrill seeker.

"It's like a flying go-cart, but it doesn't have any wings."

"No wings!"

"You've got a parachute, though."

"Yeah, but what about the wings?"

When you see the Australian-manufactured Aerochute it looks just like Conte's description. Three motormower-type wheels support a rudimentary metal frame. The frame braces a dual seat perched in front of a two-stroke motor which powers a large wooden fan. And that's it.

And the wings? Well, as it turns out, the parachute is the Aerochute's wings. Stephen Conte, managing director of Aerochute Industries, explained how the Aerochute works. "Basically, the propeller will inflate the chute and as we gain speed, the chute will become a wing and we'll fly. The prop will keep us going forward thereby supplying lift."

"Fear is allayed by the beauty of being out in the open, unhindered by a cockpit . . ."

Conte's theory and confidence was mildly reassuring. But to look at the ungainly Aerochute frame with its flaccid chute trailed behind it on the grass, you'd be forgiven for being mildly sceptical. As if smelling fear Conte said,"It's very safe."

Conte finished rigging the Aerochute and decided on a trial flight.

Just like he had promised, the chute billowed open as he was tearing down the runway. Within 30 metres he was off the ground and climbing towards the heavens. To call the sight of the airborne Aerochute peculiar is an understatement. It just doesn't look like it should fly.

It may not look airworthy, but according to Conte it's safer than your average aircraft. Unlike a fixed-wing aircraft, the Aerochute can't spin or stall. And if there's an engine failure, you simply glide to the ground under the already inflated canopy.

Simplicity is the beauty of the Aerochute. Originally designed in the UK for military use, the Aerochute is almost foolproof. It requires minimal skill to fly, is easily rigged and highly transportable, fitting comfortably in a trailer.

The moment of truth came and I donned goggles and helmet and sat on the dual seat. Conte cranked up the 30kW Rotax 502 two-stroke and we were away. The Aerochute doesn't so much roll down the runway, as hurtle. Due to the extra weight, we were airborne in over 50 metres... and then on the ground in another 50 metres. It appeared with a full tank of fuel and a fat journalist the Aerochute had to be readjusted.

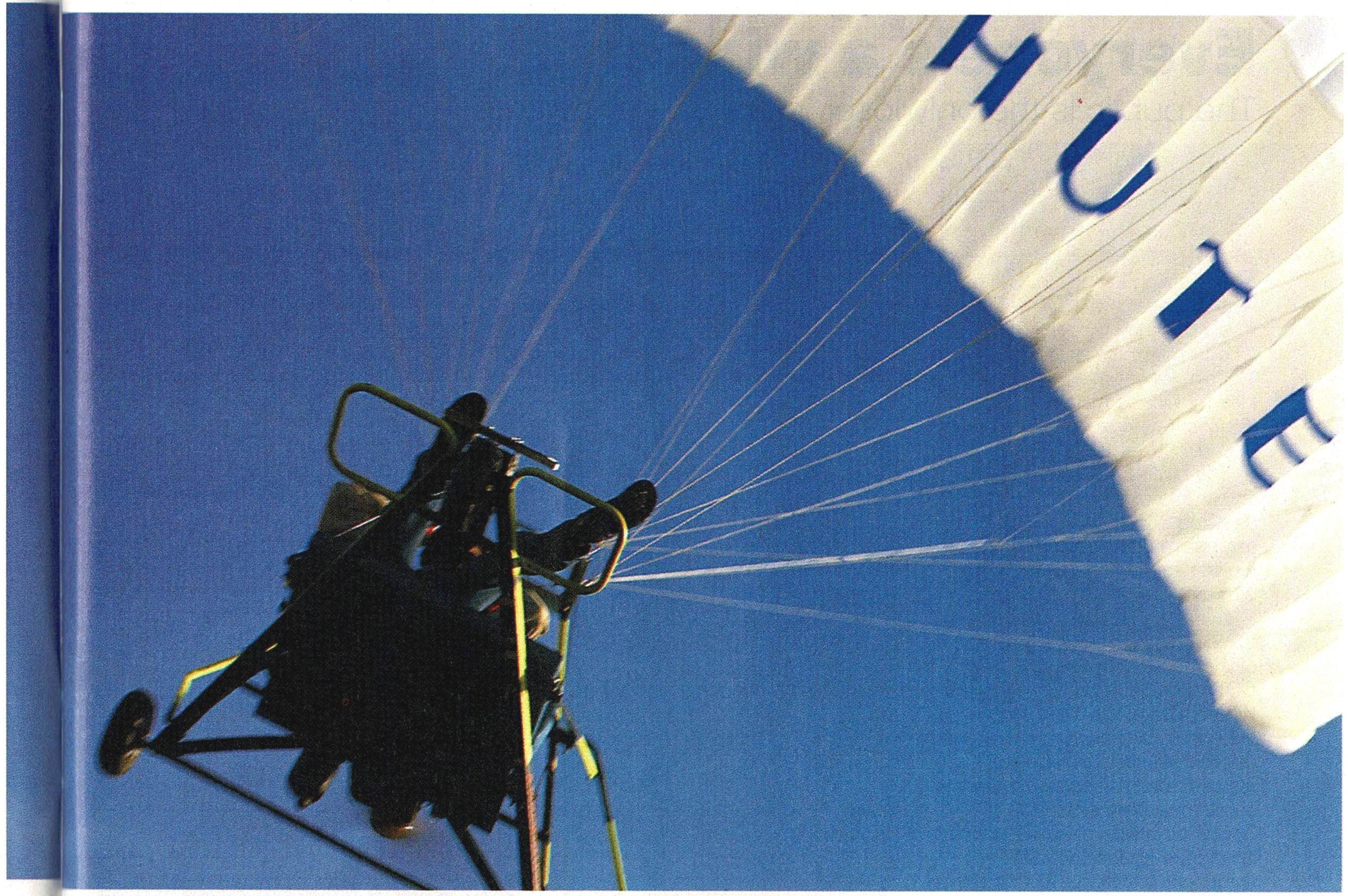
After rearranging the flimsy looking D-rings which hold the chute to the frame, we once again headed into the wild blue.

Hanging below the Aerochute is an odd sensation. Any fear is soon allayed by the beauty of being out in the open, unhindered by a cockpit.

The Aerochute is not for the extreme thrillseeker who believes a good buzz is just escaping with your life. Instead, it is for people who yearn to fly but can't afford the prohibitive costs of learning on a fixed wing aircraft. "So many people have this dream to fly," Conte yelled above the din of the motor. "Once they see the Aerochute they say, 'Even I can do that.' And anyone can."

Then, to prove his point, he handed the controls over.

Two toggles hang down from the parachute. Pull down and you head in that direction. Your altitude is controlled by a foot lever — the more power the higher you go. Very simple.



After a sweeping left hand turn and a slight climb I decide Conte was right: anyone could do this.

Aerochuting is controlled by the Australian Ultralight Federation. You need 20 hours of instruction and most people get to solo stage between three and five hours. So conceivably, you could rock up for instruction in the morning and be going solo in the afternoon.

We do an extremely low pass over the shitscared photographer and set up for a landing. Over private property you can fly as low as courage will take you. But off private property, the Aerochute is licensed to fly between 500 and 5000 feet.

Conte's sold about 40 Aerochutes so far and is still going strong. Most have been sold to joyriders but some have been bought by farmers for sheep mustering.

The Aerochute's 28-litre fuel tank gives about one and a half hours aloft and its cruising airspeed is around 60 knots. Maximum wind-strength for flying is 15 knots and it is unwise to land with a crosswind of more that five knots.

For its practical limitations, the Aerochute isn't cheap. The dual-seat model costs $12,800 and you can throw in another two grand for training and licensing fees. But if you compare that against the cost of fixed wing aircraft (a new four-seater can cost over $200,000), the flying go-cart is a bargain.

Conte brings the Aerochute along the runway, cuts the power, pulls down on the toggles to flare the 11 cell Harley ram 'chute and the little wheels roll onto mother earth.

I'm giggling like an idiot as I ask Conte what he thinks the appeal of the Aerochute is. He starts giggling with me as he stumbles to get his words out. "You can fly," he says. "You can actually fly." — *Todd Cole*

Everyone's a winner

The public is the only loser in annual car awards

Stop it. Turn off the tap. Enough is enough. Car-of-the-year awards have reached plague proportions and it's time to give them a solid blast of Mortein. What began as a clever idea by *Wheels* magazine back in '63 has developed into crazy, out-of-control overkill.

The diversity of conviction among the opinionated pundits is as astonishing as some of the astonishingly inept selections. That muffled sound you hear is a nation yawning. Or laughing.

Blame Bill Tuckey. He kicked off the Car of the Year while captain of the good ship *Wheels*. His first COTY...the Renault 8. In time, the *Wheels* Car of the Year thing turned into a serious marketing and commercial success. Curious readers bought magazines; winning car companies took ads.

The downside of success is the imitators it spawns. Rival magazines introduced their own awards, newspapers (and we're talking the whole spectrum here, from capital city dailies to parish pumpers with tiny circulations) chimed in. Even radio stations and television programs got into the increasingly busy and confusing act.

There are awards for four-wheel drives, awards for motorcycles, awards for big cars, little cars, sports cars, luxury cars, cheap cars, expensive cars, racing cars, red cars...

Despite the profusion of awards, *Wheels* Car of the Year (incidentally, it owns the name and will see in court anyone who recklessly borrows it) remains the prize the car companies most lust after.

Now, following some extensive fine-tuning a few years ago, *Wheels* also has the most thorough and rigorous evaluation process involving around a dozen judges including staffers, road-safety experts, racing drivers, car stylists, engineers, even the occasional housewife and environmentalist.

Towards the end of every calendar year, *Wheels* sifts through a list of all the models released in the preceding 12 months, weeding out the also rans to settle on 12 finalists. Then, in a heavy-duty three or four day expression session, each of the judging panel drives the contenders many times over a variety of roads and conditions. There is constant discussion between the judges until, at the end of the program, they each lodge a vote.

Earlier this year *Wheels* named the Mazda 626 and the Ford Telstar— near-identical cars beneath different badges — as its Car(s) of the Year for 1992.

Cynics suggested *Wheels* included both cars only to possibly benefit from Ford's advertising. But the magazine's editor, Phil Scott, insisted that Ford deserved to share in the glory, saying that while Mazda manufactured the car, and was responsible for much of its design, partner Ford had played a key role by insisting it be of a generous size.

Ford, he says, also owns 25 percent of Mazda. Sounds plausible. The only flaw in the *Wheels* criteria is its insistence that only brand-new rather than updated models be eligible.

It meant that last year's cars such as the excellent Ford Falcon EBII, the latest incarnation of a model first introduced in 1988 but greatly improved since, could not be considered.

Wheels' rival, *Motor*, includes facelifted models in its eligibility list. Its voting system is the most democratic of all, with the defects and advantages that democratic voting always brings.

Last time, 47 full-time professional motoring writers were invited to vote for the Best Cars of 1992. It's fair to suggest that there are not 47 competently qualified motoring journalists in Australia.

Clockwise from right: The Mazda 626 sedan, joint winner of the *Wheels* Car of the Year award. The Mercedes-Benz 600SEL, the *Sunday Telegraph's* best car of the year. The Subaru SVX, the NRMA's best sprotscar over $46,000. Mazda's 626 (hatch) featured in the NRMAs and the *Wheels* awards; The Land Rover Discovery TDi takes out *Overlander's* best 4WD of the year, while the LandCruiser is the *Bushdriver's* choice for 1992. The Lexus ES300 appeared in the NRMA's ten best cars of 1992. The Ford Telstar, the other winner of the *Wheels* Car of the Year.

Few would have driven all the contenders before filling out their ballot sheet. Still, few quarrelled with their collective choice.

The Falcon EBII, an upgrade of a car widely panned by the critics at its launch in 1988, got the nod by just edging out the Mercedes-Benz S-class.

Australia's best-selling car of last year was also Australia's best car.

Back in third place in the *Motor* voting was the Mazda 626, one of the two *Wheels* joint winners. It confirmed yet again that experts agree rarely.

The third of the nation's specialist motoring magazines, *Car Australia,* recently came up with its third different car-of-the-year awards (note the deliberate lower case usage here: we don't want *Wheels* taking legal action, do we?). *Car Australia,* now edited by the same Bill Tuckey who instituted the *Wheels* awards 30 years ago, was another to spread the laurels.

And did *Car Australia* go for the Mazda 626/Ford Telstar, or the Falcon EBII? No bloody way. The made-in-Adelaide Mitsubishi Verada wagon was the outright winner.

There was also a flesh-and-blood winner. Overlooking the efforts of former Ford Australia president Jac Nasser to drag his company out of inefficiency and lethargy, Tuckey named Toyota's Bob Johnston as *Car Australia's* Man of the Year (we trust *Time* doesn't sue).

The NRMA, Australia's largest motoring organisation, shares the spoils amongst ten of its best. It went for the Falcon EB (Family), the 626 (Medium), Hyundai Lantra (Small/Medium), Mazda 121 (Small), Mazda MX-6 (Sports under $46,000), Subaru SVX (Sports over $46,000), Saab 9000 CSi (Luxury under $46,000), Lexus ES300 (Luxury over $46,000), Toyota Tarago (Family Wagon) and Holden Jackaroo (4WD).

There was only one winner of the Sydney *Sunday Telegraph's* award. The workers' tabloid named that little recession beater, the

Continued on page 128

Expect the unexpected

Why the economic crystal ball can't be trusted

Wrong is wrong and that's what I was at about this time last year: wrong. I, along with nearly every other economic commentator and the Government, was expecting a goodish '92 and a pretty bobby '93.

It was, stupidly I suppose, my enchantment with the very simple Law of Economic Gravity: that what goes down must soon come up. But I also completely misread the effect of the disintegration of the Soviet Union and reintegration of the two Germanys.

I simply didn't take into account how profoundly uneconomic the industrial strengths of the old Communist nations were. Instead of vast new markets for Western consumer goods, the West got vast new supplies of unemployed workers. The Soviet factories and farms were unable to compete and thus unable to pay the workers enough to transform their desires into actual purchases.

Illustration by Steven Bray

Thus there was no big demand for Australian iron ore to be turned into steel to build factories in Russia; no great wheat sales to feed to hungry hordes of workers. Instead nations squabbled over customers, lowering prices to win sales. Customers were scarce: we even got into an argument with the US over who should sell wheat to Yemen. Tiny little Yemen, for heaven's sake.

So our exports didn't do us much good, barely paying for our imports. There was not much left over to do anything but keep the ship afloat. And any surplus money that was found, was used to reduce debt: companies that had borrowed during the Eighties spent the last three years paying off that debt.

Now, the experts are saying we'll be stuck with high rates of unemployment for years. Even though they were wrong last year — as I was — I tend to agree. Much of what investment there is, is going into equipment that produces more but employs less.

In the service sectors, such as insurance and banking, the job-shedding continues. A lot of this is culling the fat but a lot is simply replacement of people no longer required: the computer does it better, faster.

So, as well as the usual lag of employment behind economic recovery (the initial increase in production being met by, say, overtime rather than new hirings), there will also be the technological factor to hinder the growth of employment.

Indeed, I'm at a loss to work out where the new jobs will come from. This bewilderment is, however, a positive. If the signs are interpreted by smart-alec economists like me to mean an early recovery and we turn out to be hopelessly wrong, then the corollary must surely stand a good chance of happening: if we can't see where the next jobs boom is coming from, sure as eggs the economy itself will produce one. Such thinking is totally unscientific but then, gee, so is most economics.

"Such thinking is unscientific but then so is economics . . ."

You know, science is that stuff that says when you get A, B and C, then D will happen — and it does. Economics, on the other hand, argues about A,B and C, tentatively predicts D and when E happens explains why.

The proverbial flies in the ointment are people. Essential elements — like carbon, oxygen or even astral bodies — obey physical laws inexorably. People, however, can't even be relied upon to obey the rules of the road.

As economics is the study of the combined actions of all the men and women in the world, you've got quite a range of possibilities. People usually do X; but not always. The best the economist can do is pick a trend, explain it and hope it either continues or ceases; he may encourage or discourage it but rarely can he control it.

So the economy plods on; and economists drone on. And the economy need not turn: a mob can continue in a straight line until it's out of sight. We can but hope that the same gods who saw my optimism last year and made sure I was wrong, see my pessimism this year and once again prove me wrong. — *David Quicksilver*

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Going for it

Mat Mladin's racing career is accelerating

Mat Mladin is relaxed, has simple tastes and doesn't mince his words. He also happens to be the latest in a prestigious line of world-class Australian Grand Prix motorcycle stars.

The 21-year-old from Camden, NSW, started road racing on a 250cc production bike just over two years ago — with 14 years of dirt experience already behind him. Since then he hasn't looked back, winning the 1991 Australian 250cc Production Championship and the premier 1992 Australian Superbike Championship.

He then capped 1992 by signing a lucrative three-year contract to race the World 500cc Championship series for the Cagiva factory.

Racing superbikes in Australia is generally regarded as an excellent proving ground for potential 500cc Grand Prix pilots. The Australian circuits tend to be tight, rough and technically difficult.

What stands Mladin apart from the other exceptional riders over the past decade is his rate of progress and adaptability. Where it has taken other riders at least six months to adapt from smaller 250cc Production or 250cc Grand Prix classes, Mladin's progress is better measured in days.

In the first eight months of his Superbike racing career, Mat Mladin scored 17 wins from 19 races.

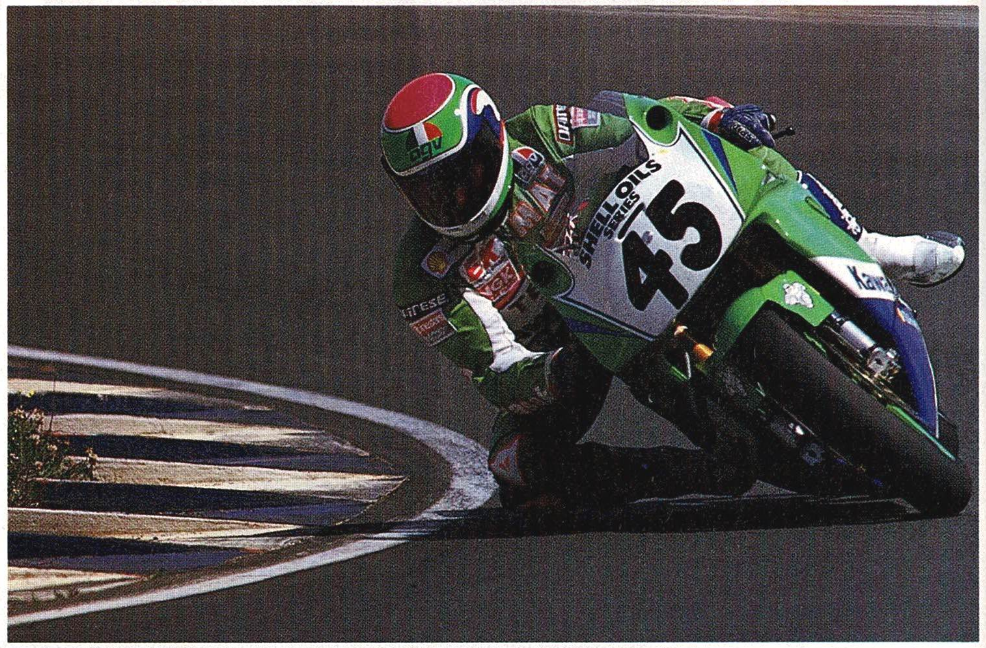
This effort saw Mladin crowned Australian Champion with four races still to be run and an unprecedented record of dominance behind him. Part of Mladin's rapid adaption lies in his attitude to different machines. "I don't care what it is — a 500 or a Superbike or a 125 — if you're a good rider you should be able to get on a bike and go fast straight away."

Mladin was provided with a dream opportunity through a promotion at the end of 1991. The deal involved Team Kawasaki Australia supplying a 1989 factory Formula One machine and crew for two promising young Australians to contest the Australian round of the 1991 World Endurance Championship.

Photos by Graem Smith

While running a safe third place into the final hour, the team was eliminated when metal fatigue caused the rear suspension to collapse, sending Larsen, Mladin's team-mate, off at around 230kph at the end of the Phillip Island straight.

While Larsen was recovering from broken ankles, Mladin was signed-up by Kawasaki with the best-paying rookie contract in Australian Superbike history. One of his first assignments was a test with Kawasaki with a view to competing in the World Superbike Championship along with Victorian Rob Phillis and Kiwi Aaron Slight.



"I was a bit surprised when I went quicker than them... I shouldn't be able to go out there first time out and go faster than them — by nearly a second," said Mladin.

However he is quick to add, "Come race day, those guys get into it. I'm not going to say I'm a faster rider than them until it happens."

The Phillip Island test times reinforced the faith Kawasaki had placed in their new recruit and cemented respect between Mladin and his crew.

"It went well in testing because I went quicker than everyone else — wherever we went. I got down under Doug's (Doug Polen is the reigning World Champion) record by a couple of tenths at Phillip Island and that made it a lot easier."

While Mladin obviously enjoys his dominance on the local scene, he shows disappointment in the lack of competition and is keen for a greater challenge. "I've quietened down since the start of 1992 and I'm a better rider now. But now I've got a safety barrier which I don't have to go past that I can still win by quite a few seconds. The problem is that as I progress to Grand Prix racing, I have to get back to riding in animal mode to be competitive."

agv
Mladin
Team Kawasaki Australia
Dainese
45
Kawasaki

"Mladin had to switch from local cruise mode to animal mode..."

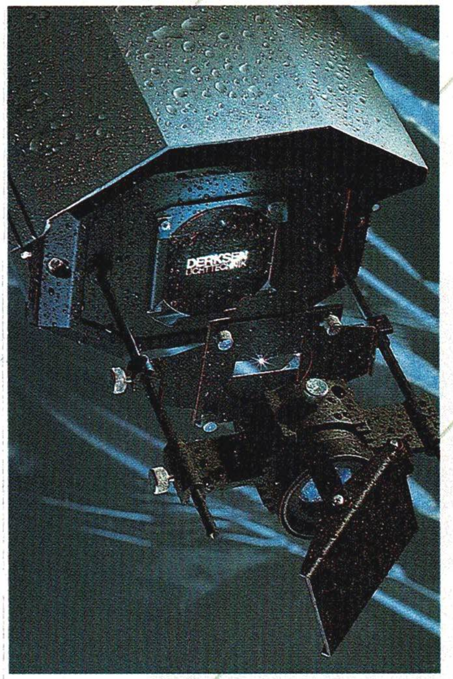
Mladin had to switch from his local "cruise" mode to animal mode when he made his World Superbike Championship debut at the Sugo, Japan, last September. Riding his Team Kawasaki Australia ZXR750, which lacked top-end power compared with the WSC regulars, Mladin claimed creditable 10th and 12th place results. "I wanted to keep a pretty low profile as it was my first international event and it was very important for me to finish both races."

Mladin's effort in Japan and later stronger performance at the penultimate round of the series at Phillip Island didn't set a shock wave through the WSC circus. However it was enough to convince a number of 500 Grand Prix teams to take a closer look at Australia's latest hot-shot.

Immediately after the final round of the 1992 World 500cc Championships, Mladin was jet-setting around the world, testing 500 GP machines with three leading Grand Prix teams. At the recommendation of Wayne Gardner, Mladin tested with the Kanemoto Honda team in South Africa. In his first ever ride on a 500cc Grand Prix missile, Mladin recorded a best lap time which would have put him on the third row of the 500 Grand Prix grid.

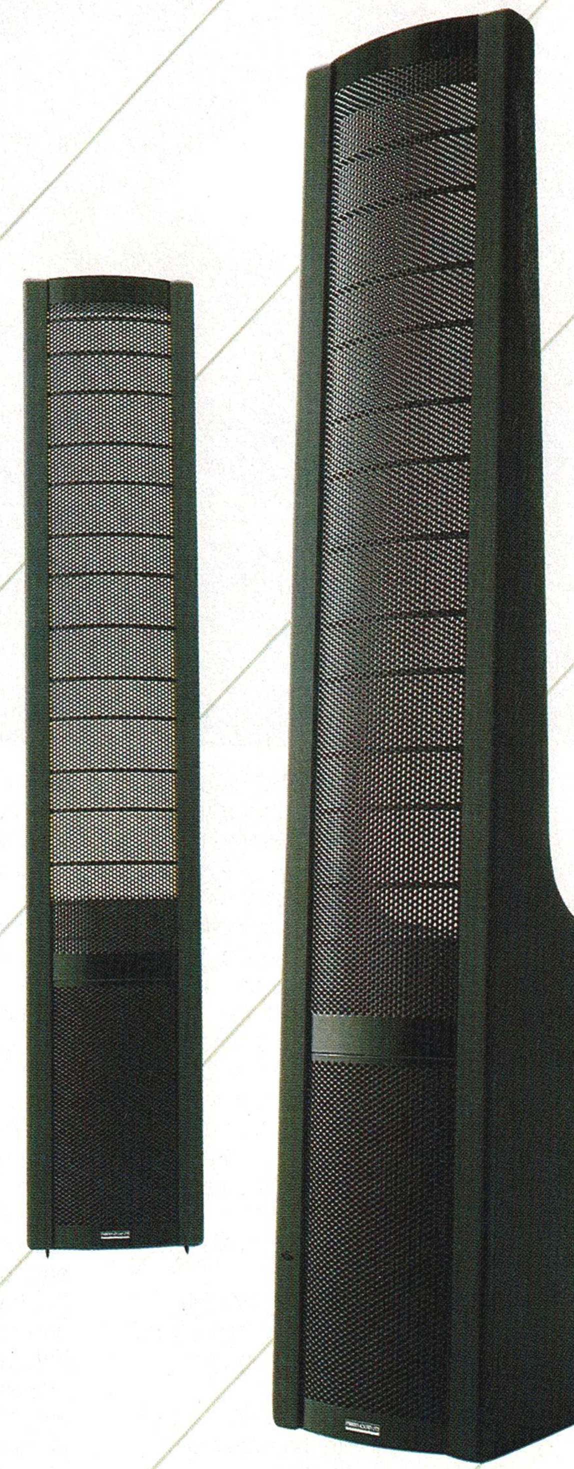
This effort, plus his efforts in the Australian Superbike Championship were enough to convince the enthusiastic Castiglioni brothers — who own Cagiva — to tie the young Australian to one of the longest contracts in GP racing.

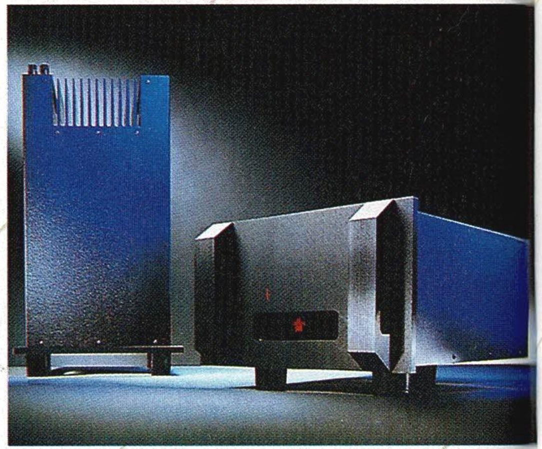
While his actions create a whirlwind around him, Mat Mladin maintains a very quiet lifestyle, relatively unchanged by his hectic career. "I never go out and I'm pretty easy going. But it's strange really. I've been two years on a road bike and now I'm going 500 GP racing. Two years ago I didn't think those blokes were human. I though 'what are those blokes?' I'd never be able to ride like that." Let's wait and see.
— *Mark Reed*



It's the latest home decor craze in Europe and now you too can recreate *Saturday Night Fever* in your bedroom. The German-made Derksen spotlights feature an extensive system of coloured filters, special effect masks, deflection mirrors and zoom lenses to enable the creation of any lighting mood from romantic to raunchy (you can even project your own messages). There's also a waterproof version for outdoor locations and the longest range unit projects a 50 metre beam of uniform intensity light. More details from Stewart Imports of Lake Macquarie.

Better known for its camera and video products, Canon is now moving into the audio market and has launched a line of eye-catching loudspeakers. However, the look is more a result of function than style as Canon's WIS (wide imaging stereo) speakers feature a downward facing loudspeaker and a conical acoustic mirror to give very wide dispersion of the sound frequencies. The result is good stereo imaging wherever you sit. The WIS family comprises two bookshelf models (the S-30 and S-50) plus the S-70 floor-standing units (illustrated here). Available from Canon Australia very soon.

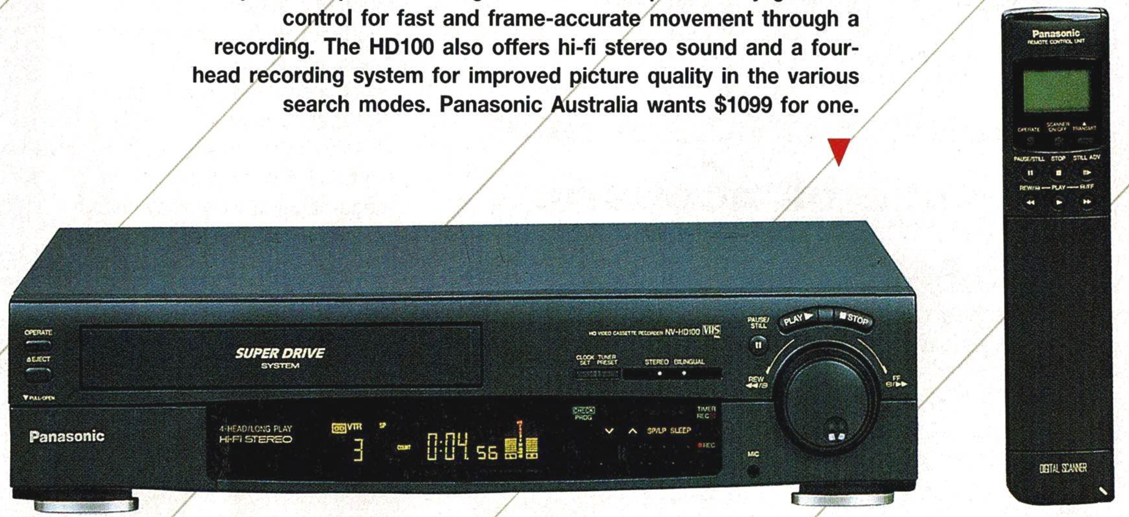




Audio aficionados tend to start drooling at the mention of the term 'electrostatic' as this particular approach to loudspeaker design delivers the cleanest and most natural sound obtainable without hiring a concert hall. Telephone number-type prices and cumbersome proportions have kept electrostatics beyond the reach of many, but now Martin Logan is offering its more practical Aerius models at a realistic price. Aerius combines a curved electrostatic panel (95 cm tall) with a conventional 20cm diameter woofer to give a frequency response spanning 40 to 20,000Hz. Power handling is quoted at 200 watts while sensitivity is 89dB which means the Aerius can be driven very loud indeed. A pair is yours for a modest $5995 from Kedcorp Pty Ltd.

Audio buffs can get very serious about their sound... serious enough to spend $12,000 on a power amplifier. Gryphon's M100 is designed to offer a purity of reproduction which reveals every subtle nuance of a recording. By using very short signal paths within the amp and a dual mono design which keeps the stereo channels fully separated to completely eliminate interference, Gryphon has devised a very 'clean' power supply for the critical listener. Spending another $8000 buys the Linestage pre-amplifier which maintains the power amp's design integrity.

Popular though it is, the VHS video format isn't without its drawbacks, one being the slowness with which it executes play and record commands. Panasonic has devised a system called 'Super Drive' which greatly speeds up the switching time so playback and recording start almost immediately. The NV-HD100A tops the Super Drive range and also incorporates a jog/shuttle control for fast and frame-accurate movement through a recording. The HD100 also offers hi-fi stereo sound and a four-head recording system for improved picture quality in the various search modes. Panasonic Australia wants $1099 for one.



Obtaining good-quality sound in the inherently noisy environment of a car's cabin is becoming quite a complex science. However, it's generally agreed the starting point is power and plenty of it which is just what Kenwood offers with its new in-car amplifiers. The KAC-1023 is good for 200 watts per channel in a stereo configuration and if set to power one loudspeaker it can pump out a massive 600 watts. For added versatility, the unit can be configured to drive a trio of loudspeakers. The smaller KAC-923 (pictured) puts out 100 watts per channel (stereo) or 270 watts mono. Both models are fan-cooled and feature full protection against overload, short circuits or overheating. Such power comes at a price which is $1399 and $699 respectively.

For the photographic purist, Contax has introduced the retro-classic S2. It's a traditionally styled 35mm SLR which is also fully mechanical so there's no fear of battery failure. For long-term durability, the S2 has titanium panels and every control junction and joint is sealed against the intrusion of dust or moisture. The shutter has a top speed of 1/4000 second and, as a concession to modern design, Contax has included a built-in spot meter. The bottom line is a very modern $2800 from Baltronics.

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FRONT

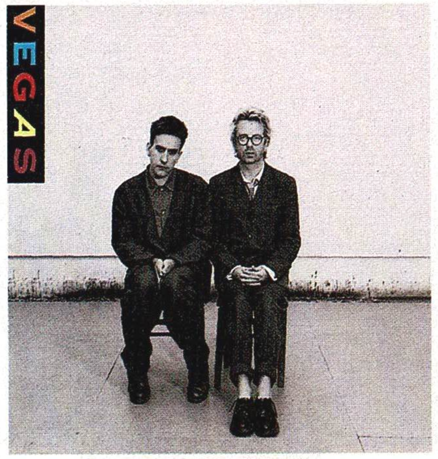
sounds
review

FRENTE SIGNALS A NEW BREED OF ACOUSTIC AUSTRALIAN POP

Terry Hall, who made his mark with idiosyncratic and gentle stabs at pop nirvana in a former guise as a third of Fun Boy Three, and Dave Stewart who helped stimulate a post-disco electro-pop renaissance with Annie Lennox in the Eurythmics, have joined forces under one of the classic American fantasy banners of **Vegas** (BMG/Ariola).

> “They are not noisy doom and gloom merchants . . .”

This is no dub Mix-master maelstrom as both lads are capable of some big melodies and the tunes are given the full serve by the outfit that also draws on studio stalwarts Olle Romo and Manu Guiot. The effect is gently melancholic even when espousing sentiments like “It feels good, I’m flying high again... feels like I’m home again.”



Young Melbourne band **Frente** not only avoid slick posturing, but probably the most sophisticated machinery they dabbled with on their full-length debut *Marvin The Album* (White) were the tuning pegs on the acoustic guitar. With writing contributions from all of the quartet there’s a collective and self-confessed naive optimism that pervades all the tracks.

frente!
marvin the album

In the song “Accidentally Kelly Street” (a perfect release for last summer with its breezy feel) Angie Hart sings in her breathy, unassuming manner, “Perhaps this optimism will crash on down like a house of cards.” They are not depressing anger and gloom merchants assaulting the audience with a wall of noise, rather they dare to be corny dags with a light accomplished touch on their respective instruments. They sound like they are having too much of a good time to worry about not squeezing into a preconceived pigeon hole, which means they get handed the label of “quirky.”

Who knows what may happen if they become mega-huge or, when they clock up a few more years, get weighed down with worldly woes? They give no clues here of being potential corruptible degenerates. In fact they come on like a breath of fresh air.

More soothing and uplifting tones come from local virtuoso **Jane Rutter** on her latest self-proclaimed, non-raunchy, snake charming flute exposition *Apasionada* (BMG). When Ravel’s “Bolero” was featured in the soundtrack to the movie *10*, there was a notion that couples all over the world used to time their lovemaking to its 17 minutes of relentless crescendo — from initial distant murmurings to its powerful climax. Given the restrictions of her more chamber music orchestration her version here lasts just under four minutes — possibly for couples with tight schedules or short attention spans.

Sometimes accused by those with cobwebs between the ears of letting showmanship overpower musicianship, Rutter doesn’t resort to gimmickry to sell the music.

She takes pains to disassociate herself from the albeit entertaining antics of English violinist Nigel Kennedy who comes on stage as a rock and roll rebel, with a drink and a profanity, but still delivers some Vivaldi or Beethoven with a passion and form true to the piece. This release eschews her flamboyant side for a more spiritual, soothing and intimate performance. *— Jeremy Cook*

X HALE

Nobody has ever been a huge fan of being beholden, downtrodden or even owned by someone else.

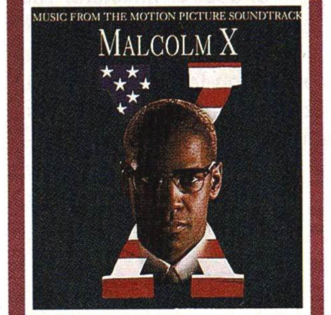
The pain and frustration of that situation has usually found an outlet in the music and the arts of the oppressed populace from the samba and bossa of the South American Mardi Gras, the infectious rhythms and singing of black South Africa and the rich musical heritage of Afro-Americans (without which there would be no jazz or rock and roll as we know it).

Afro-American film director Spike Lee has never been one to mince words about racial problems and he has always featured music heavily in the scheme of his films from the fresh funk of Stevie Wonder in *Jungle Fever* to the snappy jazz of Branford Marsalis on *Mo’ Better Blues*.

The soundtrack to his latest film about black activist **Malcolm X** (Qwest/Reprise) is no exception. Produced in conjunction with Quincy Jones it features music from the Thirties through to the Sixties from people like Joe Turner, the Ink Spots, Billie Holiday, John Coltrane and Duke Ellington.

New tracks come from Aretha Franklin with the Donny Hathaway classic “Someday We’ll All Be Free” and rural rappers Arrested Development (“Revolution”). Lee enters a plea that “may we all look forward to the day when Black Radio is as diverse as the music you’re listening to here”.

It would be a great day if all radio would offer such a rich and diverse selection.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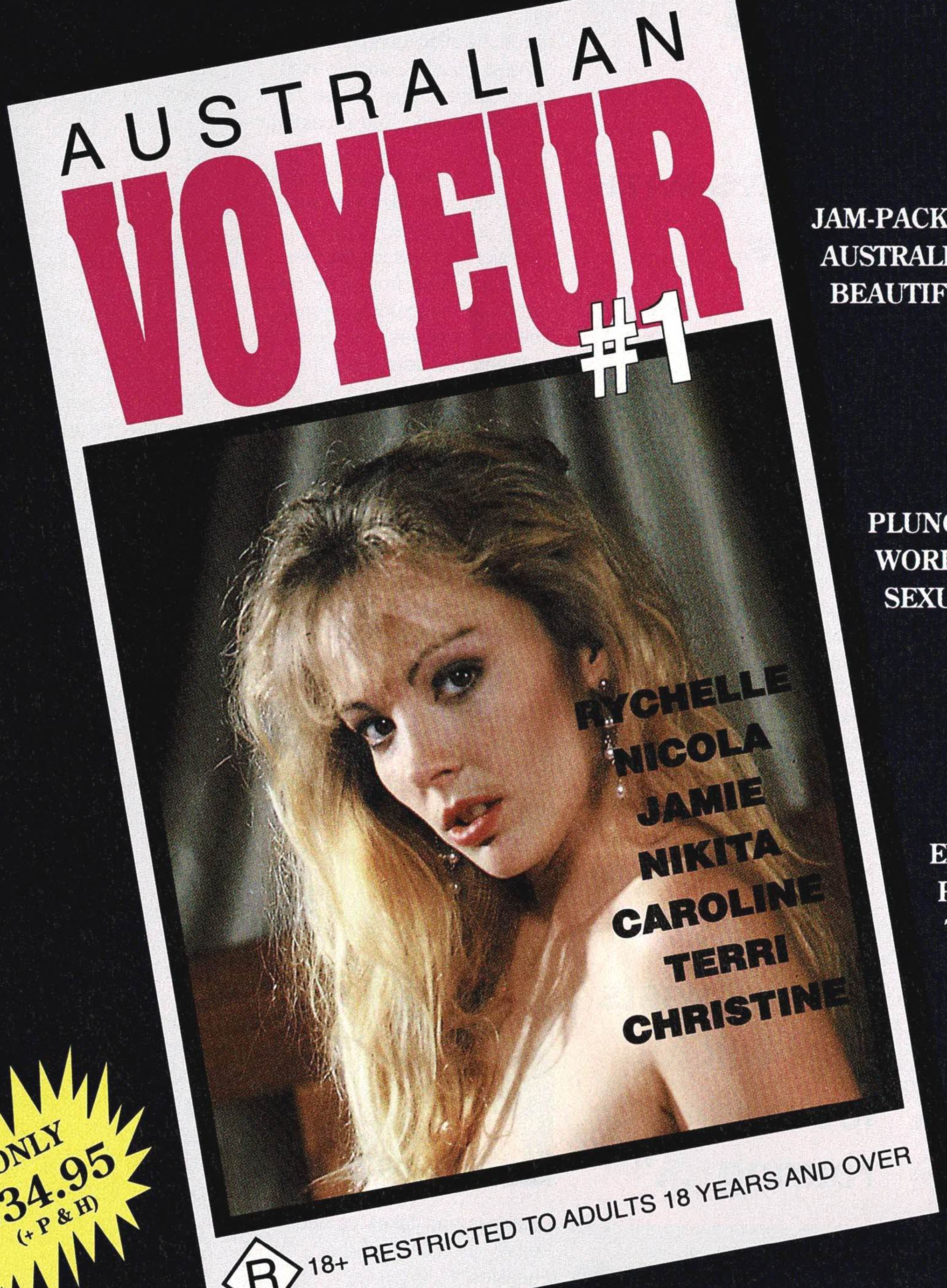

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FRONT

film review

ROBIN WILLIAMS PLAYS WITH HIS NEW TOYS

Probably the strangest film to hit the screen this year is the simple but difficult to watch **Toys**, a precarious return to film for Robin Williams, last seen in the larger-than-life *Hook*.

Something like a kids' movie gone awry, the film is a fairly straightforward comic vehicle containing a few complex lessons on life.

Williams stars as Leslie Zevo, heir to a toy empire founded by his father, and a man who takes nothing seriously. Problems arise when Leslie's sinister uncle General Leland Zevo is conscripted into the family firm and is appalled by what he sees: nitwits, subversives and, worst of all, people who actually enjoy their jobs.

Robin Wright, of *The Princess Bride* and Sean Penn fame, stars as Gwen Tyler, a copying machine operator hand-picked for her job by Leslie's late father Kenneth (Donald O'Connor) the night he died.

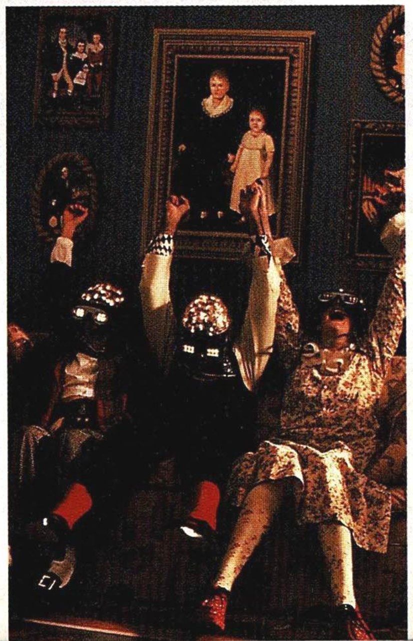
The film stumbles a little in the beginning as it attempts to establish the main roles and the direction the film will take but be warned: *Toys* features a few comic twists that will leave you roaring in your chair. Expect the unexpected.**

As genres of film expand and unfold into new identities and new forms, the warm, gushy wild west films will no doubt carve their own niche.

Into The West is such a film — one that is worth seeing not for anything in particular, but more for everything in general.

David Kelly stars as Grandpa Ward, a crusty old man who relates the legend of horse called Tir na nOg (actual pronunciation unrepeatable unless you're Celtic) to his grandsons Ossie (Ciaran Fitzgerald) and Tito (Ruaidhri Conroy).

> "Toys features comic twists that will leave you roaring. . ."



One day he brings the white stallion home with him and the boys immediately take a passionate love for the beast — a love torn from their grasp when an unscrupulous stud owner "acquires" the horse.

When the boys steal the horse back and take off into the wild, their father Papa (Gabriel Byrne) heads off after then with his friends Kathleen (Ellen Barkin) and Barreller (Colm Meaney).

With superb photography and some particular cases of excellent casting featured in the main lineup, *Into The West* is a memorable picture which catches and takes its audience easily. Don't forget the hankies.***

Great moments in modern history rarely make riveting viewing when turned into feature films.

Wind, a tale set amid the drama of the America's Cup doesn't look like breaking the pattern.

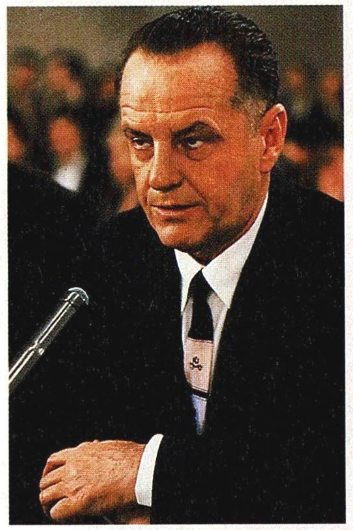
Matthew Modine, one of Hollywood's most talented young performers, returns to the screen from a break of several years to play Will, the brash and cocky young skipper of *Radiance* — the American entrant in the race.

Australian Jack Thompson also stars in the film as Will's chief nemesis — Australian skipper Jack Neville.

The story continues to Australia's victory — something it blames, in the film, on an injury aboard their yacht and not on the better skill of the Aussies.

And so sets the scene for a somewhat predictable, very American film depicting the race for victory from a completely biased point of view.

Modine puts in a fine performance but is lost inside an erratic script. Shite.* — *Ford Buchanan*



HOFFA

On July 30, 1975, James Riddle Hoffa — or Jimmy as he was popularly known — one of the most powerful social and political figures in America for three decades, left his home in suburban Detroit to keep an appointment at a nearby restaurant. He was never seen again.

The end that befell this legendary man remains one of the greatest unsolved mysteries in political and criminal history, and a mystery that Hollywood has been rather lax in turning into a silver screen piece.

Rising out of Detroit's crime-scarred southwest side, Hoffa built the largest and richest labor union in the world with more than 2 million members.

Jack Nicholson shines in the title role — one which seems to have been, uncannily enough, written for him — but there are moments when he loses himself into what is now becoming a trademark "Nicholsonesque" melancholy.

Danny De Vito holds the directorial reins for Hoffa and also appears as Hoffa's chief lieutenant Bobby Ciaro. While it certainly makes for compelling viewing — Jack Nicholson alone is enough to ensure that — Hoffa raises more questions than it answers, and if the viewers attention lapses even for a moment it is easy to lose track of what is going on. Confusing but compelling.****

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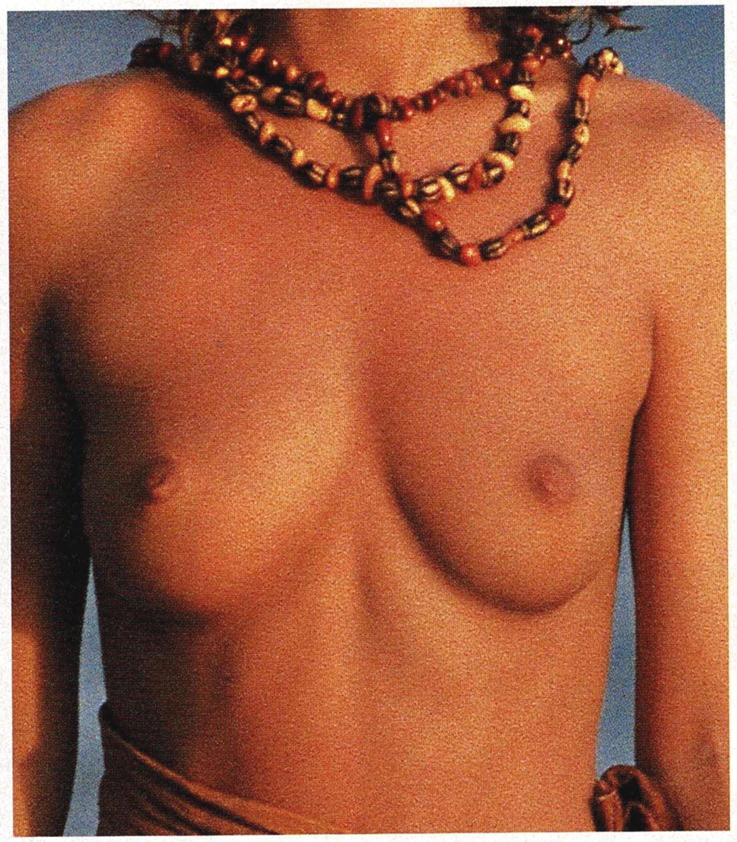


Small problem

I'm the kind of guy who is incredibly turned on by women's lingerie. I don't mean that I enjoy wearing the stuff but I sure love seeing my girlfriend in it. The silk stockings, suspender belts and lacy camisoles that she wears are all great. She goes to great trouble to buy the classiest lingerie around. It is made of the most expensive satins and silks and she must spend a fortune on the stuff. I really appreciate all the trouble she goes to but here's the problem. While I think she looks great in all these things, I'd also like her to occasionally go for the tart look in the bedroom. Nothing would turn me on more than seeing her gorgeous pussy peeking out through a pair of crotch-less knickers or her nipples sticking out of a slit bra. She is an elegant woman and I don't want to make her feel uncomfortable — this would be a strictly private thing. But how do I mention it to her without sounding unappreciative of the trouble she already goes to?

If you want her to dress like a tart then the best way to get her to do so is to tell her how happy it would make you if she would just wear those crotch-less knickers you bought her. This may be the best way to get this started. Buy her the things you want to see and she'll get the idea. She may not wear the tarty stuff all the time but she'll have no excuses when those special moments arise. Or maybe your girl's been too nervous to dress in slutty lingerie because she's worried that you might get the wrong idea about her. Try her, you might be surprised.

Born in the USA

While travelling around the world on a backpacking expedition, I met a lady who I thought was truly wonderful. My delight increased even further when she decided that she wanted to quit her job in America, sell her possessions and come travelling with me as my soul mate. All was okay for a while but I realised after ten months and having been back in Australia for a while that I am not happy in the relationship. We live together at the moment and financially I can afford to live on my own as I want to do. The problem is how to tell someone who has given up their home, job, family and friends just to be with you that you simply don't love them as much as they love you. I know that you guys can be pretty irreverent and cynical but I really need some sound advice in handling this matter.

The situation you find yourself in is not an easy one, but common sense says that it will become a whole lot more difficult by hiding your feelings. You fell in love with this girl while travelling. She fell in love with a traveller. When things get back to the real world they will always be different. For her this is a new country and you're a new man in her life. That makes it exciting. For you, it's a return to what you know already — you slip back into your old routines and the gloss goes off everything very quickly. The easiest way to resolve this is to be brutally frank, and maybe give her the money to get on a plane back to the States. Sorry if this sounds "irreverent and cynical" but honest, thoughtful communication is usually the best policy.

What's my line?

I am 27-years-old and for five months I've been seeing a woman who is a real soul mate, lover and friend. Julie is good looking, funny, intelligent and can have a good time either at a loud nightclub or sitting in front of the TV with a pizza and some wine. She told me she was a maitre d' at a big restaurant which accounted for her working most nights. But several weeks ago I was waiting in a Sydney hotel lobby for a mate of mine who was in town for the weekend. I saw Julie come into the lobby in a very sexy dress (that I had never seen before) and get into a lift. I didn't confront her there but it ruined my whole night. When I asked her about it the next morning, the truth came out. She said she was a call girl and hadn't wanted to disappoint me by telling me about her profession. She said she loved me very much but wouldn't give up whoring because she likes the hours, the independence and the money. Does this happen to other men? What's a bloke supposed to do?

Yes, of course it happens to other men. Prostitutes are normal people who you could be standing next to you at the bar or sitting next to you at the movies. So why is it so strange that you'd end up being attracted to your girlfriend? Everything seemed to be going fine until you discovered what this girl did for a living. It would be a pity if you condemned her. She successfully separated her profession from your relationship for several months which means she isn't trying to force that part of her life onto you, and that means she probably knows that this sort of issue can be a problem for some men. Having a problem with your girl having sex with other men is a normal reaction. Many men won't put up with it. But many more do because there are a lot of prostitutes out there with regular boyfriends and healthy relationships. You're not alone, but in the end it's up to you how you react. But remember, judging someone's ability to love by what they do for a living could be an unfair way to evaluate a partner. Imagine a girl saying she won't go out with you any more because she finds out you're a used-car salesman or a journalist. You wouldn't be very impressed.

All Shook Up

I'm a 21-year-old woman with a rather awkward problem. I'm writing to you because those woman's magazines would give me some trite answer or would dismiss this problem as a joke. My sex life is good, I'm easily orgasmic and I while I do not have a steady boyfriend, I still have a fairly active sexual agenda. The problem is that I have this recurring fantasy about making love to Elvis Presley. Just looking at a picture of the man turns me on and when I'm with a lover, I always imagine that it's the King pumping in and out of me. Is it normal to have such intense fantasies about someone who is dead? I know that fantasy is an important part of sex but I kind of feel I'm being unfair to my lover when all I can think about while making love is the great man from Tennessee. Even when I'm masturbating, Elvis is with me — and in me — and I'm finding it very difficult to not associate this fantasy with every aspect of my sexual being.

If you feel you're being unfair to your lover then either don't take him as a lover or stop thinking about the King. We get a lot of letters about Elvis and most of them involve this on-going sexual fantasy. You are not alone in your Presley fascination. More than half of all Americans still call themselves fans of the King and a recent survey of men and women showed that eight percent of Americans think that Elvis is still alive and that it's just a matter of time before the whole FBI conspiracy is revealed. There are women who not only fantasise about having Elvis Aaron inside them, but have claimed to have had sex with him years after his alleged death. Whether or not your fantasy is normal really depends on what context you put it in. Does it feel normal to you? Is it good for you? We can't answer this, it's something you have to work out for yourself. But something worth remembering is that a lot of people fantasise about others while with their sex partners. In your case though, thinking about the King may put your lover into an unfair comparison.

An hairy man

I am a 40-year-old man who lives in a small town. For the past four months I have been keeping company with a younger woman. She has a thing about pubic hair and has her's removed regularly at the local beauty salon and is having electrolysis to remove it permanently. She has been hinting lately that she would like me to remove mine. I wouldn't mind doing this to please her but my only reservation is the best way to go about it. I live in a country town of 6000 with only one salon set up to cater to females. I believe the salon would not carry out the hair removal procedure on me and they would not be confidential; this could be embarrassing in a small town. I don't want to shave because it means having to do it every day. Is there another way of getting the hairless look that would please my lady so much?

For a start, try the salon in your town. You may be able to arrange a Sunday morning special session so the rest of the town doesn't know. As for do-it-yourself hair removal, depilatory creams could be the wrong approach because they burn sensitive skin like that found in the pubic areas. You could try the painful but effective process of using tweezers or the equally painful but faster method of wax strips, available at your local pharmacy. If you want it done professionally, or you opt for electrolysis, then larger cities have hair removal salons that specialise in the needs of men. However you'll find that most hair removal salons in the cities will treat you regardless of your gender.

Love preserver

I am a 40-year-old divorcee, I was married for 14 years. I have now met the most amazing woman who is very attractive and very demanding. I can handle that but I need some help in the romance department. Is there literature on how to date women over the age of 35 and how to make love to them? How do you keep the excitement in their lives?

Fair enough question mate. The problem is, if someone knew the answer to your question, they'd either jealously guard their secret or they'd have made themselves billionaires several times over by now. Making love stay in a relationship is a difficult task that only a few couples will ever master. Keeping excitement is virtually impossible. If you've already been married for 14 years, you'll know this. Marriage counsellors and psychiatrists tell us that love generally lasts no longer than three years. That doesn't mean you can't try, and if you find a way, drop us a line.

Breast fest

This may seem hard to believe, but my girlfriend reaches orgasm from having her breasts sucked. My problem is that she wants me to suck and nibble her nipples anywhere and at any time. I really love making her happy, but I'm getting a sore jaw from having her breasts shoved as far as possible into my mouth all the time. Any ideas about how to keep such a lover happy without getting lockjaw?

Try massaging warm oil into her breasts as a substitute for oral stimulation. If that doesn't do it, you'll either have to settle for your lover's fetish, or find a woman who orgasms conventionally.

CENSORED
CENSORED

WHY NOT LET SOMEONE ELSE THINK FOR YOU ?

You don't have to leave Australia to find people who are willing to do your thinking for you. Right now, some Australians are making important decisions about what you should be allowed to read, see and hear. They are not the representatives of governments elected by Australian voters, but self-appointed censors trying to impose their point of view upon you.

These people want to make rules about what television programs you may watch, and what books and magazines you may read.

If these minority lobbyists succeed in their efforts to censor television programs, magazines and books, our lives will be a little less complicated. And a lot less free.

As an Australian, you have the freedom to think for yourself and say **NO** to censorship. Say it today — tomorrow may be too late. Freedom is everybody's business !

Country Girl

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Voluptuous Lynette Finch is a 21-year-old lass who says that she would never give up the country for the bright lights and glamour of the city.

"I'm just a country girl through and through," Lynette muses. "There's just something about those strong country boys who work in the open air all day. I'll take one of those any day over a city boy in a three-piece suit behind his desk."

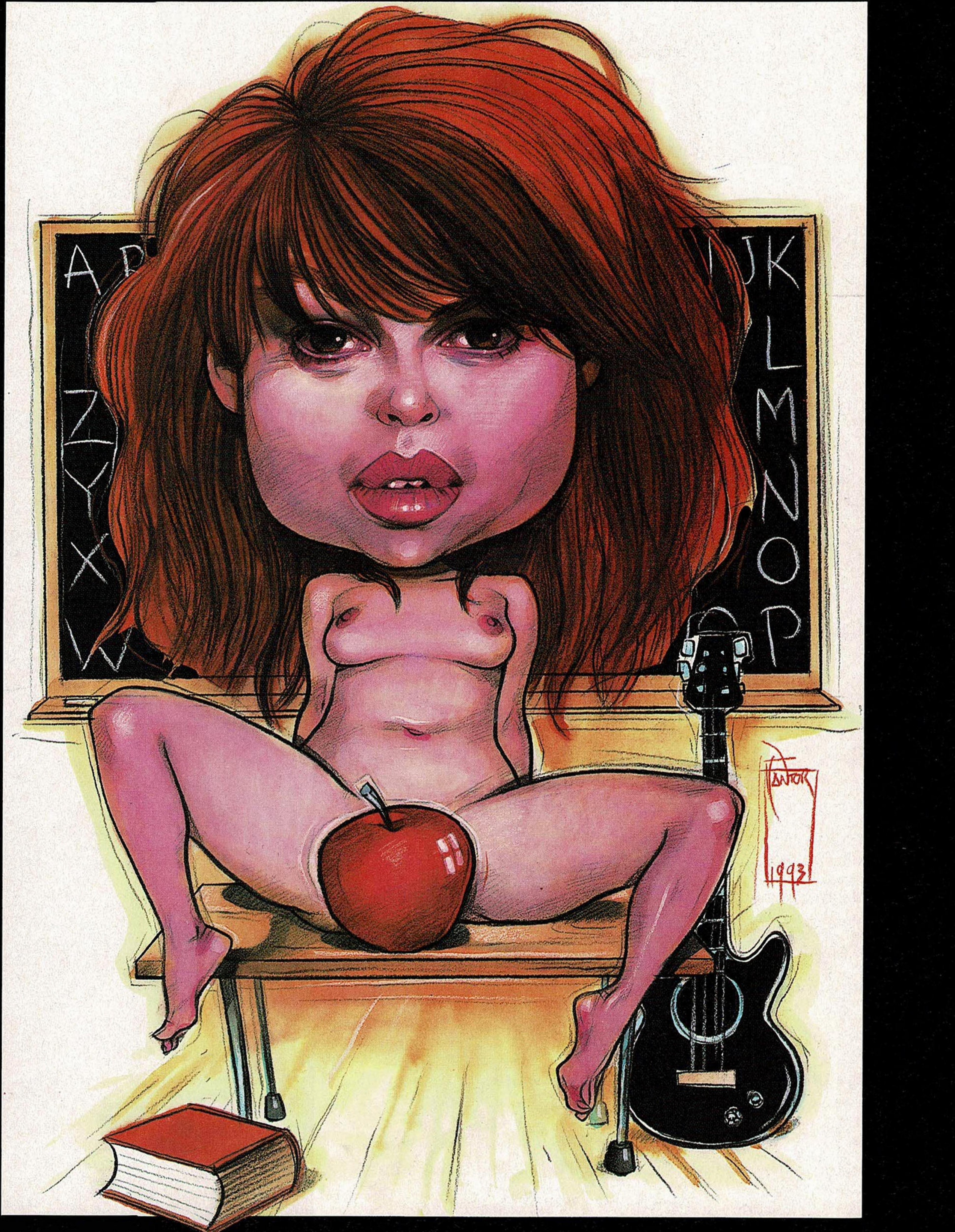
Lynette, who is studying at a local agricultural college, says that she has no real desire to travel and see the world because the small town she lives in provides everything she could ever want. "In my little town, the men treat me like a princess and although I'm single right now, there's no need for them to know that I plan to stay that way for a long time."

Lynette says that when she told her townsfolk that she was going to appear in *Penthouse*, "lots of people weren't impressed but I bet that every single household in the place will end up with one or more copies of the magazine."

The lovely Lynette keeps in shape by working on the family property and says that once you live on a farm, you don't really have time for gym or aerobics.

"Mustering cattle, fixing fences and doing all that sort of stuff has helped me to maintain my body.

KANTOR'S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CELEBRITY SKINS

Chrissie Amphlett

death warrant

Is capital punishment fair retribution, or judicial murder?

Shortly after the horrific murder of a nursing sister in NSW in 1986, a Sydney TV station conducted a phone-in survey on capital punishment. Of the thousands of callers, more than 90 percent agreed with the reintroduction of the death penalty. The survey results showed that an overwhelmingly high percentage of Australians believe that there are human beings sitting in prison cells around this country who should have been put to death a long time ago.

ARTICLE BY PAUL. B. KIDD

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB WITHERS

GIVE 'EM LIFE
OUTRAGE OVER SYDNEY BEAUTY'S KILLING
THE DAILY AUST
Life sentence for Travers
ANIMALS
TRAVERS J R
72 67 173 CM
BLACKTOWN
THE
Death

Warrant

Society agrees that these criminals are the lowest of the low. They are the social outcasts, the child killers, the mass murderers, the serial killers, and those who rape and murder in packs.

There is strong public opinion that all of them should be put to death. There are indeed strong arguments both for and against putting another human being to death.

The last person to be hanged in Australia was Ronald Ryan in 1967. Ryan died at the end of a rope, but he was a choir-boy compared to some of the criminals that are happily residing in our gaols at the moment.

Ryan was a thief and a bank robber who shot a prison warder to death while escaping from Pentridge Gaol in 1965.

While there was some doubt as to whether Ryan was the one who actually pulled the trigger, this was dispelled only minutes before he went to the gallows when he confessed to the governor of Pentridge that it was he (Ryan) who had fired the fatal shot and that the law had judged correctly.

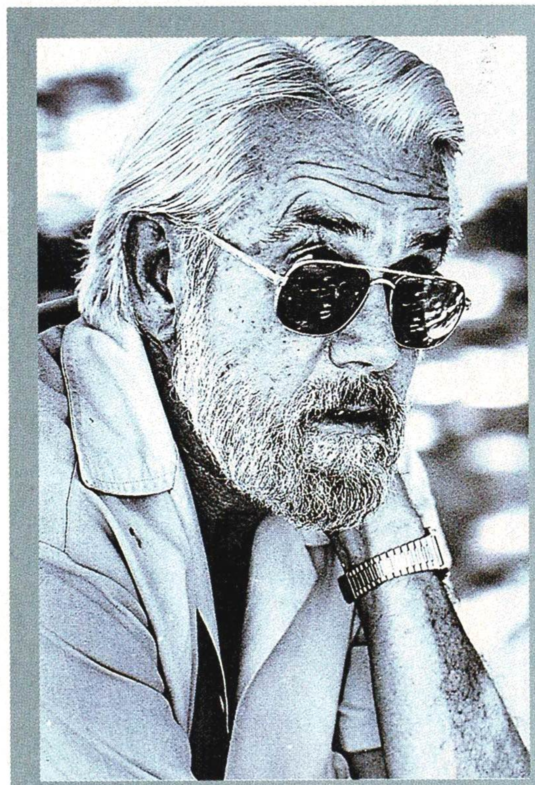
As it turned out, Ryan had no choice but to tell the truth as he was going to the gallows anyway. His confession certainly put a lot of minds at ease.

Just two months after the hanging of Ronald Ryan, Sir Henry Bolte's government was returned with a landslide 44-seat majority. Perhaps this was a reflection of the strong public support for capital punishment.

Although the crime that brought about Ryan's death penalty was dastardly, it pales in comparison to the ghastly deeds of some of the villains who preceded him in other States where the death penalty didn't apply.

Had the death penalty not been abolished in NSW in 1955, there is little doubt that the despicable schoolgirl murderer, Lenny Lawson and Australia's first serial killer, William "The Mutilator" McDonald, would have ultimately met their fate on the gallows.

"After McDonald had stabbed his victims, he would castrate them . . ."



NAME:
Lenny LAWSON

CRIME:
Rape & Murder

CONVICTED:
1954 & 1962

SENTENCE:
Death

After raping two models, Lenny Lawson was sentenced to death in 1954. With the abolishment of the death penalty in NSW in 1955, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. After his release seven years later, Lawson raped then stabbed to death a 16-year-old schoolgirl. The following day Lawson murdered a 15-year-old student. He is still in gaol.

Photo courtesy of News Limited

Lawson was sentenced to death in 1954 for raping two models, but his sentence was commuted to life and he was released after serving only seven years in prison. Six months after he was paroled, Lawson raped and stabbed to death a 16-year-old schoolgirl in Sydney before murdering a 15-year-old student the following day with a rifle.

William "The Mutilator" McDonald, specialised in murdering derelicts in public places in the early Sixties. After McDonald had repeatedly stabbed his victims, he would castrate them and take his grisly souvenir home in a plastic bag.

The Mutilator killed four homeless men before the law caught up with him. The judge had him thrown in gaol and suggested that the authorities throw away the key.

McDonald and Lawson were found to be sane at their trials and both are still in gaol three decades later.

The Western Australian mass murderer, Eric Edgar Cooke, was not so fortunate. Cooke raped and murdered three women in their homes over a two-year period in Perth in the early Sixties. Cooke was known as the "Night Caller Killer" as he would break into homes and commit his awful deeds in the dead of night.

Cooke died on the gallows at Fremantle Prison in 1964, becoming the last person to hang in WA and the second last to be hung in Australia.

Queensland abolished capital punishment in 1922 and Victoria finally followed suit in 1976. But with the reintroduction of the death penalty in America, there is growing public opinion in Australia that we should dispose of our most dreadful murderers in a similar fashion.

After the pack rape and murder of nursing sister Anita Cobby, in 1986, almost 20,000 people signed a petition demanding the return of capital punishment.

But while public opinion may be riding high to rid society of its most dastardly outcasts, there is also a fierce, and logically justified argument, that death is an irreversible punishment that cannot be redressed in the event of a miscarriage of justice.

Until recently, the classic cases quoted by the anti-death penalty lobbies are those of Timothy William Evans and Derek Bentley. The dim-witted Evans went to the gallows in England in 1950 for the murder of his baby daughter, Geraldine.

Three years later, Timothy Evans' landlord, John Christie, confessed to murdering six women and having sex their corpses. Their bodies were found hidden in his house. Christie also confessed to murdering Timothy Evan's wife, Beryl, and the baby Geraldine.

John Reginald Halliday Christie went to the gallows at Pentonville Prison in July, 1953.

The unfortunate Evans was eventually granted a posthumous royal pardon in 1966. His body was exhumed from Pentonville Prison and reburied in consecrated ground. Legal experts agree that no jury of the Nineties could possibly convict Timmy Evans on the evidence that was offered at his trial.

Although the slightly retarded Evans confessed to the crimes, modern-day forensic evidence would have pointed the finger at Christie, the main prosecution witness in the Evans trial, and perhaps saved the lives of four women.

The case of Derek Bentley is the classic misuse of the death penalty and possibly the most shameful act in the long history of British justice. Although Bentley never pulled the trigger and for that matter, never even held the gun, he was convicted of the murder of a policeman when his associate, 16-year-old Chris Craig, deliberately shot and killed a constable while caught on a roof- top after attempting to rob a store in London in 1953.

Because the under-age Craig couldn't pay the ultimate sacrifice for the life of the policeman, the epileptic Bentley, with a mental age of an 11-year-old, was sent to the gallows under mammoth protest from an outraged public.

The sacrificial lamb, Bentley, was heard to say, "Let him have it," seconds before Craig opened fire.

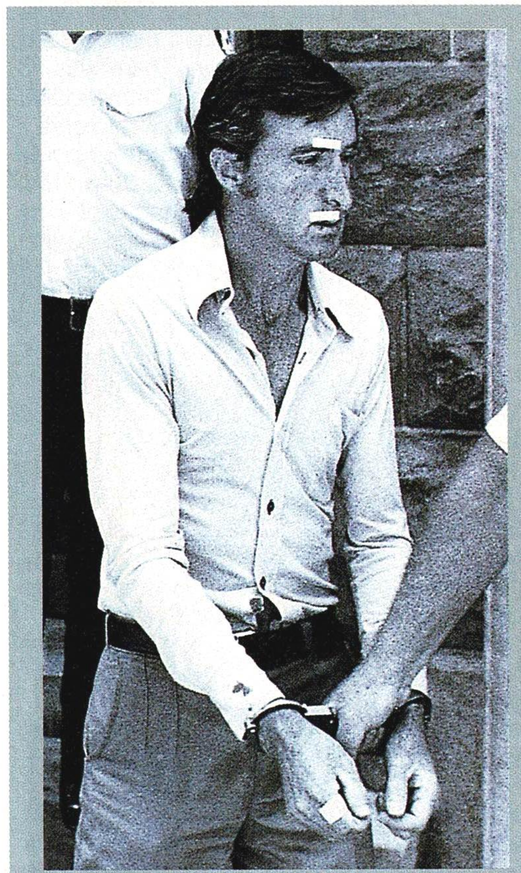
The prosecution maintained that Bentley was calling to his partner, telling him to shoot to kill. The defence argued that he was telling Craig to hand the gun over and surrender.

The jury chose to believe the prosecution and the luckless Bentley went to his death in what criminologists now claim is the classic argument against capital punishment.

Chris Craig served ten years of his life sentence and was released from prison in 1963. He never came to the attention of police again.

While such travesties of justice were allowed to happen in the Fifties, experts believe that it could never happen today.

Yet, with the death penalty in existence, there is always the possibility that an innocent person could be the victim of

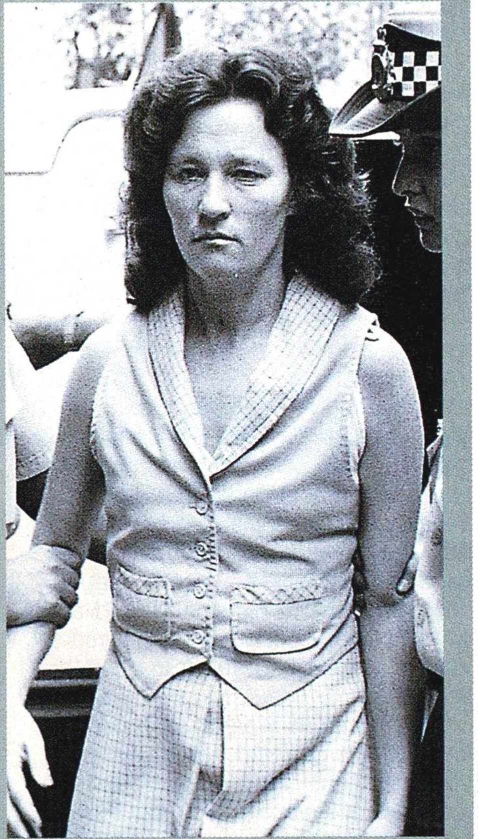


NAME:
David BIRNIE

CRIME:
Four counts of murder, sexual assault

CONVICTED:
1987

SENTENCE:
Life Imprisonment



NAME:
Catherine BIRNIE

CRIME:
Four counts of murder, sexual assault

CONVICTED:
1987

SENTENCE:
Life Imprisonment

In 1986, over a four-month period, David and Catherine Birnie abducted, tortured and murdered four young women. Catherine Birnie assisted as her husband raped the women. Both took part in the girls' murders.

Photos courtesy of Western Australian Newspapers a miscarriage of justice. While it is abolished, the possibility does not exist. This in itself, is a very strong argument against capital punishment.

But while the British justice system has always been the yardstick used in the argument against execution, now Australia's anti-capital punishment lobby has its own classic case against the reintroduction of the death penalty.

In November 1973, Johann Ernst Siegfried (Ziggy) Pohl was convicted of strangling his wife, Joyce Kum Yee Pohl, at Queanbeyan in southern NSW. He was sentenced to life in prison. He appealed against the conviction but the appeal was dismissed in August 1974. Ziggy stayed in gaol.

Ziggy Pohl vehemently proclaimed his innocence, saying that his English was very poor and he did not know that the answers he was giving to the police would be misinterpreted to go against him. But the circumstantial case against him was strong.

On the surface, Ziggy was the only likely person who would kill his wife. Furthermore, he could not account for his actions at the time of the murder. It looked like an open and shut case.

But the only thing that was missing was the motive. No-one could come up with a logical reason why the outwardly happy and secure Ziggy Pohl would want to kill the woman he so obviously loved and shared his every moment with.

But, that aside, the kindly German immigrant with the big smile and the sad eyes was bundled off to Long Bay Gaol to serve out his term with the most vile killers in captivity.

Ziggy Pohl was a model prisoner and was released on parole after serving only ten years of his life sentence. The parole board considered that Ziggy had paid his debt to society and, motive or not, they couldn't see him killing any more of his wives in the near future.

Having taught himself to read and write English during his prison years, Ziggy Pohl set about trying to prove his innocence.

But his efforts were to no avail. No-one would listen and no-one cared. It appeared that Ziggy would spend the rest of his life with the stigma of being a convicted murderer.

In September, 1990, 17 years after Ziggy Pohl's conviction and seven years after his release from prison, the most amazing thing happened.

Roger Graham Bawden (aka Roger Graham) walked into the Queanbeyan Police Station and confessed to the murder of Mrs Pohl. It had been preying on his conscience for two decades and he had to get it off his chest.

When interviewed by detectives, Bawden gave information that only the killer could have known. There was no doubt that he was the murderer and that Ziggy Pohl had been wrongly convicted.

When asked why he had not come forward earlier, Bawden maintained that he had left the district shortly after he murdered Mrs Pohl and had no idea that her innocent husband had been found guilty of his (Bawden's) crime.

Bawden claimed he first heard of Ziggy Pohl's conviction when he returned to his home town only weeks before he confessed to the killing. He claimed that he had gone all of those years thinking that the murder was unsolved.

Ziggy Pohl was unconditionally pardoned in May 1992, and is suing the NSW Government for compensation. Roger Graham Bawden has been charged with the murder of Mrs Pohl.

But what if capital punishment was the law at the time of the murder of Mrs Pohl? What if Ziggy Pohl had been put to death? And if capital punishment was still in force 17 years down the track. Would Roger Graham Bawden also have been hung for the same murder?

Admittedly, all of these questions are totally hypothetical, but it does lay a very solid foundation for the argument against the death penalty.

Some of the best legal brains in the country agree that there is no way that Ziggy Pohl would have been put to death if capital punishment had been in force at the time of the murder of his wife.

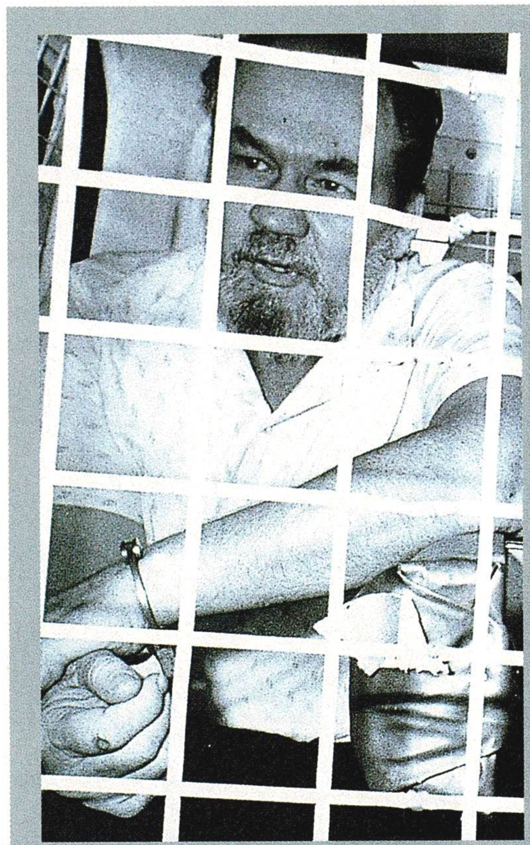
The fact that he was released after serving only ten years of his life sentence is, in itself, an indictment of what the parole board thought of Mr Pohl's conviction.

In other words, it would appear that there was always some doubt in a lot of people's minds that Mr Pohl did indeed murder his wife. There was no eye witness and no confession.

And if he did commit murder, then it certainly wasn't pre-meditated. It was more a crime of passion or a violent act committed in a fit of rage. Even the strongest advocate of capital punishment would find it hard to hang a man under those circumstances.

Irwin Ormsby, Principal of Teakle, Ormsby and Associates, the firm of solicitors handling the Ziggy Pohl compensation case says, "I believe in the death penalty for murder involving exaggerated violence. But also there would have to be strict guidelines. In my opinion, the Pohl case would never have attracted the death penalty if it was applicable."

Leading Sydney criminal QC Mr Barry Larbalestier, does not share the same views on capital punishment but supports the Pohl case theory. "I don't agree with capital punishment, neither morally, logistically or legally," Mr Larbalestier said. "In the Pohl case, even if capital punishment had been law at the time, it would have been appropriate for the sentence to be commuted to life imprisonment because of the domestic nature of the alleged offence. But then again, I don't even agree with mandatory life imprisonment for murder."



NAME:
Barry Gordon HADLOW

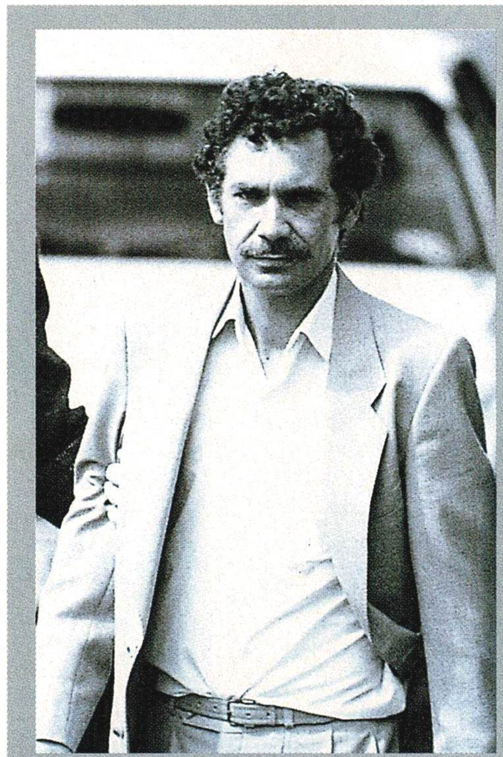
CRIME:
Murder & Sexual assault

CONVICTED:
1963 & 1991

SENTENCE:
Life imprisonment

In North Queensland Barry Hadlow sexually assaulted a five-year-old child before taking her life with a hunting knife. During his incarceration, Hadlow became a devout Christian and was released in 1985. Five years later he raped and murdered a nine-year-old girl in Roma, Queensland.

Photo courtesy of The Courier Mail

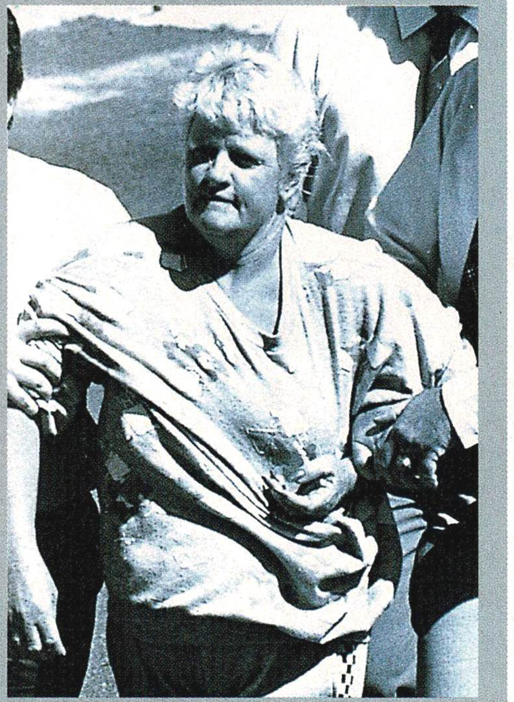


NAME:
Barrie John WATTS

CRIME:
Murder & Rape

CONVICTED:
1990

SENTENCE:
Life Imprisonment



NAME:
Valmae Faye BECK

CRIME:
Murder & Rape

CONVICTED:
1988

SENTENCE:
Life Imprisonment

In 1987, Barrie Watts and Valmae Beck abducted 12-year-old Sian Kingi. Valmae Beck watched as her defacto husband tortured and raped the child. Eventually, Barrie Watts murdered the young girl by

Photos courtesy of The Courier Mail

"John Christie confessed to murdering six women and having sex with their corpses. . ."

So Australia has its classic case against capital punishment. But while those opposed to the death penalty claim that their arguments are strong and well-founded, the supporters of capital punishment can also show very good cause why the perpetrators of shocking crimes should be put down. They also have their classic cases as to why the death penalty should be reintroduced.

From all indications it would appear that if there was a referendum held in Australia tomorrow, there would be overwhelming support for the reintroduction of the death penalty.

But the supporters of capital punishment appear to be in unison in pointing out the one condition that would have to be applied. Each crime must be judged on its merits and only the most horrendous would incur the ultimate punishment.

These crimes are the most evil of the evil — child rape and murder, gang rape, serial killings, mass murder and violent sex murders.

In the eyes of the pro-capital punishment lobby, it is difficult to understand why people who commit these crimes and are judged sane, should be allowed to live. After all, why should they be allowed to take life so cruelly and not pay for it with their own? What purpose does it serve to keep them alive?

Perhaps these "rockspiders", as the other prisoners call them, can be rehabilitated to return to society and resume a normal life and put all of the misery and despair that they have caused so many people behind them?

The argument against rehabilitation cites the case of Barry Gordon Hadlow. In 1962, he was convicted of the murder of five-year-old Sandra Dorothy Bacon at Townsville, Qld. Hadlow had sexually assaulted the child before he strangled

Continued on page 96

well Schooled

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

At 19, stunning Robyn Levalle is looking forward to her university days, but is putting education on hold by embarking on a world trip. "I guess these clothes give the impression of innocence," she murmurs but one look into Robyn's blue-grey eyes will give you an idea of the temptress she loves to play.

HARRAP'S
COMPACT
DICTIONNAIRE
Anglais-Français/Français-Anglais

HARRAP'S
COMPACT
DICTIONNAIRE

"I'm way too young to settle down and right now I quite enjoy playing the field. I'm just beginning to realise the power that I have over men.

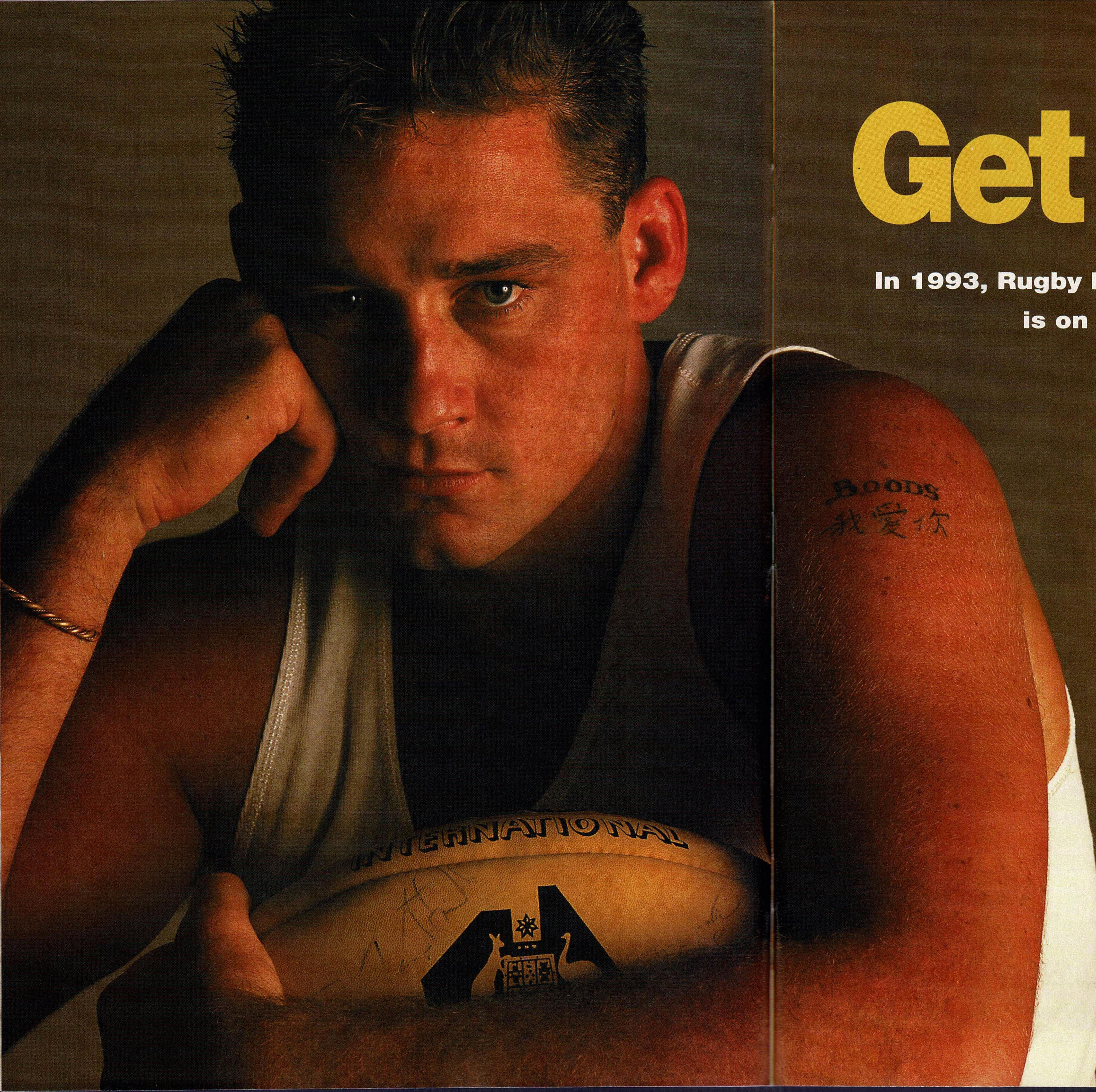
"One time, the man I was dating came over to my place and I was waiting for him in the clothes you see me in now. I had tied up my hair and was looking very prim and proper. But I guess my body language was anything but naive and we made the best love I've ever experienced."

Robyn admits to being a bit of a bookworm. But she says that she would much rather live an erotic adventure than read one.

"Now that I've quit school, I think I'll lay off the books for a while and start accumulating my experiences. I want to fulfil my fantasy of making love on the hot sands of the Arabian dessert or under a tropical waterfall."

Get Geyer

In 1993, Rugby League tough guy Mark Geyer is on every opposing team's hit list



Here it is, in stark illustration, the very reason that Rugby League's most explosive player, Mark Geyer, is a million-dollar airport with a two-bob control tower. He is driving his new car toward the tollgates on the expressway west of Sydney. While rustling through the ashtray for some loose change with which to pay the toll, he takes his eyes off the road briefly, but long enough so that his car wanders marginally into the next lane. This is the west of Sydney, don't forget. And cutting someone off in traffic, however accidentally, is the "westie" equivalent of a declaration of war.

BY RICHARD SLEEMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN

Get Geyer

The driver of the trailing car blasts the horn, then roars up alongside to shout abuse. At the tollgates, 100 metres further on, he gets out of his car and runs in the direction of Geyer's vehicle. At this stage, of course, he has no idea it's Mark Geyer, the State's most feared footballer, at the wheel. And if Geyer had paused to think about the situation for even a millisecond, he would have stayed in his car, grinned at the moron, and just kept driving. Geyer is on a bond over an assault charge. If he hits anyone else, it would probably be jail the next time. As well, a sponsor's name is splashed down the side of Geyer's car. How would a roadside barney look to the sponsor? And what about Geyer's vow to turn over a new leaf? "The next bit of publicity I get," he had told a radio interviewer earlier that day, "will be for my quality football... Nothing else, not drugs or violence... Just football."

Geyer gives no thought to any of this. He is out of the car in a flash, unravelling his two-metre frame to its full height and breathing fire. "C'mon, idiot, I'll have you," he seethes, "let's get over here and sort this out." The traffic comes to a standstill. Some drivers recognise Geyer and egg him on. Geyer is oblivious, consumed by vengeance and spoiling for blood. Geyer's would-be attacker understandably goes cold on the idea, announces that he is a policeman out of uniform, and suggests they go talk it over in the comfort of the new police station right by the tollgates. "Bugger that," yells Geyer, "I want you."

The attacker decides not to pursue the matter and returns to his car. So does Geyer. "I just wish he'd have thrown a punch at me," Geyer says. Only several minutes later does he consider the consequences — that his career may have finished then and there at the tollgates.

"I don't know why I do that," he says. "Sometimes I just have trouble controlling my aggression. I'm on a bond. I can't afford to stuff that up."

As he prepares to begin the new league season with a brand-new club, Balmain, Geyer recalls the off-season incident at the tollgates with great remorse, but with the very clear understanding that this very same thing will be repeated every time he steps onto the field. You don't have to be a football strategist to know what opposition coaches will be saying in the confines of their pre-match dressing room as they prepare to face Balmain. "Bait Geyer." That's it in a nutshell. If Geyer fights back, he'll be sent off, and with a judiciary record that's far from angelic, that might well be it for the season.

Talk about Catch-22. The only reason Balmain out-layed $150,000 a season, plus car and job, is for Geyer to act as strongman. Says club chief executive Keith Barnes: "We've lost tough international forwards like Wayne Pearce and Steve Roach. We need starch up front. Geyer will provide that." For a young man of 24, with the legal minimum of formal education and a volcanic temperament, that's a thin line he's being asked to walk.

Geyer has walked that line before, and toppled. State of Origin matches between NSW and Queensland are like the Kokoda Trail in football jumpers instead of fatigues. Television stations have been reprimanded for billing it as war, but it's an accurate comparison. These are border clashes with a judiciary system that hears and sees no evil, at least not by comparison with regular club games.

Talk of Geyer and State of Origin gets back to the second game at the Sydney Football Stadium in 1991. NSW trailed one-nil in the best-of-three. Geyer says he was cornered by a couple of very prominent NSW Rugby League officials before the game, and told: "Go and give the bastards hell. Don't worry about the consequences. You won't be sent off. We're relying on you." There it is again, that very thin line.

In the maelstrom that followed, Geyer had a running gun-battle with Queensland captain, Wally Lewis. At one stage he felled opposing full-back Paul Hauff, and shoulder charged others. In short, he struck terror into the hearts of the opposition. Queensland coach Graham Lowe was quoted later, saying: "There were 25 footballers out there, and one lunatic." A contact recalls: "Queensland players debated whether to lie in wait and 'get' Geyer after the game."

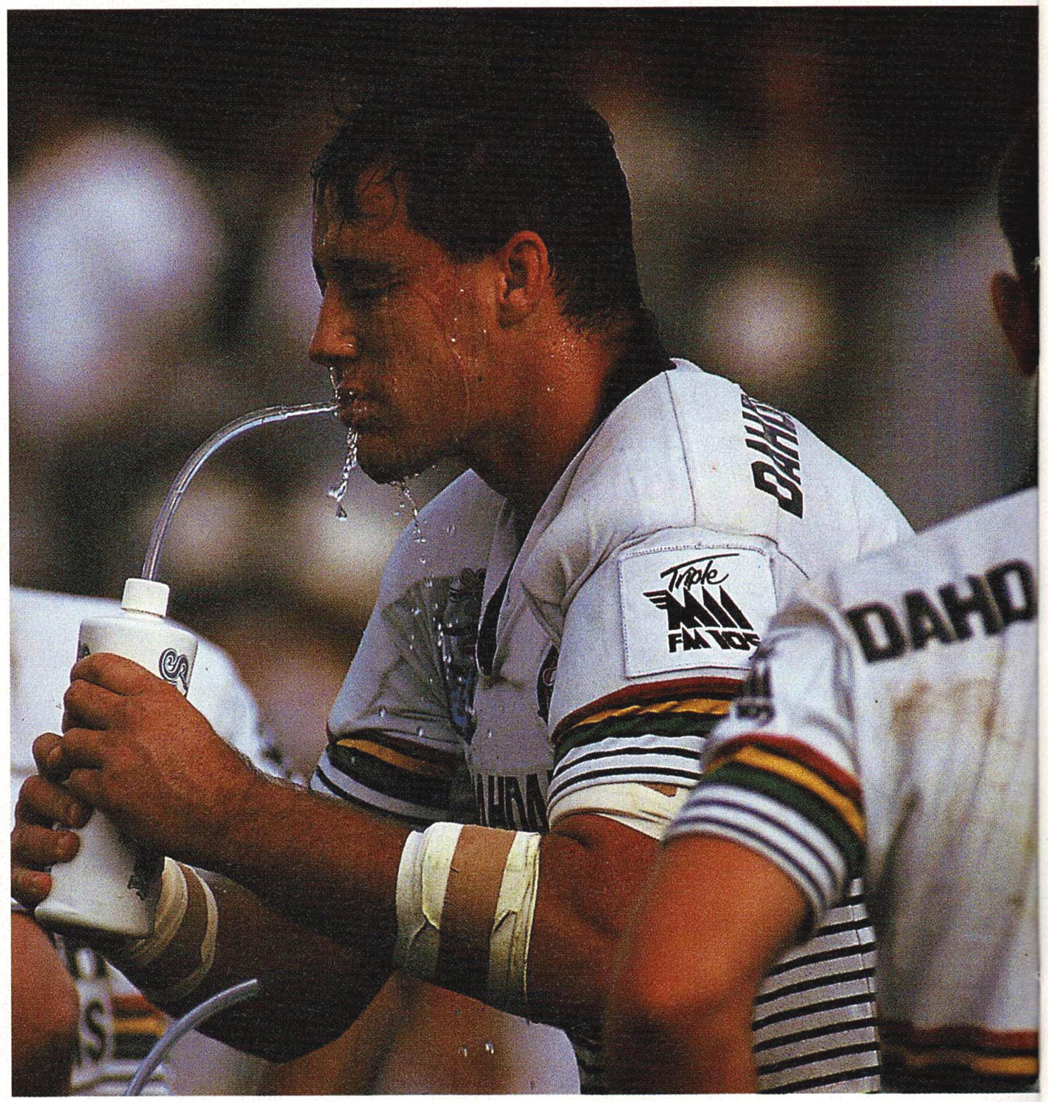
Most importantly, NSW won 14-12 and squared the series. But a media and public outcry forced retaliatory action against Geyer. He was cited and suspended. The same system that Geyer claims had privately called him to arms prior to the match then pronounced judgement on him.

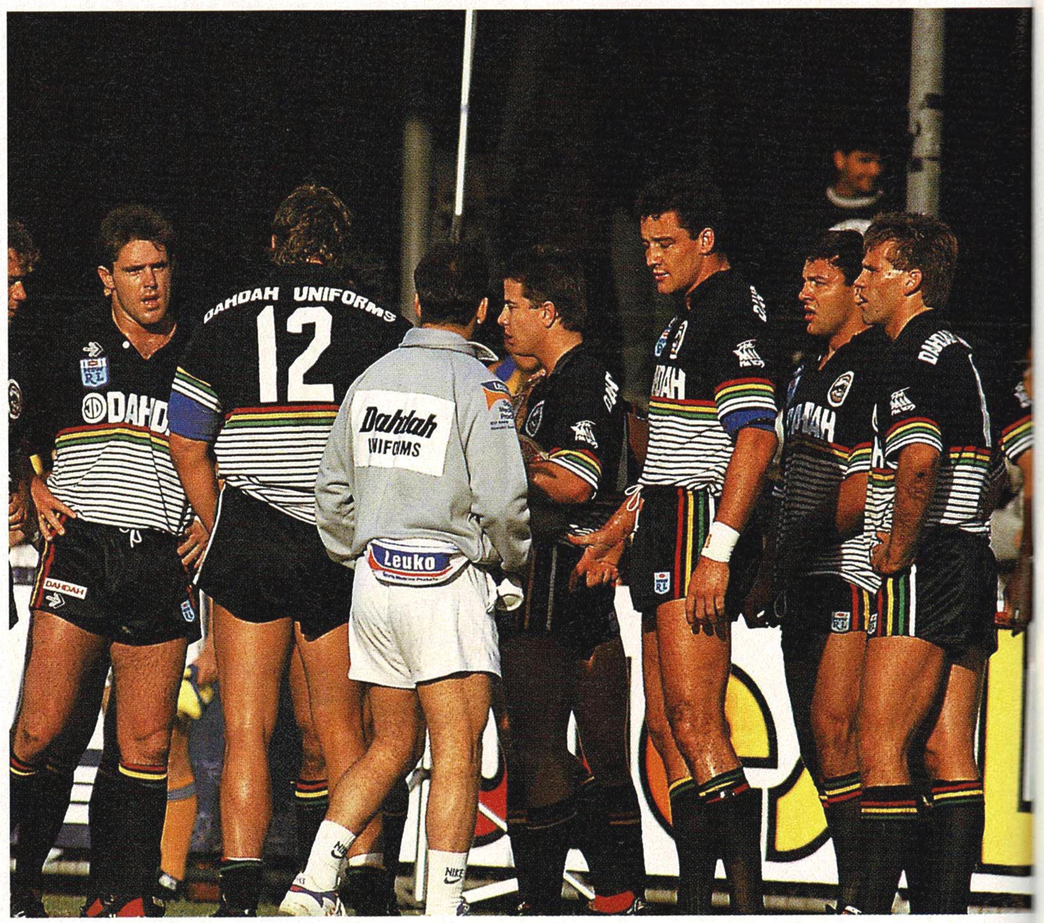
To be fair, the two men of integrity at the top of the NSW Rugby League, Ken Arthurson and John Quayle, deny any knowledge of any NSW Rugby League official inciting Geyer to violence that night. And it was the Australian Rugby League, not the NSW Rugby League, that dealt with him.

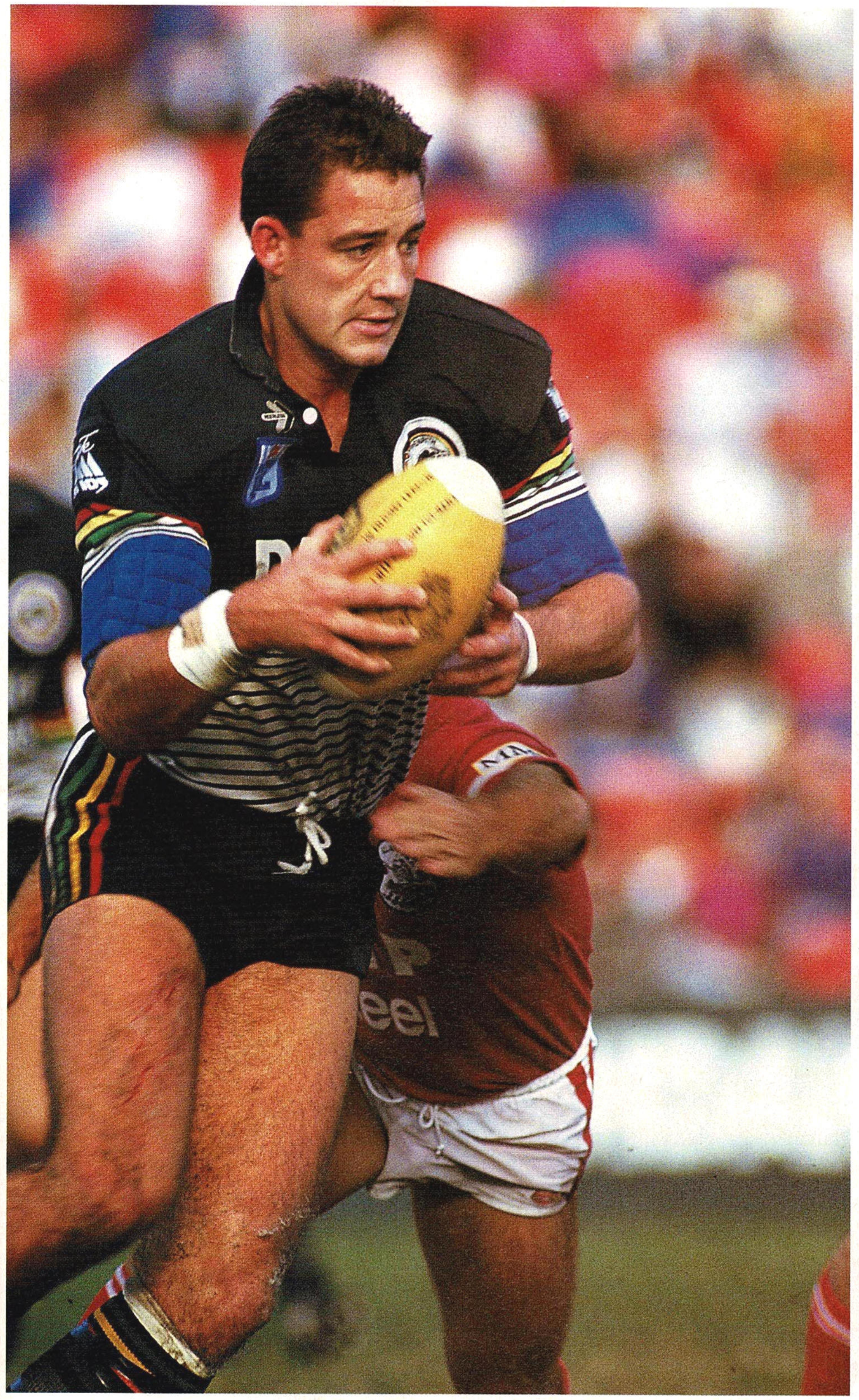
So who is this loose cannon in football boots? And is he so naive, so programmable, so easily led, so Othello-like, that he is more sinned against than sinning? Is he dangerous, or merely used and abused? At close range, Geyer is less a boy-monster, and more like an overgrown puppy. On a stinking hot summer's day, he stands in scruffy T-shirt and shorts to greet the visitor, then goes back to scooping out fruit yoghurt from a cup. Doleful green eyes and a frame he's still growing into add weight to the overgrown puppy impression.

He's a big kid who wears his heart on his sleeve.

Still with bits of yoghurt at the sides of his mouth, he ushers the visitor into an air-conditioned room. Geyer's close friends had warned that the visitor would find him a charming young man. Very early on, you realise they were right. He lapses easily into conversation, a like-







"We need starch up front. Geyer will provide that..."

able, friendly, uncomplicated fellow. The tone of his conversation is over-the-back-fence familiarity.

You get the feeling, though, that he could be easily led — a trusting, faithful soul who values traditional Aussie mateship above all else. He relates the story of a mate who asked him to go guarantor for a car. The "mate" reneged on the payments and Geyer was legally responsible for the money. It says a lot about Geyer that he still values the mate's friendship.

His upbringing was, by necessity, frugal. His father Kevin, one of 11 children, left school at 13 and married Geyer's mother just four years later. She was 16. They lived in a housing commission cottage. Kevin Geyer drove trucks in the day, and worked as a security guard at night. "We always had shirts on our back," Mark Geyer says proudly. "The first thing I did when I earned enough money from football was to buy them a house." It's a lovely brick veneer place with a swimming pool and air-conditioning in one of the newer developments out to the west of Sydney. Geyer still lives with his parents. "But it's their house," he says. "I don't want nothin'." Geyer is especially happy that the house is right near a school where his younger brother Matt is in attendance. He wants Matt to study hard, not leave at 15 as he did.

Geyer's early heroes wore Manly jumpers, and were based a world away in brick houses by the ocean. Their names were Eadie, or Fulton, or Randall, or Boyd. BOYD! Yes, that's right. The same Les Boyd who is the game's most notorious figure, banished for 15 months in July, 1984 for alleged violence on the football field. "I liked Boyd because he was as tough as nails on the field, but a really nice bloke off it," Geyer says. They met in 1989 while Geyer was on a Rugby League promotional tour of Boyd's home town, Cootamundra.

One is put instantly in mind of the night Bugsy Segal met Al Capone for the first time. Says Geyer: "What a great bloke! We were out on the booze together all night. He didn't tell me to calm down my play at all ... just to learn control if I'm that way inclined."

Geyer recalls having 20 jobs in two years after leaving school. But his football talent, speed, ruggedness and massive frame quickly put him under notice. He made his first-grade debut at just 19 for Penrith, and within two months, made his first representative team, City Seconds. But already, he was earning himself a reputation. That month, his coach Tim Sheens, fearing for Geyer's safety at the end of a brutal match against Wests, replaced him 15 minutes from the end. Honours and trouble followed hand-in-hand. He was rated the best League hit-man since an old hero, Terry Randall; played in the grand final and made the Kangaroo side to England and France. In between, he was suspended for attacking the head of Dale Shearer and later, sent off following a wild brawl.

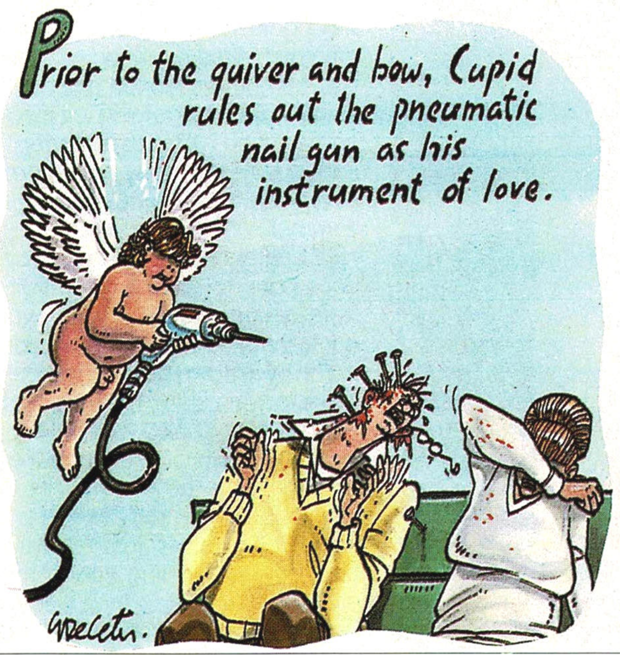
The worst 12 months of Geyer's young life began late in 1991. He was tested for drug use, proved positive to marijuana, and was suspended by the NSW Rugby League for eight matches. "Just one little mistake," says Geyer, "and you're labelled for life." Indeed, if he shows positive again to any banned substance, he's out automatically for 10 years. Rugby League is one of the only — perhaps *the* only — sport in the world to subject players to marijuana analysis. It isn't a performance-enhancer and, although illegal, barely rates more than a mention by police as a misdemeanour. The Australian Sports Drug Agency is known to be against the suspension of players who show positive to marijuana.

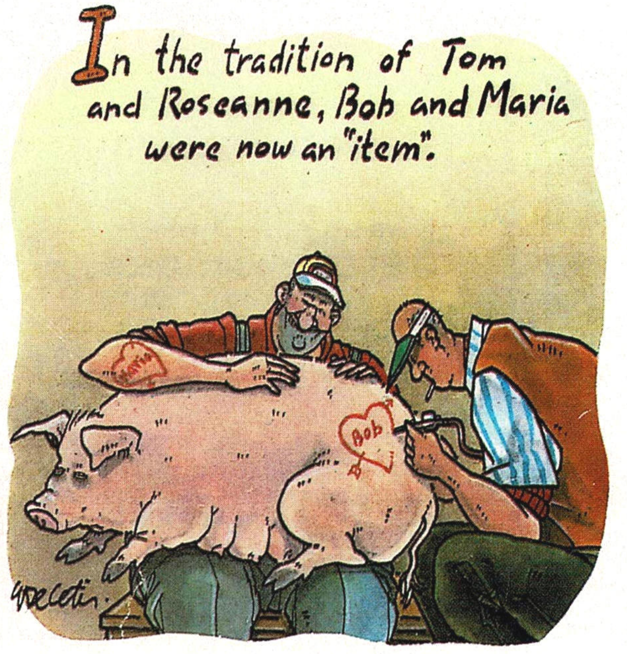
Publicity and controversy go hand-in-glove with Geyer. His drug suspension made front page headlines on the same day that the murder of a girl in Sydney was considered a story worthy of page six or seven. "I cut out the two stories, and sent them to the editor with my strongest complaints," says Geyer. He

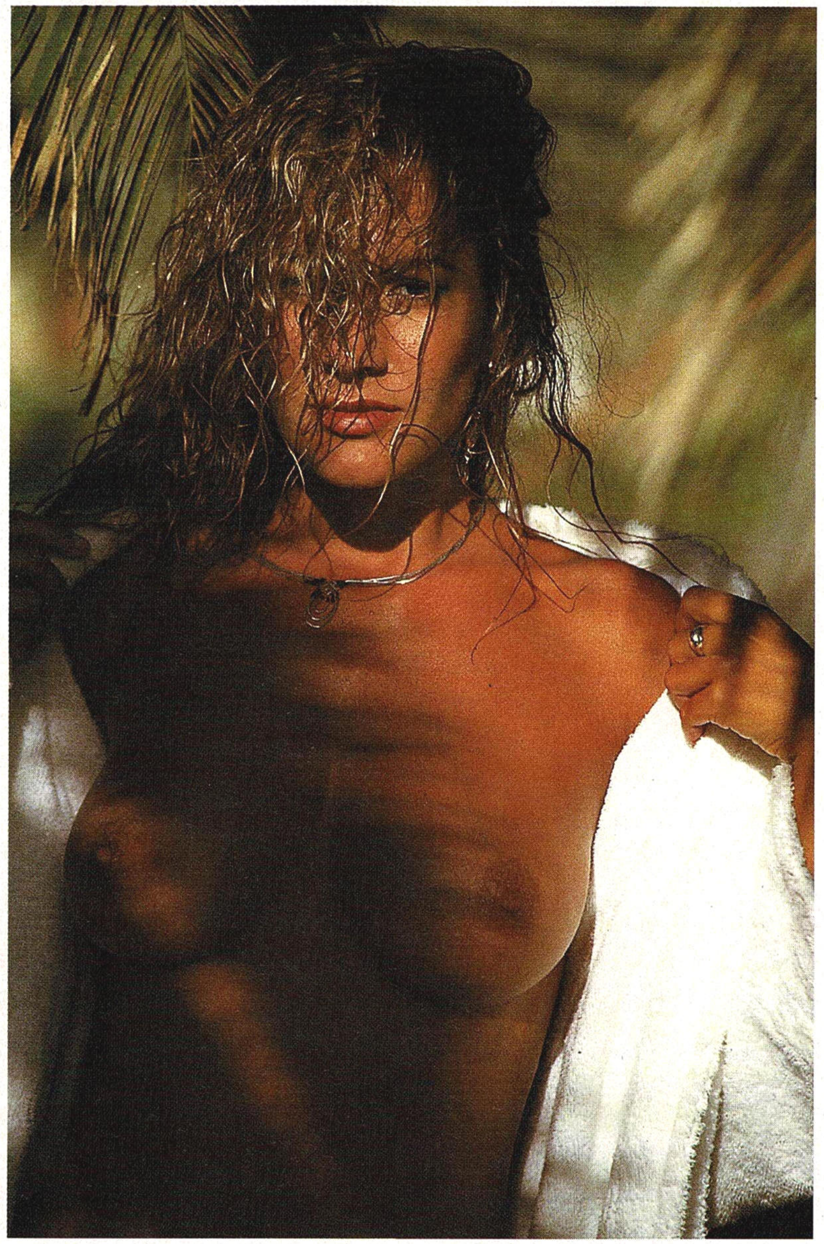
Continued on page 106

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS


Prior to the quiver and bow, Cupid rules out the pneumatic nail gun as his instrument of love.
Decetis


In the tradition of Tom and Roseanne, Bob and Maria were now an "item".
Maria
Bob
Decetis



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM WATSON

Belle's beach

Kristie Hughes is a Southern Belle in the tradition of Scarlet in *Gone With The Wind.* The beautiful 27-year-old was born in North Carolina and, until recently, was gracing the city of Atlanta, Georgia with her presence.
The shores of Australia beckoned her and within a few weeks of her arrival, she had won the Miss Nude Queensland title.
This 35-24-34 dynamo says that she is turned off by blokes that are too easy and that her ultimate sexual turn-on is, "a male's hardness rubbing against me through his jeans."

Kristie

Kristie makes a crust as a model, but her major passion is for art. "I sketch and paint a lot, but my favourite activity is drawing abstract bodies."

The brown-eyed girl is a huge fan of the music of Van Morrison and says that with one of his tapes playing, the lights dimmed and a good bottle of wine, there is just no stopping her. "It's really sexy music. You can have wild sex to it or you can make gentle love."

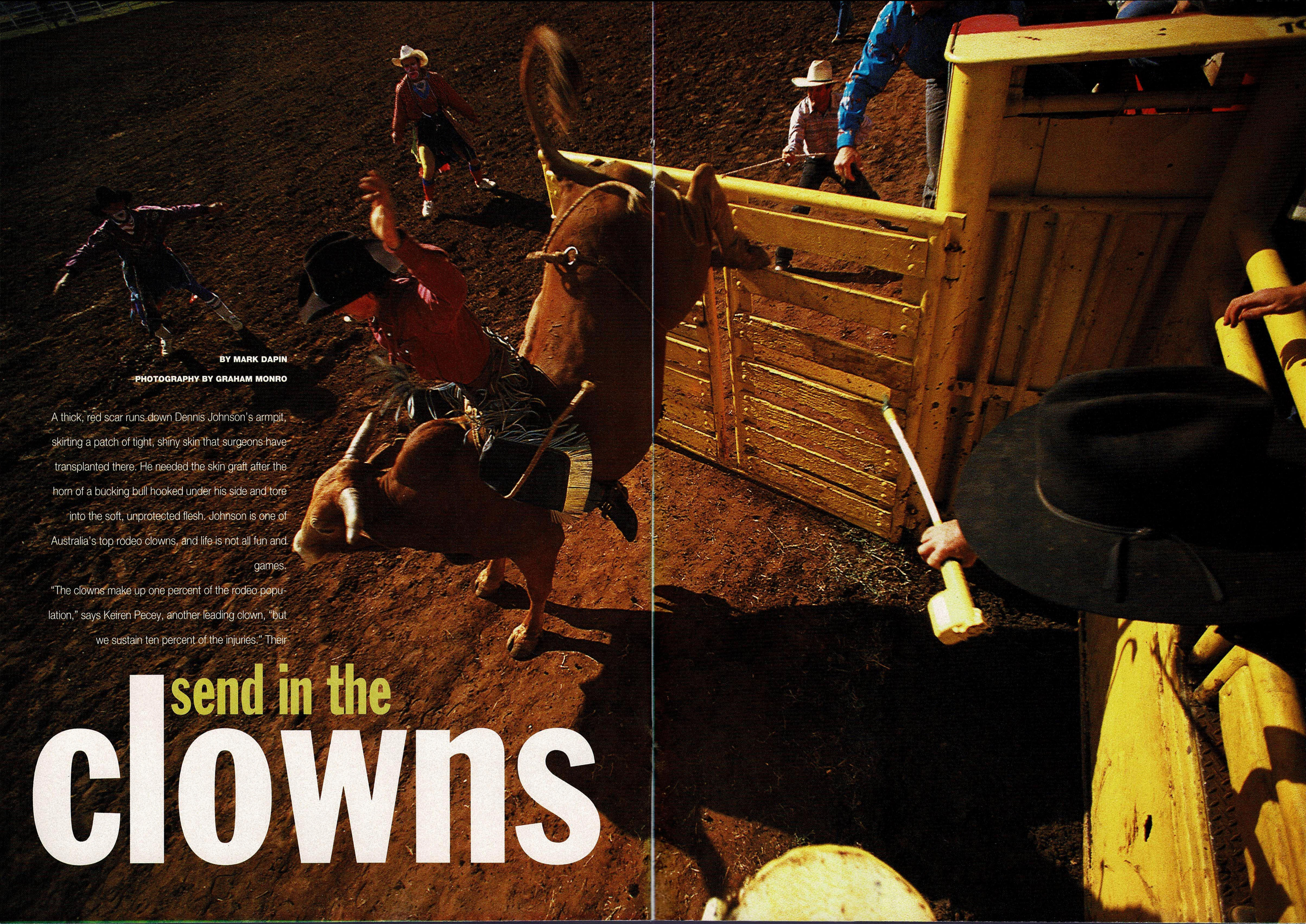
Kristie has an extremely vivid imagination and says that her favourite sexual fantasy involves her making love to her man in the dark, moist jungles of Africa on a hot steamy day. "Yeah, I'll be wearing a white cotton dress and I'll be really damp so that the cloth becomes see-through."

"I have a real sexy feminine side to me," says Kristie, "but I'm also a real tomboy and any man who wants to be with me has got to learn to deal with that. I'm hard to please."

Kristie keeps in shape by horse riding and says that in ten years time she'd like to be living on her own farm in the outback.

"I love Australian people. They're not always in a hurry. I like the fact that people here aren't so focused on themselves all the time. They have time to talk to you and they're genuine."

Kristie is virtually assured of our undivided attention.



send in the clowns

BY MARK DAPIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

A thick, red scar runs down Dennis Johnson's armpit, skirting a patch of tight, shiny skin that surgeons have transplanted there. He needed the skin graft after the horn of a bucking bull hooked under his side and tore into the soft, unprotected flesh. Johnson is one of Australia's top rodeo clowns, and life is not all fun and games.

"The clowns make up one percent of the rodeo population," says Keiren Pecey, another leading clown, "but we sustain ten percent of the injuries." Their

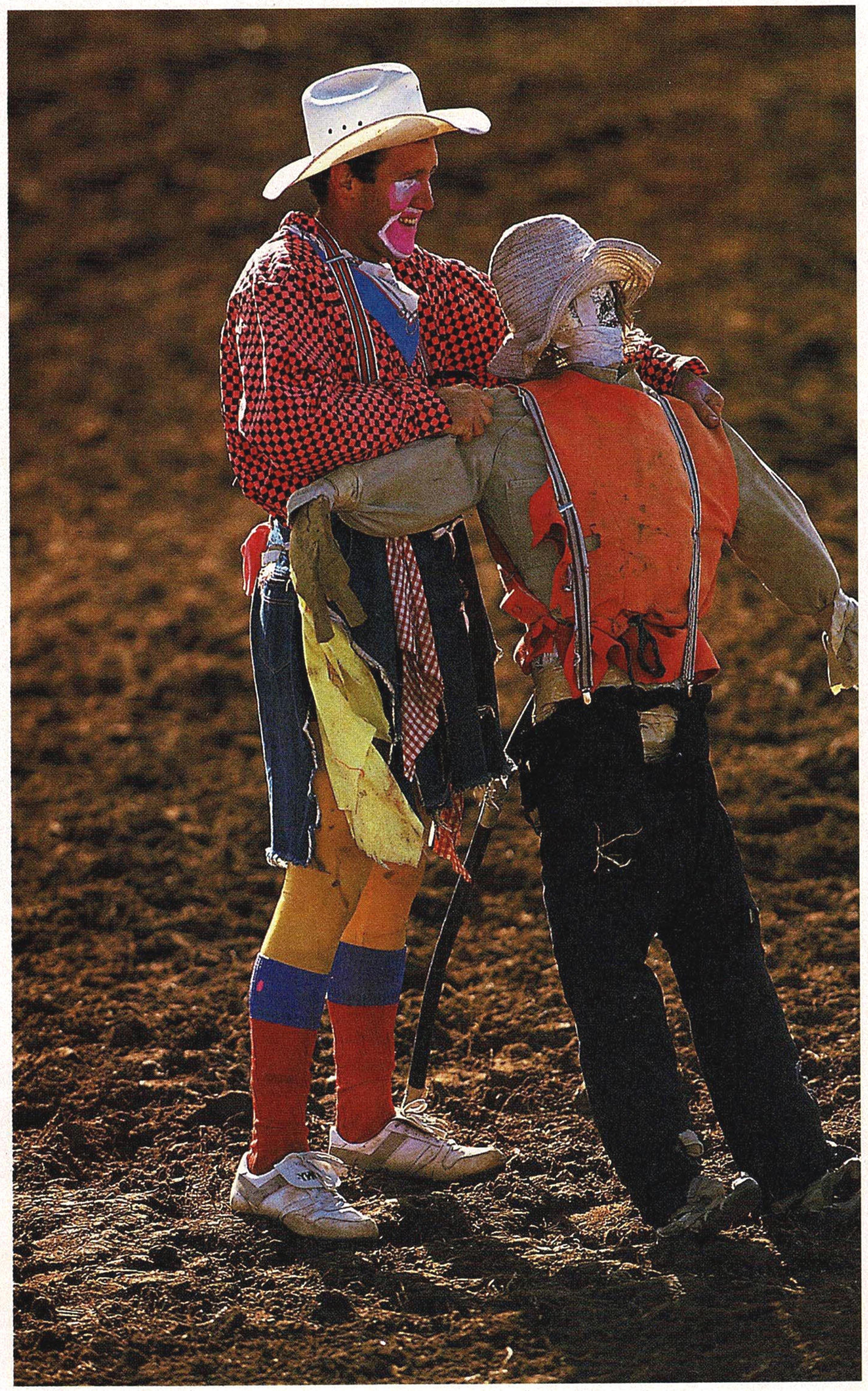
Clowns

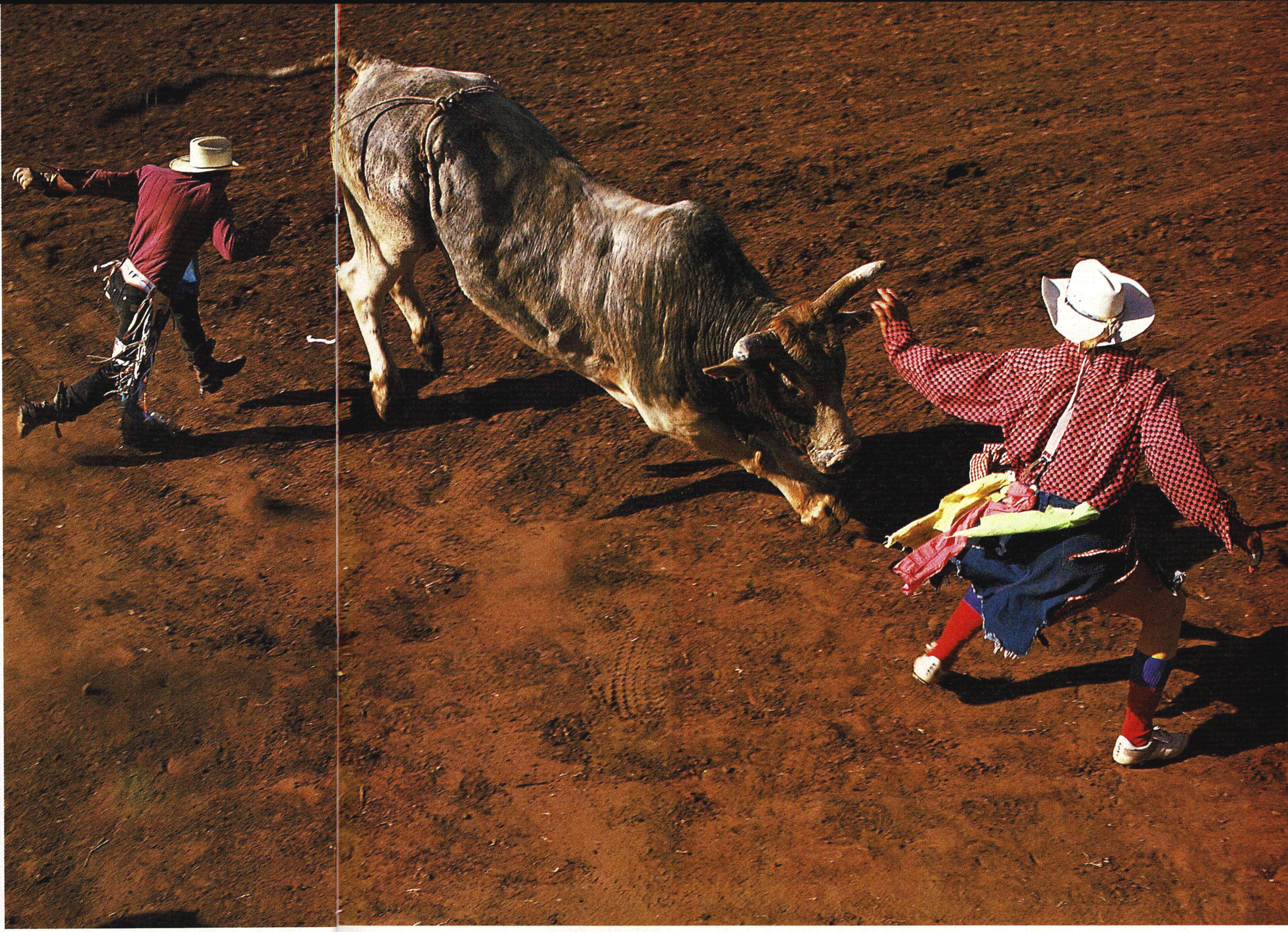
job falls somewhere between the roles of unarmed matador and kamikaze gladiator. A cowboy explodes into the ring, clinging for life and lucre to the bareback of an untamed beast. As the huge animal jumps, stomps and rears in attempts to shift the irritant from his haunch, the suicidal signalmen in bright clothes and make-up distract the bull and entertain the crowd.

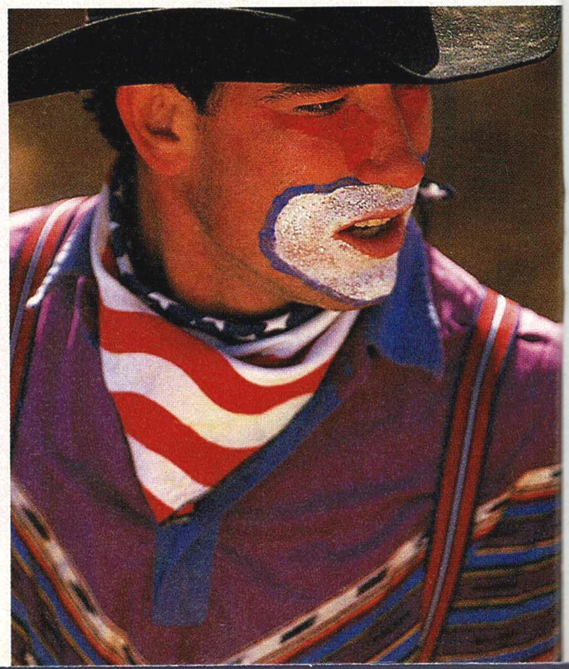
Their behaviour appears to be completely insane, like a costumed drunk jumping into the ring with Mike Tyson, prodding him in the guts and taking the piss out of his lisp.

If the rider falls, the clowns try to prevent the bull from goring him by presenting themselves as more palatable fodder. They lead the beast away by darting about in front of him, to take his eyes and mind off the possibly hurt man on the ground.

Riders rate the clowns as the most important people at the rodeo and everyone considers them to be the bravest. "That Dennis Johnson is the toughest man I've ever met," says a cowboy about to ride. Johnson began clowning, or bullfighting, in 1986. He's been kicked in the face by bulls, but his expression has remained cheerful and laconic.







"When you get hurt, you're learning," he maintains. "When the rider gets thrown off and he's on the ground, he doesn't know where he is for a minute. He might have been thrown on his head and he doesn't know which way the fence is. We get in there and try to get the bull to come out. Some bulls don't charge, most of them do though."

The most efficient way to distract a bull is to grab hold of his horns. "It's all about reactions," he says. "You don't really get time to think." Johnson jogs a couple of times a week and trains with weights to keep his strength up. But no matter how strong a man is, he can never go toe-to-toe with a bull.

A clown needs agility and highly developed reflexes. "Bulls are a little bit predictable," he says. "They're not really cunning, but when they bullfight a lot, they might try to catch you out.

"When a bull charges you, you have to wait until he gets a certain distance away from you before you make your move. If you move too early, he's going to cut you off. Bulls that have fought all their lives come at you a bit steadier, so they step with you as you go."

He once ended up underneath a bull that jumped "right on my ribs and fell straight down on top of me — I didn't break nothing, but I bruised my kidneys and that." He's been thrown in the air by bulls — a feeling he describes as "not too bad, you know." He says, "You're better off in the air than when they're on top of you. They can't hurt you while you're in the air."

Johnson cites "the adrenalin rush" as his motivation, and the thrill of saving the rider. Peter, 31, from Cunamurra, has been riding bulls for years, both on the professional circuit and at small bush rodeos. His life has been saved by clowns "three or four times." He damaged his leg and groin at a minor country show when the clowns did not have the skill to lead the beast away. "I couldn't walk for three days," he says.

His injuries were little compared to what they might have been, but now he refuses to ride unless he has confidence in the clowns. He speaks contemptuously of venues where they "draw clowns from the crowd", accepting tenders as low as $60 from inexperienced men eager to chance their hand at the trade for a bit of extra money. Financially, the good clowns do all right.

Kieren Pecey, 24, has been a clown for about two years. He sees the job as a continuation of his work on the outstations, where he deals with beef cattle every day. "It's a bit of a hobby," he says, "a bit of an outside deal." Pecey's reputation is such that the big rodeos contact him when they need a clown. He thinks there are only "about 20 or 30" professional clowns to choose from.

He's a small, quiet man, who professes "never" to be scared when he's in with the bulls. He's had beasts jump on his chest and groin. "Nothing serious," he contends, "I just broke a few ribs." Since his bones were cracked, Pecey wears padding from his ribcage to his hips. He rides bulls as well, but he has specialised in clowning because "I guess I do that better."

Terry Murray, from Casino, New South Wales, is a barrelman, a comedy clown. Murray is a pleasant, articulate man with a real smile dancing beneath his clown's painted grin. He talks at machine-gun pace, whereas many rodeo people manage to fire off only a single word at any given target. (Most often, this word is "Yep.")

"My job is to move that barrel in and try and help the bullfighters if there is any trouble, to give them a little break so that they can get to the barrel. I also try and pick a bull out to fight for the crowd if the opportunity is there."

The fight he offers the crowd is bizarre and absurd. Sometimes he wears oversized, red boxing gloves to shake his fists at the animal and challenge it to a duel. If the beast takes the bait, he charges head-down for the clown, and Murray ducks back into his haven.

He looks for a bull "with a bit of hook in it" to fight, "something that looks good for the crowd." He says, "A lot of bulls will come out fighting, but when they reach that barrel, they'll shy away and run off. As bad as people look at bulls, bulls have personalities too and they can be a bit shy. They can look the worst bull in the world, but to get them in that barrel can sometimes be pretty hard."

A smaller ring is easier for a clown to work when fighting a bull. Often the large places cut their ring right down for the fight. "Too much sometimes," says Murray. As a rider, Murray broke his leg and was "in and out of hospital for 26 weeks out of twelve months" but he still loves the rodeo. "Because rodeos in this country are so tough and so expensive to cover, I figured I could probably clown and do as much rodeoing as I wanted to without it costing me money.

"I love working the big crowds," he says, "and as good horses make good jockeys, good announcers make good clowns." Between events, Murray performs family-oriented comedy routines, where his punchlines are relayed to the audience over a microphone by the rodeo announcer, who can use his words as feeds to develop a theme.

The announcer will also commentate on the antics of the clowns, mining the "Oh no! Look Out! He's behind you!" vein of pantomime tradition. "I've been very lucky with injuries," says Murray, "I've only had a couple of minor ones. I believe that bulls are dangerous, but they're only as dangerous as you let them be. I only work with experienced clowns. When I get into that barrel, I have to have faith in the guys I work with.

"When the bull hits the barrel, I usually go down and screw myself up like a snake, because I have to be able to roll with it. If you're straight you can really be thrown about." The bull might butt the barrel time and time again. "Sometimes I've got lazy and thrown my arm out," says Murray, "but you can't do that because if the bull sees your arm like that, it'll rip it off.

"The idea of a bullfight is to hold that barrel square so that the bull's hitting it in the middle and not at the end. If the bull gets on the end, he can force a horn in there and spin that barrel around. If he knows you're there, he'll come and get you."

The barrel is about 90cm in circumference, made of alluminium and padded inside, both to protect Murray and to make the impact easier on the bull. "A lot of bulls, if they hit something hard, won't come back," says Murray. "They won't go near a barrel after that.

"There's a really bad bull in America called Crooked Nose. He's only got one horn and he runs straight at the barrel and tries to hook that horn in the end every time. He got one clown when bullfighting in the finals and the other clowns actually had to drag him out of the barrel. The barrelman gave the game away after that. Even a two-horned bull might come forward with one horn up, jam it into the barrel and swing it around like a Mixmaster if they want to."

A beast named Dirty Harry attacked Murray. "He was a little bull with small, very sharp horns. He got his head in the end of that barrel and flicked it up in the air. I was actually upside down in the barrel and the bull just spun it around and threw it, jammed it up against the fence a few times.

"I walked out of it unmarked. The crowd couldn't believe it. That's what made my name as a barrelman." But Murray says, "I'm never frightened in the barrel. What scares me most is when I go to a big rodeo, there's 25,000 people out there and I've got to entertain them. I've got to get them making a noise and laughing.

"I probably live close to the edge," Murray concedes, but during the week he works in Lismore, New South Wales, "at the office where you register your car. So many people say to me that I must be crazy fighting bulls and that, but if you worked where I did, you'd have to do that too. It releases pressure."

The unluckiest clown on the circuit is a battered figure called "Warren", who stands in rags and tatters propped up against Dennis Johnson's caravan. "He's seen a lot of action," says Johnson. His head hangs at an angle, his neck has taken punishment, his side has been gored and his groin has been singled out for special attention. Warren is a dummy, a prop in the show, but he's also a silent warning to the clowns about how dangerous their job can really be.

LOVE 3

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLEN BRADLEY

Rita and Pat had been admiring their tennis coach, Jeremy, for some time. They loved the way his arms rippled when he showed them how to play their shots, and they had often fantasised about including him in their lovemaking.

One evening when Rita and Pat arrived at the tennis club, they found Jeremy alone in the locker room. He told them that their coaching session had been cancelled because of rain.

The girls had the same thought at the same time and offered Jeremy a private coaching lesson of their own. Jeremy's wildest fantasies were realised as his students took of their tennis gear and began offering their services.

Volleys of pleasure were perfectly placed and their skilful combination of strength and timing was turning the encounter into a love match worth remembering.

Their strokes were fluid and their anticipation remarkable as they read one another's moves perfectly.
Jeremy responded immediately to the girls' suggestions and feasted on the bevy on sensuality Rita and Pat offered. This was to be a marathon event and the players explored each other with deft touches and delicate contact.

Jeremy was thrilled when the girls started playing doubles, but he could not be a spectator for long and soon the match was well under way. Even after a climactic tie-break they did not rest between games and from that day their lessons became bi-weekly.

The job — it's what takes up most of our day. Society is a great seething mass of jobs, of opportunity, of success stories! Your place in the civilised world — the sort of men or women you meet and those you have passionate sex with; the type of car you drive and the number of cylinders beneath its deep-red exterior and the Porsche symbol; the size of your house, and the size of your servant's house — will be determined by your job. It's a pity really, because the job market is the perfect place to begin your descent into the hell of lost opportunity.

You must begin by giving serious thought to the worst job for you. Don't worry, there are plenty out there! Try becoming the talking clock (for practice, when asked for the time by strangers, say, "At the third stroke it will be..."), working in an advertising agency, being a loans manager at a bank, doing PR for a tobacco company, or acting in TV commercials for haemorrhoid creams (as a test, try saying to a mirror, "Darling, good news! The doctor says he doesn't have to operate!"). There is no shortage of jobs that pretty well guarantee a lifetime of misery and take the struggle out of becoming a failure in the workplace. But perhaps you are looking for a special job. One which will have you dreaming of the next life. That one profession with your name on it which, when raised, causes guests to change the subject at dinner parties and embarrasses your children. If you are gripped by a sense of your own potential insignificance and want to hear the phrase "I thought they had machines to do that"— so be it! But first you must stumble through the job interview.

How to become totally unemployable

fast track to failure!

A step-by-step guide to not getting the job you never wanted

HUMOUR BY GARETH HARVEY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC LOBBECKE

OUT
IN
John Smith
Ph: 3775451
Time: 1.30pm.
LÖBBECKE
PAPERMATE

Failure

Perturbing Personal Deportment

The ability to create a fetid first impression on a potential employer through the simple technique of Perturbing Personal Deportment (PPD) is a skill which comes naturally to many people. There are those who, when they speak, make it sound as if they are choking. To try this during your job interview, let the tension you are feeling as you stare into your potential employer's eyes grip your windpipe. Then speak: "Maihh — (gasp) — nem ess Her...rrry Smth" (My name is Henry Smith).

Or there are those who have learnt how to talk and dribble at the same time: "Pbbbllzze gbbblibb mbbmme blllis jblob!" (Please give me this job!)

Treating the spoken word as something which has to be dredged from some nether region of the throat through a combination of hacking and nasal wheezing is a particularly fine talent practised by some.

Of course, nothing beats scratching violently; twitching; nail biting (which with only a little training can come to resemble thumb-sucking); and public ear-cleaning (preferably with an implement chosen at random from your potential employer's desk.

Also, your eye-line is important during the job interview. Make sure it never hits the horizontal. Staring a little above or below your potential employer's eyes can create the distinct impression that you have spotted something nasty on his forehead, or an errant nostril hair.

But PPD is not enough in and of itself to guarantee failure in the job interview. For that you have to exhibit not merely cosmetic, but structural personality defects. Aside from questions of personal hygiene, could you actually do the job required of you? Here is a quick quiz to determine which category of ineptitude you fall into.

Do You Have What It Doesn't Take?

1. When asked directions by little old ladies in the street do you:

a) Respond directly and intelligently, with just a touch of compassion because you have a mother, too?

b) Hand over all your money and scream, "For God's sake please don't kill me?"

c) Smile a superior smile because you do know the way, but you're dammed if you're going to share that kind of information?

d) Burst into tears?

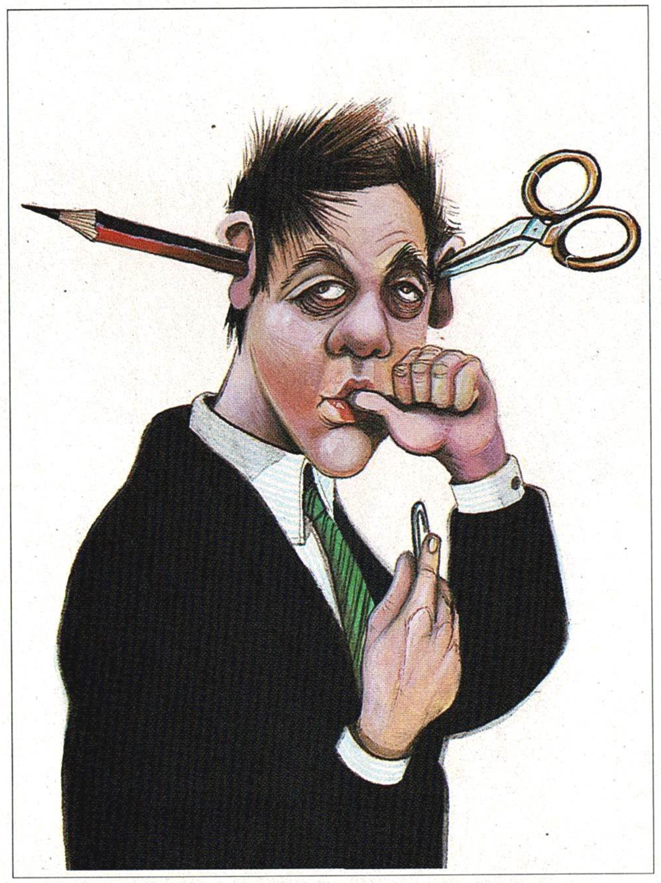
2. When you bump into a chair at home do you:

a) Shake yourself, silently chide yourself for your clumsiness, and chuckle because if this is the worst that happens to you today who are you to complain?

b) Apologise to the chair?

c) Drop-kick it?

d) Cry?



3. When you see a snail crossing your path, do you:

a) Wonder at its patience and see its steady progress as a *modus operandi* for your life?

b) Look at it and see yourself reincarnated?

c) Crush it with your shoe?

d) Weep?

4. When a personnel manager interviewing you for a job asks, "Why are you here?" do you:

a) State clearly your ambition, emphasising that it is tempered by a desire to "put something back into the community?"

b) Whimper, "Because I always wanted to meet someone as important as a personnel manager?"

c) Say, "The opportunity to tread on the little guy?"

d) Bleat weakly in the corner?

5. On spotting a framed photograph of your potential employer's wife, do you:

a) Compliment him on his wife's dress sense and the high quality of the framing?

b) Ask him if is she is his mother?

c) Ask him, while stroking the photograph suggestively, whether she is his daughter?

d) Sigh hopelessly, "I wish someone would marry me."

If you answered mostly (a) in the quiz you are probably lying to yourself. Type A job applicants are well-rounded, well-adjusted, well — just about everything you're not. No, it's more likely you meant to answer (b) but are in fact functionally illiterate (a common trait among type-B job applicants).

Type B: Hire Me – I'll Make You Look Good

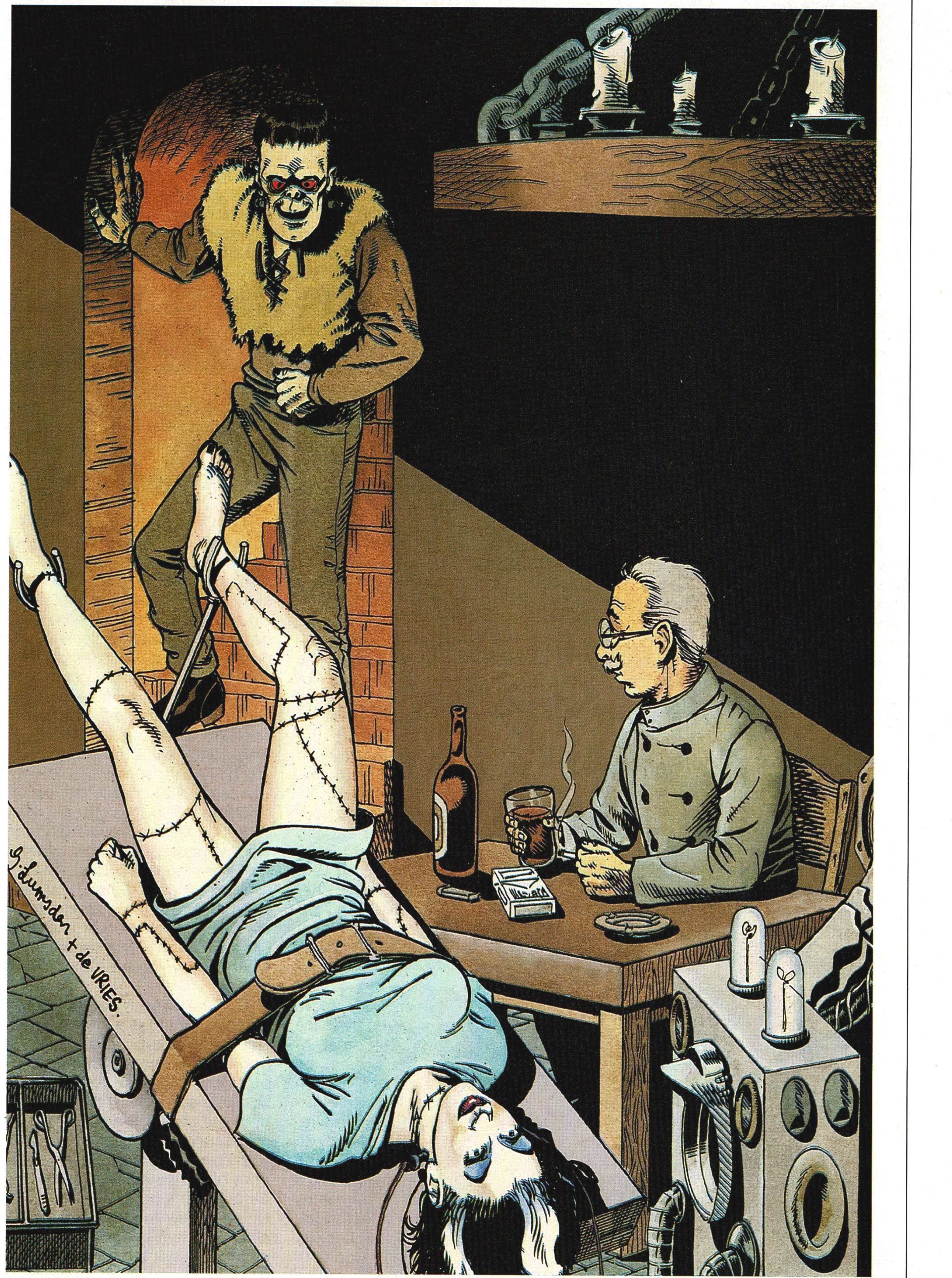
If you answered mostly (b) in the above quiz, chances are that you are a Hire-Me-I'll-Make-You-Look-good type; the sort of person so bad at your job that all those around you shine by comparison. Every office needs a type-B failure, a yardstick by which every other employee's ineptitude can be measured.

Type-B workers are essential to the modern corporate structure because there always has to be someone to take the blame, someone to be the worst. From the strength of the office coffee to an abysmal profit sheet, you will invariably find a type-B failure at the bottom of the problem.

If, during your interview, you present yourself to an employer as having the potential to be the office whipping boy (or girl), you stand a good chance of not only getting through the job interview but being poached by one of the many firms of heel-hunters currently seeking out the hapless and the inept on behalf of middle-ranking executives. Don't worry too much; it is all part of the incompetent feeling comfortable with their own incompetence! You will still get your chance to prove your remarkable ineptitude in the great professional sand pit of life. But perhaps you answered (c) in the quiz.

Type C: The Office Kick Boxer

If you are an Office Kick Boxer you probably answered (c) in the above quiz (presuming of course you did not dispense with the formality of learning to read on your irresistible surge to the top). Your type constitutes the major category of corporate failure, so isolating yourself among the mob will not be easy. Using the following helpful hints, you can mod-


G. Lumsden + de VRIES.

"G'day doc . . . Just passing by, thought I'd drop in for a cold one."

ify your own mediocrity to assure yourself of truly outstanding under-achievement and secure your placement in a bottom-rung job.

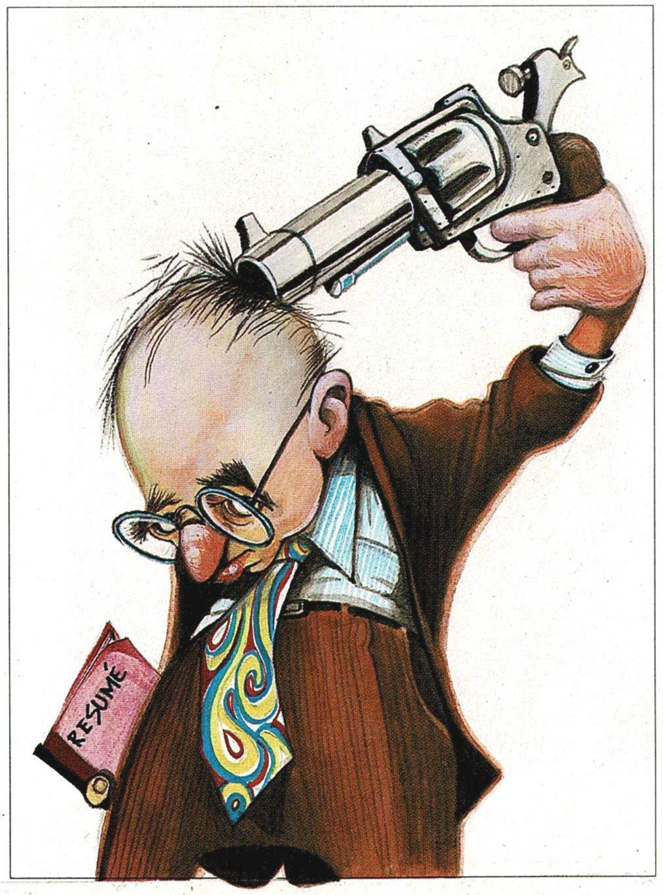
The truly spectacular Office Kick Boxer is a disciple of himself, a self-appointed prophet of profit, a person who has read one too many "How to Succeed" books. Your opening sally is to look your potential employer in the eyes, giving him a moment to consider your daunting personality, before violently shaking the proffered hand and growling,"Greed is best."

Finally, on first meeting your potential employer, you inform him that if he really wants to go ahead with the charade of interviewing others, you've already spoken to them in the waiting room and narrowed the field down to two.

As early as possible into the job interview, state the level at which you see yourself stepping on to the corporate ladder, the sort of work you would prefer not to do, and your favourite make of car. The utter confidence you feel at this moment is breathtaking. Should you meet a current employee of the company (who may have popped into the boss's office for a signature) you immediately impose your superiority on this obvious example of human insignificance. You ignore the other's extended hand, apart from placing a business card in it, and quietly explain that there is no need to affect cordiality, adding, "I'm sure we'll be at each other's throats soon enough and we don't want this hanging over us do we?"

Your bravura is brimming over; you have seen your first enemy and stared him down. You return to the job interview at hand, sprinkling your answers liberally with phrases from *Success in Six Working Days* like: "Hire me and you'll be investing in your future" and "I'm a can-do individual."

You spot in a transparently inane question from your potential employer a chance to exhibit your ability to instantly dominate any situation. In answer to the query you simply nod in an authoritatively dismissive way and say, "Next question." The more practised Kick boxing individual works the interview more and more, wielding well-memorised tactics like the use of the potential employer's first name, or an abbreviation of it. "Sure Mick, good question..." or "Can I tell you Lizzie..." and picking up the framed photograph of the potential employer's spouse while commenting conspiratorially, "Isn't sex just the ultimate power trip?" Finally, the ceremonial interview draws to a close with the totally overawed potential employer asking, "Why are you seeking this job?" It is a wan question, but in the convivial climate you have so methodically created, you decide to answer. "Look I could say 'the pursuit of raw power' (laugh a little here), the chance to play office politics, the opportunity to tread on the little guy.' But no — I honestly believe this company needs me, otherwise I wouldn't be here."



On leaving the potential employer to wonder at your intellectual supremacy, tell his secretary to confirm your next job interview, and while she is doing so, assure her that her job is safe if you join the company — asking her if she likes working for younger men.

Though the above type characterises the preponderance of corporate losers, the common or garden variety vocational malcontent if you like, there also exists with this approach the potential to become a flop of monumental, possibly historical, proportions. Look at business tycoons of the 1980s for inspiration.

But perhaps you answered (d) in the quiz. If you did you are the job applicant type known by its technical title of Hire Me Or I'll Kill Myself. To potential employers, the only logical explanation for the presence of you (as a Hire-Me-Or-I'll-Kill-Myself individual) in their office is that you turn up to job interviews as a way of meeting people, or you believe you have turned up for some kind of therapy for a problem which is beyond the experience or imagination of the potential employer. Anything, thinks your potential employer, except an expectation that you might actually be considered for the advertised position. Which is truly unfortunate, because you in fact turn up for job interviews armed not simply with the desire to work but with the psychological equivalent of a large calibre hand-gun which you mean to use on yourself if you fail.

The job is everything — the way out! The ticket to ride! Apart from answering (d) above, measure yourself against the following profile to double-check your "job or death" mentality.

Type D Profile

1. As a prospective employee you are so terrified of saying the wrong thing during the job interview that you remain silent and thus give the outward impression that you believe the potential employer is talking to someone else. This becomes a vicious circle — as staring blankly at the potential employer while still trying to think of the right thing to say reinforces the initial impression created above. Finally, so gripped by the overwhelming desire to say anything to stop the potential employer looking past you, you attempt to speak, only to find that your tongue has dried to the roof of your mouth and all you can utter are grunts.

2. You slavishly fondle the potential employer's desk ornaments while the latter is asking questions. Apart from stroking office bric-a-brac, you will often feverishly brush the chair on which you are sitting to remove lint, and scuff the office carpet with your shoes to rid it of what appears to be a patch of dried glue.

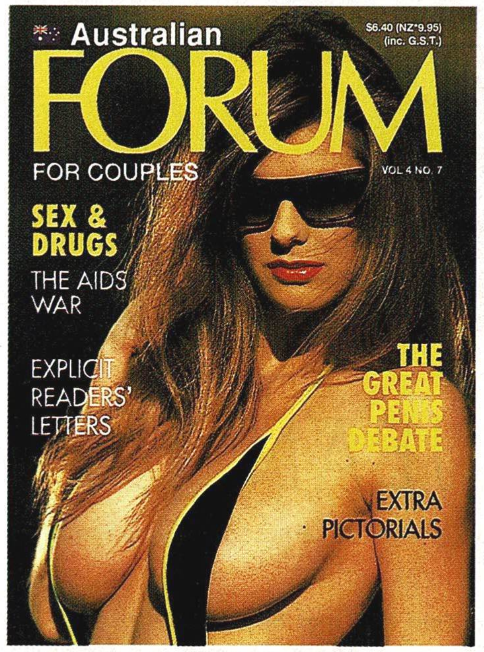
3. Finally you try appealing to the potential employer's human side: you employ tactics such as throwing yourself upon the potential employer. Such behaviour will cause you to undergo a near-religious experience, as evidenced by a soft moaning, a clasping of hands and rocking backwards and forwards on your chair. Ensure that you genuflect in front of the potential employer's desk before backing out of the office. Unfortunately the last approach is an almost certain guarantee that the job opportunity will be withdrawn from the employment market before being offered to you.

continued on page 108

Australian
FORUM

Take a close look at sex in **the nineties** in Australia's most provocative magazine

Australian Forum, the magazine which, for over two decades, has been publishing informative, entertaining and stimulating articles about all aspects of sex and sexuality, has been redesigned with a heightened commitment to focusing on sexual issues in Australia while still providing top-class erotica from around the globe. The new *Forum* is packed with humour, readers' erotic letters and arresting feature articles you simply won't see anywhere else. The new *Forum* which hits the stands six times a year with extra pictorials, sparkling erotic fiction and the myth-shattering stories that *Forum* has been famous for since the Seventies, is everything you'd expect and more. Buy one today and you won't be disappointed.



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JEAN & TOM

Photography by Suze Randall

Jean and Tom had met at a mutual friend's party a few weeks back and had been on a few dates since then.
There had been a few fumbled kisses but tonight there seemed to be an unspoken invitation to proceed further.

As the night lingered on and on, no avenue of exploration was left untravelled and they shared an ecstasy that built, was released and built again.
They feasted on each other's bodies and satisfied every erotic whim their racy imaginations would allow.
They made love as if they had been together a thousand times before. Tom and Jean, in their new-found tryst, fulfilled all desires and sated their ravenous appetites.

By the time they got back to Jean's apartment, the pair couldn't keep their hands off one another as they kissed passionately and their hands roamed over each other's excited bodies.

Tom ran his lips and tongue over every inch of Jean's flesh and she sighed with pleasure as he explored her most sensitive pleasure spots.

Jean set about doing some pleasuring of her own and was soon experiencing Tom's lust first hand. She and Tom could maintain the pleasantries no longer and they plunged into endless variations of carnal liaison.

Warrant

Continued from page 39

her and stabbed her to death with a hunting knife.

After serving 22 years of his life sentence and becoming a devout Christian, Hadlow was released under licence in 1985.

In May, 1990, he raped and murdered nine-year-old Stacey Ann Tracy at Roma in western Queensland. The circumstances of the two killings were so similar that after his second conviction Hadlow became known as "The Carbon Copy Killer."

To ensure that he would never again be set free to commit more atrocities, the sentencing judge, Mr Justice Stephenson, recommended that Hadlow go to prison and "never be released."

The huge crowd outside the court each day during Hadlow's trial, left little doubt that they thought Hadlow should be put to death.

Death penalty supporters maintain that if Hadlow had been executed in the first place, then a beautiful little girl would still be alive today.

Oddly enough, two prominent Australians, bitterly opposed in their views on war, are united in their thoughts on capital punishment.

Bruce Ruxton, President of the Victorian RSL says, "There's a war going on out there and these killers are the enemy. I realise that the death penalty is not a deterrent, but I believe in an eye for an eye. Why don't the politicians listen to the majority? Isn't that what a democracy is all about? I'd like to be as sure of winning Tatt's Lotto as I could be of the result if a referendum on capital punishment was held tomorrow. It would get overwhelming public support."

Simon Townsend, TV presenter and producer, who was so opposed to the Vietnam war that he chose to go to gaol as a conscientious objector rather than be party to killing other human beings, says, "The death penalty will never return because people advocate it for two wrong reasons.

"Firstly, revenge is unacceptable in a civilised society and secondly, deterrence never works. After 40 years of opposing capital punishment, I now favour the death penalty for particularly vile murders.

"These scum are hopeless human rubbish and should be removed, like any piece of dirt. I hold this to be a self-evident truth that doesn't need me to argue the point."

Understandably, the most vocal supporters of the death penalty are the families of some of the victims. After three teenagers had been found guilty of the abduction, rape and murder of her daughter, Janine, in 1988, Mrs Beverly Balding told a *Sydney Morning Herald* reporter, "I'd like to see them die. I heard a comment from America recently to 'try 'em and fry 'em' and that's how I feel. I have no wish for revenge. People say that bringing back the death penalty is stooping to the level of the criminals. It's not. Stooping to their level would be to terrorise them as they did to Janine."

Those in favour of the death penalty couldn't agree more. It's impossible for them to find compassion for the likes of child-murderers Barrie Watts and Valmae Beck and the mass murderers, David and Catherine Birnie.

Barrie Watts and Valmae Beck abducted 12-year-old Sian Kingi at Noosa in 1987. Beck watched as Watts tortured and raped Sian repeatedly. Barrie Watts eventually stabbed the young girl to death. During the orgy of horror, the only compassion that Valmae Beck showed was to cover her dog's eyes with her hands so the animal couldn't witness the obscenities happening in front of it.

David and Catherine Birnie abducted, tortured, raped and murdered four young women over a one-month period at Perth in 1986. Both took part in the killings. When one of their victims sat up after being buried in a shallow grave, her skull was cracked open with an axe.

Both trials incited angry crowd scenes in front of the court as hundreds of citizens gathered outside carrying placards supporting the reintroduction of the death penalty.

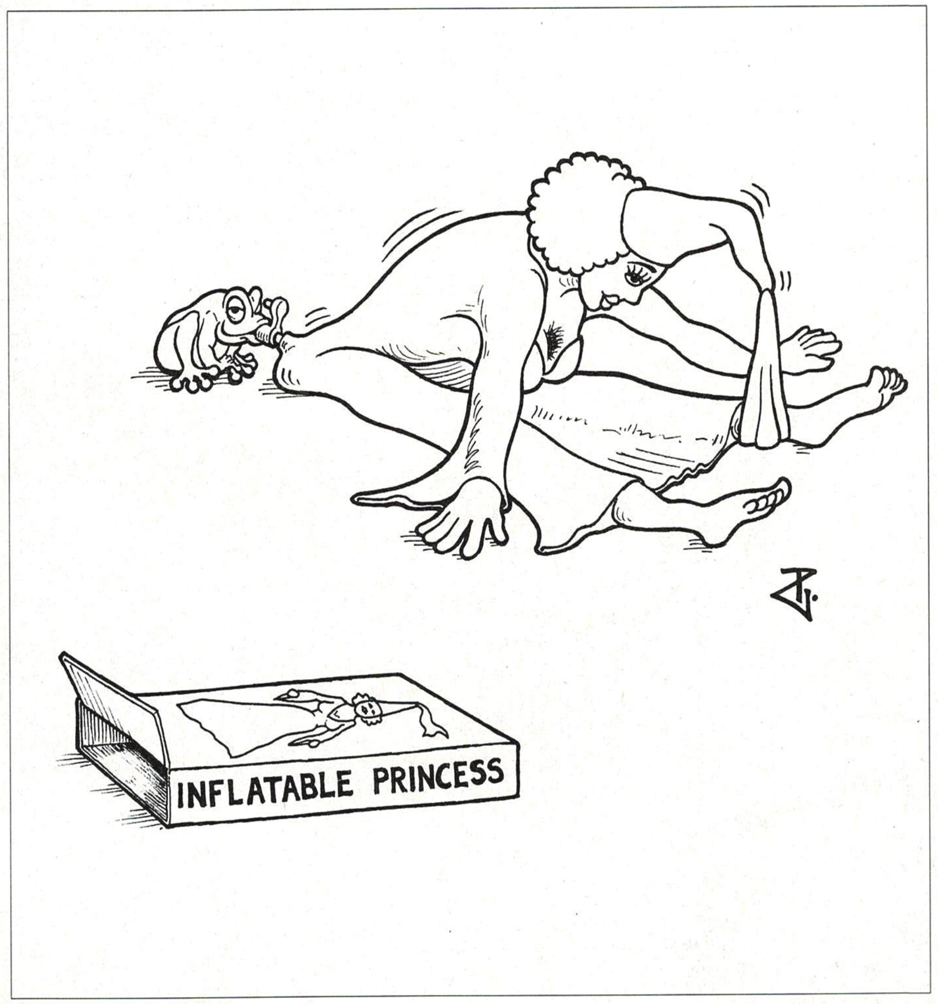
Detective Superintendent Mike Hagan, the policeman in charge of the Task Force which brought the infamous "Granny Killer", John Wayne Glover, to justice in 1990 after Glover bashed and murdered six elderly women in a two-year reign of terror in the harbour-side Sydney suburb of Mosman, offered an opinion on capital punishment in general.

Hagan said, "I think that in some cases there is a position for capital punishment. Particularly in horrific and sadistic murders that are 'stranger' killings, where the victim is completely innocent of the circumstances, and the facts of the death leave no doubt as to the perpetrator."

High-profile Sydney criminal solicitor, Chris Murphy, who has defended many people charged with murder, is totally opposed to the death penalty.

When asked for an opinion, he quoted the story of Albert Camus whose father went to the guillotining of a man who had murdered an entire family. The public execution was eagerly awaited by the revengeful villagers.

When the father returned that evieining and his son inquired as to what had happened, the father ran to the washroom and vomited. "Capital punishment brings out the murderer in all of us," Mr Murphy concluded.



SOMETHING SO STRONG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Samantha Strong is a make-up artist who decided that after years of making people look beautiful for the camera, she was going to have a go herself.

The sultry 22-year-old is a very private person who chooses small cafes and intimate restaurants over nightclubs and parties.

The blonde stunner says she would much rather spend time with an introverted, quiet man than an ultra-hip smooth operator who knows all the right lines.

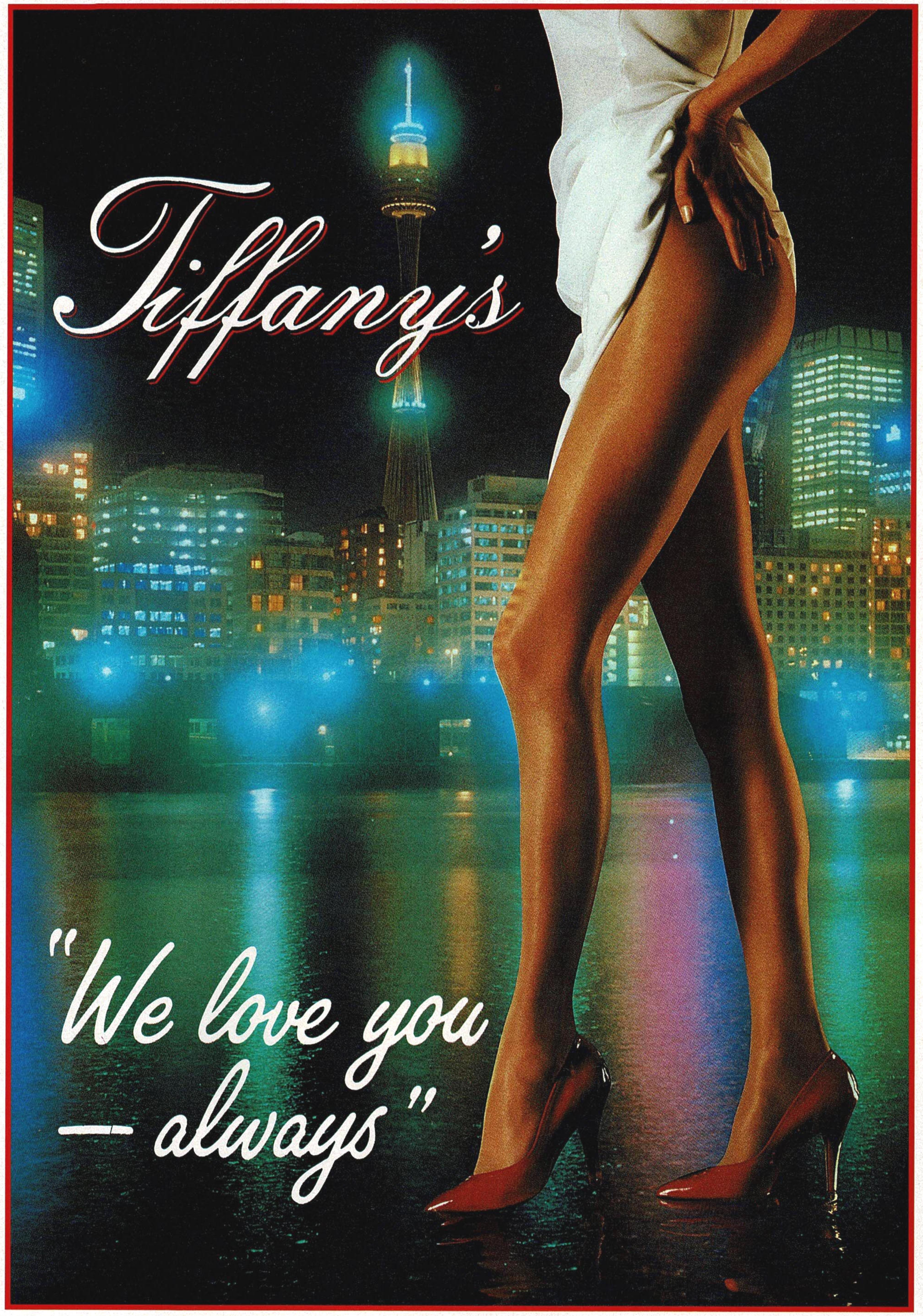
"My ideal man is slim, tall and has dark-brown hair. I love literary types who know how to talk with, not at, a woman. Also if he wears glasses, I melt. I find specs very, very sexy."
Samantha says that in front of the camera she can let her vampish side go, but in her day-to-day relationships she is very timid and usually requires her partner to make the first move.

"Once I'm comfortable with a man, I'll show my wilder more sexually adventurous side but it takes a while before I get there."

Samantha keeps herself busy by whacking a squash ball around the court and has an interest in New Age literature.

"I like reading about philosophy and issues more important than who's doing who in the latest trashy thriller."

While Samantha searches for perfection of body and soul, we feel certain that she is already at least halfway there.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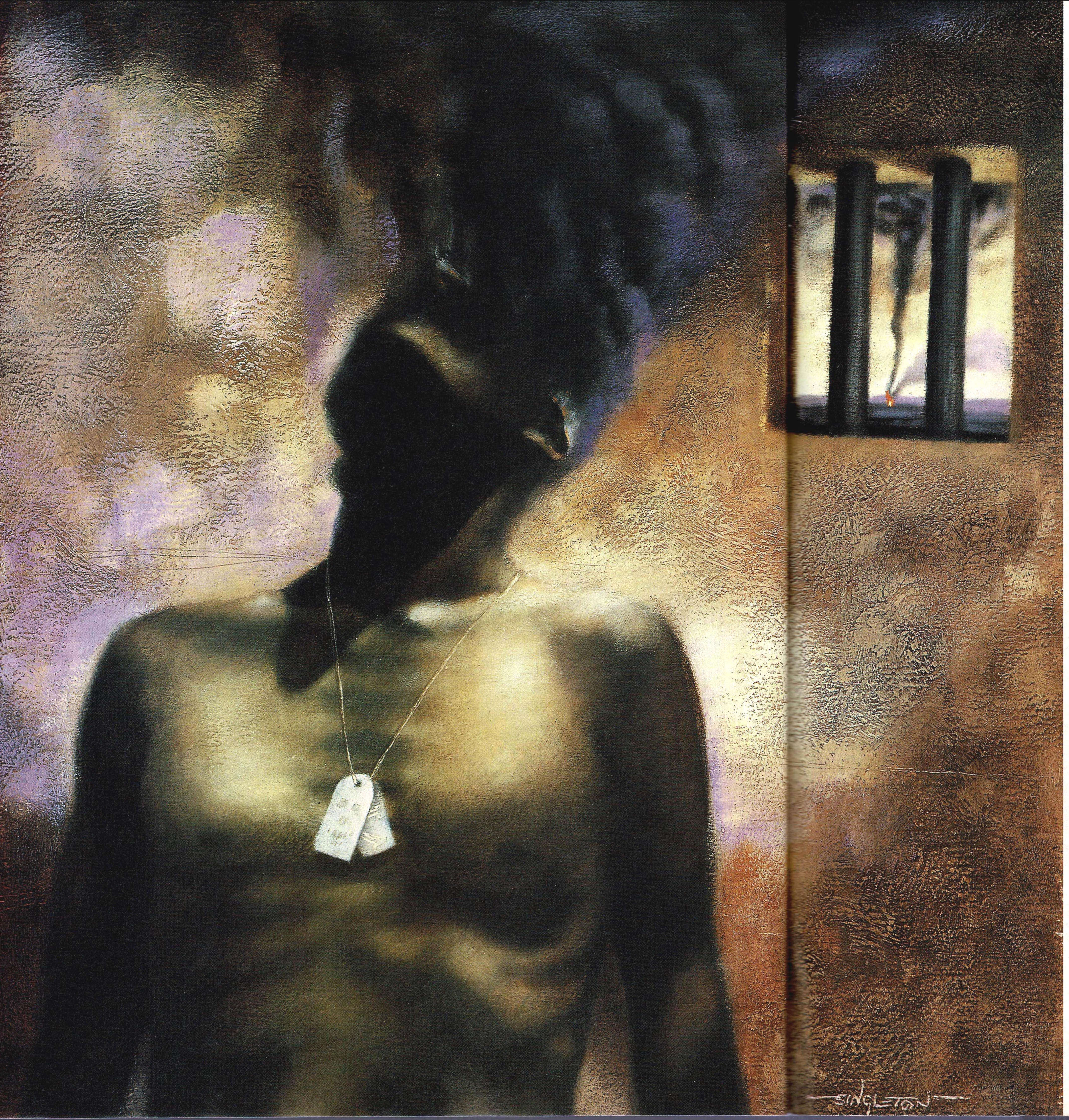


FICTION BY TODD COLE

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

In the madness of battle, it's hard to know your friends

ENEMIES WITHIN

I've never kept a diary in my life. So it seems odd to be starting one now with only a few hours left. Yet I feel compelled to explain the actions which led to my death. It is, if you like, a confession.

Outside I can hear them talking and laughing. Occasionally I'm taunted with cruel barbs, which amuse them immensely. Sometimes they aim their weapons through the cell door, sight me for a second then, with a metallic click and raucous laugh, they withdraw. I haven't been bashed badly like some. Although I was slapped around a bit with a crude truncheon, but that was more for the benefit of the crowd.

They've taken away all my possessions including my watch and left me with paper and pencil, just in case I decide to confess my crimes. I guess it's about 3am, that gives me about three hours before my murder. If it's a confession they want, then that's what they'll get.

Enemy

February 17, 1991.

We first picked up the contact moving south-west at only ten miles an hour. It occurred to me then that it was too slow for a tank, usually those things barge through the desert like they got Sulimen after them. Not this one though. The small green dot on the radar screen practically ambled across the sand. Being the weapons officer, Albert — "Axeman" as he was nicknamed — saw it first. Axe was hyped, really hyped. Sometimes you get like that, everyone does at one time or another.

Most people who haven't felt it think it's macho bullshit and just an excess of testosterone. Really it's just a defence; a way to rise above the fear of your own mortality.

And Albert feared more than most. "I've got the mother, bearing 190. You're locked," he yelled above the din of the cockpit noise. All that really positive talk crap doesn't do much for me — tends to scare me more actually.

"Your arse is locked mother," he yelled to himself as I swung the Apache around to take up the new course. The contact was 12 miles off and still moving at the same speed.

As Axe selected the weapons pod, I dropped the nose and pulled up on the cyclic, bringing us to attack speed.

Through the dull sheen of the cockpit I could occasionally glimpse the horizon or the brief outline of a dune as it sucked past at 245km/h. Flying at that speed and only 100 feet above the sand, I had no option but to fix my attention on the green phosphorescent glow of the ground-hugging radar and trust in the automatic pilot.

"He's turning towards us," Axe yelled. Before I could launch the anti-tank missile at our target, I needed to do two things. One was to get a IFF (identification friend or foe) readout from the targeting computer which would tell me exactly what I was firing at. And the other was to get attack clearance from ICOR to engage. Axe was frantic, adrenalin was surging through his veins. "The fucker's confirmed. IFF lock. Soviet T72," Axe yelled needlessly.

That was one thing out of the way. Our IFF had identified the thing as a Russian tank which was standard to the Iraqi armoury.

The other week two cowboys had fired three anti-tank missiles and wasted two Iraqi camels. I wanted to be sure. The way I saw it, we had about 20 seconds to engage, plenty of time. Axe yelled, "It's them man, Russian T72. Positive ID. Come on it's getting warm."

He knew, as I did, that in about 15 seconds they'd establish a lock on our radar as we had on theirs and, in effect, we'd become their target. I cracked the mike as I watched the front weapons control panel light up like a pinball game. Axe was arming everything.

I requested permission. "Strike four-one-niner, contact, ID T72, permission to engage?"

"We got you mother, we got you," Axe screeched into my headset. Three seconds later came, "Strike four-one-niner, permission granted." I flicked off the red trigger guard and rested my thumb on the button then cracked the mike again. "What the fuck are you are you waiting for? Let's do the motherfucker," Axe snarled through gritted teeth.

"Say again ICOR." I wanted confirmation, no I needed confirmation. I'd done this a thousand times at targets. But never at a real target with, you know, real people in it. I just wanted someone to confirm one more time. I had about ten seconds left.

An unbearable shrill began resonating throughout the cockpit. "The fucker's got us," Axe screamed, fear breaking his voice. Our radar had started to screech, which meant our target had us locked and was going through the same process we were. I took up pressure on the trigger. "Do the mother fucker Bill. Do the motherfucker, for God's sake."

"Strike one-four-niner, confirm engage," crackled from my headset.

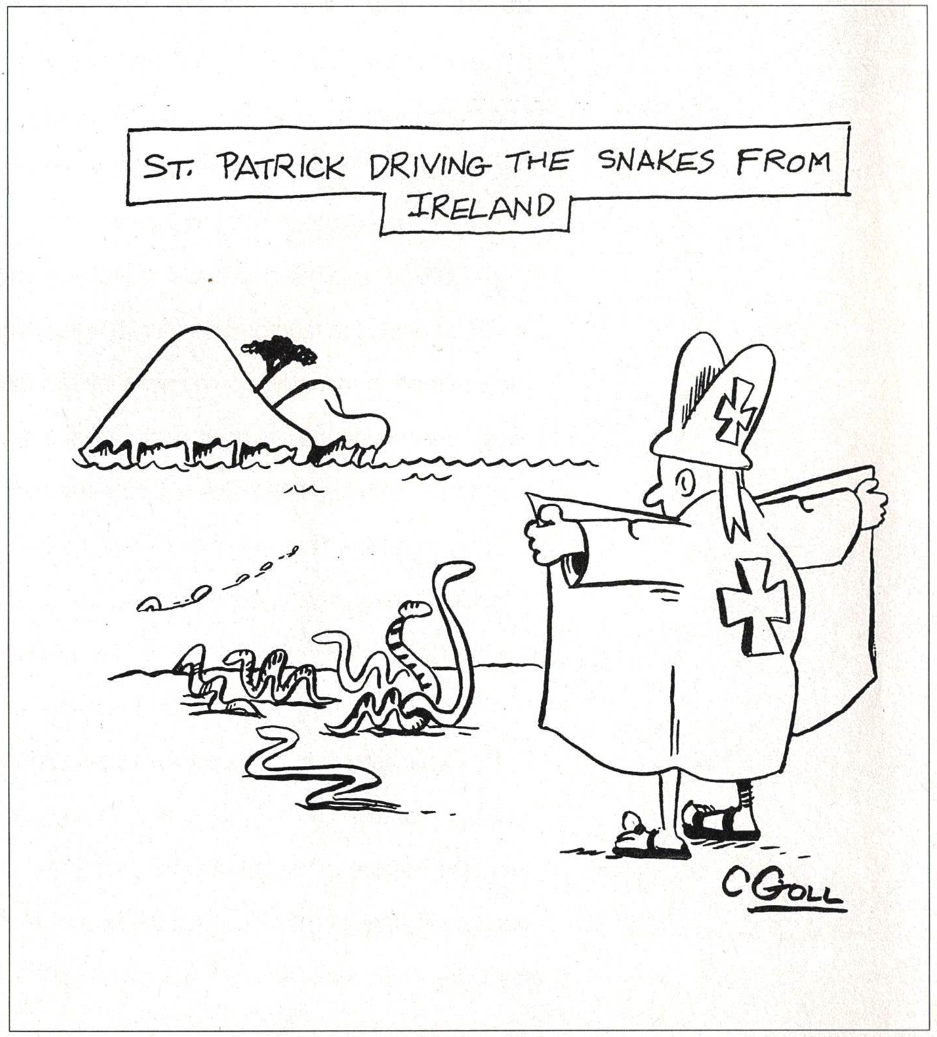
A perfectly brilliant white light, like the glow of phosphor, burned for a millisecond on the starboard side of our Apache. Then, like a dying TV tube, it vanished into a pinpoint. It was bound for a group of men who, by now, had less than three seconds to live. "Fry you fuckers," Axe grunted, his thirst for blood sated.

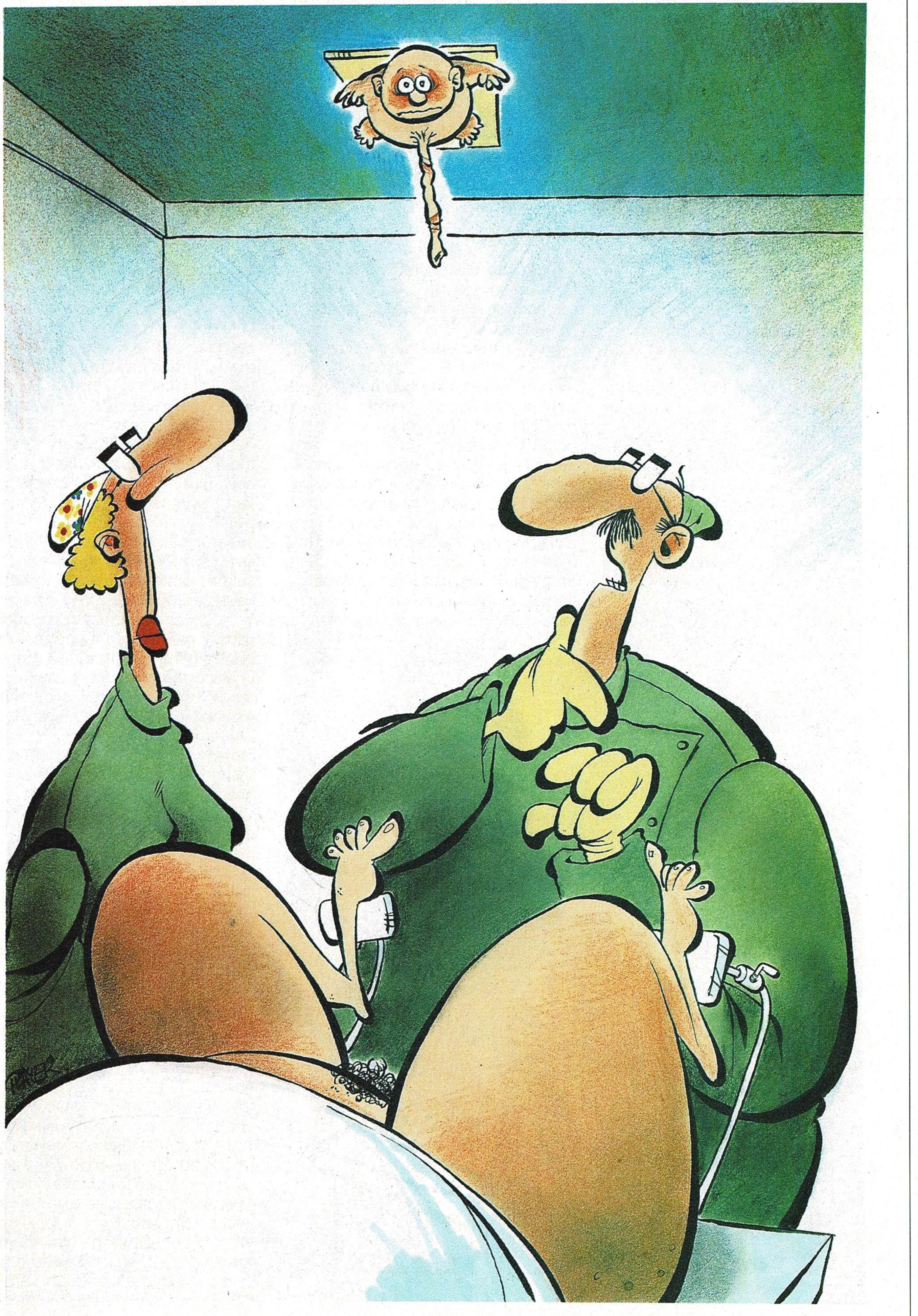
Our radar, which had been omitting that piercing death wail, abruptly stopped. The green dot on the radar gently faded from view. "Fucken A, bull's eye," Axe whooped.

As I turned towards the base I tried to imagine what it would be like in that tank. What would it be like as your craft is pierced and engulfed by a ball of flesh-searing phosphor? Would the blast kill you? What would those few seconds be like? What would you feel as you gasped for air and the only thing going into your lungs was fire. What would death be like?

The radio static dragged my thoughts back. "Strike one-four-niner, cease fire." It was strange, but at the moment I knew what I'd done. The order was so sharp, so concise — they didn't have to say another word, but they did.

"One-four-niner, Daybreak, say again, Daybreak." Daybreak was the codeword in military parlance for "incorrectly evaluated target." It could have meant that I had just fired on a camel, or a sand dune, but by the tone of that voice I


ST. PATRICK DRIVING THE SNAKES FROM IRELAND
C GOLL



"Perhaps we should turn that exhaust fan down, nurse . . ."

knew I had indeed hit a tank; an American tank. I had just murdered my own men. Albert didn't say a word all the way back to the base.

When we arrived back at the base Albert evacuated the helicopter very quickly. I shut all the engines, turned off the turbines and killed the magnetos. It was quiet and dark. Slowly my eyes adjusted to the starlight. I could hear the peaceful flapping of the tents in the gentle breeze and make out the silken pattern of the dunes.

I rested my head against the cold perspex and thought about what I had done. I couldn't move, shame had crippled me. I thought seriously of taking off again and flying out into the desert until I ran out of fuel. But it seemed stupid to complicate my situation with cowardice. So I went inside and faced my dishonour.

One of the guards just stuck his head through the door, spoke excitedly in Arabic, held up ten fingers, pointed to his watch and mimed shooting himself in the head. Then he pointed at me. When he went outside I heard laughing. I still reckon there's about two hours left.

The military tribunal was as I thought — officious, meticulous and soul-destroying. The flight recorder confirmed my version of the story and vindicated me somewhat. It showed that the target was identified as the enemy and that I was given clearance to fire. Though it did little for the people I had killed as it did little for me. A report would be made about the system failure, compensation paid, and all would be forgotten.

The day after the tribunal I was given — forcibly — three days leave. The idea was to let the incident pass the media spotlight unnoticed. More important issues would soon refocus their attention.

I did as I was told and went to London to see my girlfriend who'd moved over to her native country for my time in the Gulf.

It was the next day, in a typically English pub while lunching with Pam, that the whole thing twisted. We were watching the Gulf war brought to you live by CNN and Coke when a bit-piece came on the box. "Last week three infantry men were brutally killed by friendly fire somewhere in the lonely Iraqi desert," the talking head spat out with forged repulsion. They showed some stock footage of Apaches landing then there I was, in living colour.

"Captain William Conrad Jackson was the pilot of the Apache on that disastrous mission. Military sources say that pilot error was to blame for the costly mistake that killed three young soldiers..."

FLEA
CIRCUS
SCABIES
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THEATRE

Then came the picture of the three boys, in vivid black and white. "... All three died instantly when a stinger anti-tank missile..." the voice trailed off as I sank into my thoughts.

When I looked up my face was on the screen again and Pam was looking straight at me. I'd told her the whole thing, the truth. I could see compassion and love in her eyes. I could see her try to understand as she lent over and held my hand.

We went home and we showered together. I guess it was an attempt at cleansing my body, heart and soul. We made love slowly under the warm running water. As Pam held me she whispered how much she loved me. I loved her. I told her so. Trouble is, I didn't love me. I detested myself with a vengeance.

It was after that I thought I should go with no goodbyes and no understanding exchanges. Rising at about 5am, I slid out of Pam's life. Looking at her lying there so peacefully, I knew no matter how hard she tried to understand what had happened, she could never completely empathise.

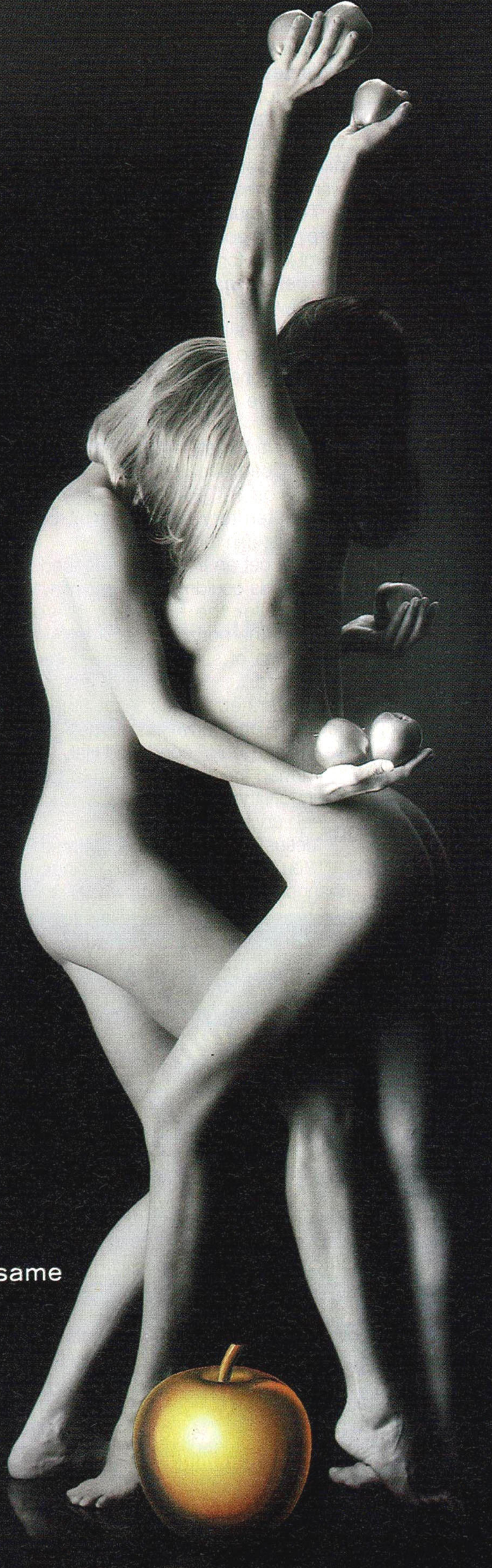
I wanted her to hate me, I wanted to say it wasn't alright to kill. For Christ's sake I wanted the world to hate me, because God, I hated me.

You wish for something enough, you usually get it, even if you really didn't want it in the first place. As I was leaving England the media really latched on to the incident. They threw it in the air and prodded it with white-hot spears. At first it was the bit piece on CNN, then it turned into a political "issue". Was the technology of this war really what the head honchos were telling us it was? Was the possibility of this happening again worth the cost?

Indeed was it worth the cost? Sitting in this cell now I can say an emphatic "no." The faintest rays of the sunrise can be seen outside the cell window. I feel like doing a shit, yet I haven't eaten in days. Just nerves.

Nerves and bravado are odd things. Last week they took Pony, a big Texan Marine, to the wall. I could hear him through the cell wall going on about not being scared of death. He was even going to take some of the towel-head fuckers with him he said. When they opened the door for him I heard him say, "Alright motherfuckers, let's do it!" I perched up on the window and watched as they took him toward the wall.

As he got close, he lost it. First with anger, then with fear. It took three of them to get him to the ground. He was screaming, kicking and writhing around in the sand. Two of them sat on his back, while one, obviously the officer, stood over him with his boot on his head.



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Enemy

Pony was pleading now, begging for his life. His mouth was covered in saliva and sand. Little rivulets of dust formed below his eyes as the tears started to flow. The officer withdrew his pistol and placed it against the back of Pony's head.

One of the soldiers moved back slightly to avoid the blast and the ejecting cartridge. When Pony felt the restraint loosen, he started to kick and strike out with his free hand. The soldier put all his weight down on Pony again. The officer paused, letting his pistol hang by his side.

To the officer, it was a simple geometric problem. To Pony, it was the rest of his life. Finally the officer placed the pistol against the small of Pony's back and fired into his spine. Pony let out a horrible wail. Both soldiers stood up and studied the incapacitated Pony squirming in the dust like a giant stranded tortoise.

After a rapid discussion and some sniggering, the officer leaned down, placed the barrel of his pistol in Pony's left ear, and fired. Like he had been hit by an invisible kick, Pony's head flicked to one side and a pool of blood started to form in the brown dust. My turn will come. Now I must write.

When I got back from England into Iraq, I hitched a lift with an Apache coming back from an overhaul. The pilot in the front seat didn't know who I was and I was in no hurry to tell him. We took off in a sandstorm that would strip the duco of your average car. According to the army, it was safe to fly. The pilots were trained for it, the aircraft was capable of withstanding it and God knew it.

I sat in the back, in the weapon's officer's seat. Although the pilot would be relying totally on instruments, it was set to be a fairly routine flight across what was considered secure ground. Hal, the pilot, eased the cyclic up and off we went into the driving sand.

Ten minutes into the flight, Hal was harping on about this war and how good it would be for his career when we heard all hell break out on the radio. Somewhere in that blinding sand the mother of all battles really was being fought, or so it sounded.

"Someone is having a good time," Hal said as we listened to mayhem on the radio.

"I got a target," Hal yelled enthusiastically. "Dead ahead and stationary. Get an IFF on it." I knew we were over friendly territory so I told him, but Hal wanted to join the fun.

"Just get an IFF," he demanded. God please, this couldn't happen twice. While I waited for the computer to verify I scanned the horizon, yet all I could see was a sea of sand. The computer spat out a word.

"Unverified," I burbled. Hal would never fire on a unverified target. "Alright, we'll take a look," conceded Hal.

I armed the cannons and Hal took the safety off the stingers. This was starting to feel very familiar.

"Jesus, we're over a secure area."

"You can hear the radio, things have changed. Now we go down for a look."

We dropped to 200 feet and were within 500m of the contact when things did indeed change.

Hal had just started to sing, "come out, come out, where..." when our Apache lunged sideways. I grabbed the stick and tried to pull it level, pulling up at on the cyclic and increasing revs at the same time, in and attempt to gain some altitude.

At first, I didn't know if we'd been hit because the Apache responded as it should, but then I heard the unmistakable tic-tic-tic sound of small arm's fire piercing the fuselage. "We're taking hits," I yelled.

I looked towards the back of Hal's head and only then did I notice his hands weren't on the controls. One was grasping the air in front of him and the other was clutching his neck. Fine sprays of blood made delicate criss-cross patterns on the front perspex, looking like some piece of macabre modern art.

Hal's hand clawed at the air, a substance his lungs were now deprived of. When I heard faint gurgling sounds through my headset, I knew Hal was dead. Not there and then, but very soon. There was nothing I could do, even if I could reach him. A bullet had severed his carotid artery and his windpipe. Hal was drowning in his own blood.

I took control and tried to gain altitude which was only, according to the altimeter, 100 feet. I couldn't see anything as the small arms fired continued to pierce the craft. I pulled up and pushed the nose forward.

In retrospect, I panicked. I pushed forward far too fast. The skid dug into the sand. In an instant, the multi-million dollar Apache turned from a graceful flying machine into a mass of trashing kevlar and metal. Like a Christmas beetle trying to right itself, the machine flipped and twisted across the sand. The last thing I remember is seeing one of the Apache's blades smash through the perspex cockpit. Then blackness.

It's fully light now, and my time is almost here. I was offered something to eat, but I really don't see the point. I'm scared. There's movement and talk outside of my cell. I can see the squad assembling outside. The officer who executed Pony is here now, with his pistol. He is watching me write, slightly amused by the fact.

I deeply regret what I have done. I am deeply sorry to the boys I killed and their parents. Accordingly, I am receiving divine punishment. Evil begets evil. Murder begets murder.

Captain William Jackson, R131101, 1st Cavalry Division, was executed on the 26th of February, 1991, for crimes against the state of Iraq. His body was never returned to his homeland.

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Continued from page 52

didn't get a reply. "I was so upset the way everybody — newspapers, the League, Penrith, everybody — dragged my name through the mud over a couple of puffs on a marijuana cigarette given to me by some bloke in a pub. I didn't go outside the house — this is true — for six whole weeks after the story broke. I tried to do honour for my parents. I was devastated for them."

It was the beginning of the end of Geyer's stint with Penrith. The story of how Penrith and Geyer fell out has never been fully told. It started the day the drug testers entered the dressing room. Says Geyer: "I suspect Penrith sought me out for testing. It wasn't coincidence that they turned up. I mean I had a serious ankle operation and thought I'd be out for a year. So it's not as if I was about to play that weekend. Penrith officials knew I'd be there that day. I was the only first grader there. They were after me."

Again to be fair, Penrith officials deny this claim vigorously. In any case, it's theirs and the NSWRL's right to test at any time, and it was Geyer's choice to smoke the reefer handed to him.

It was the start of what the Queen called an "annus horribilis." Geyer was in dispute with his coach at Penrith, Phil Gould, who also tutored the NSW State of Origin side. Geyer was left out of the team for the second match because Gould believed that injury had prevented Geyer from playing sufficient football. Geyer says Gould should have pushed for him, and didn't. Yet Gould had gone out on a limb to press for Geyer's selection on the Kangaroo tour.

The chasm between Geyer and Gould widened even further when Geyer's closest friend, Ben Alexander, was dropped to reserve grade, not for lack of form, but for what Gould considered to be an unsatisfactory attitude. Six days later, Alexander was killed in a car accident. The chasm turned into the Grand Canyon.

Gould and Geyer haven't spoken since. Traumatised by his mate's death, and seething with anger and hatred, Geyer knew it was only a matter of time before he would walk out on his contract. Penrith had no choice but to let him go. And given Geyer's temperament, reputation, and state of mind, there weren't too many Penrith officials keen to grapple with him, even verbally.

There was some interest in Geyer from other clubs. But not a lot. Manly's Graham Lowe spoke to him. Yes, the same Graham Lowe who had called him a "lunatic" and a "madman." But Geyer had been wooed by Alan Jones, the broadcaster and renowned after-dinner speaker who coaches Balmain for nothing. Jones needed Geyer as much as Geyer needed the motivation that only a man like Jones can provide. Jones was under threat of being replaced as coach. If he went, so would any hope of getting Geyer. Says a club insider: "The coming of Geyer was a significant factor in the decision to reappoint Alan Jones as coach."

Balmain doesn't have a history of paying large sums to bring players from outside its ranks. So where did the money come from to bankroll Geyer? Popular rumour says a Jones supporter, one Kerry Packer, chipped in. Certainly, Packer's Sky Channel has given Geyer employment as a representative. It doesn't require too much commitment. Says Geyer: "At the office Christmas party, I got the Loch Ness monster award. They think I'm there, but no-one can find me." And it wouldn't be the first time that Packer, a keen League follower, has had a hand in a player moving from one club to another.

But because this is Mark Geyer we're talking about, there has to be sinister rumour and innuendo. They are his constant companions.

"I just wish they'd leave me alone," says Geyer. "I'd love to find the person that starts these stories. Some people don't give a shit about you. It's unbelievable." He is fiddling with a rubber band. He stretches it until it snaps.

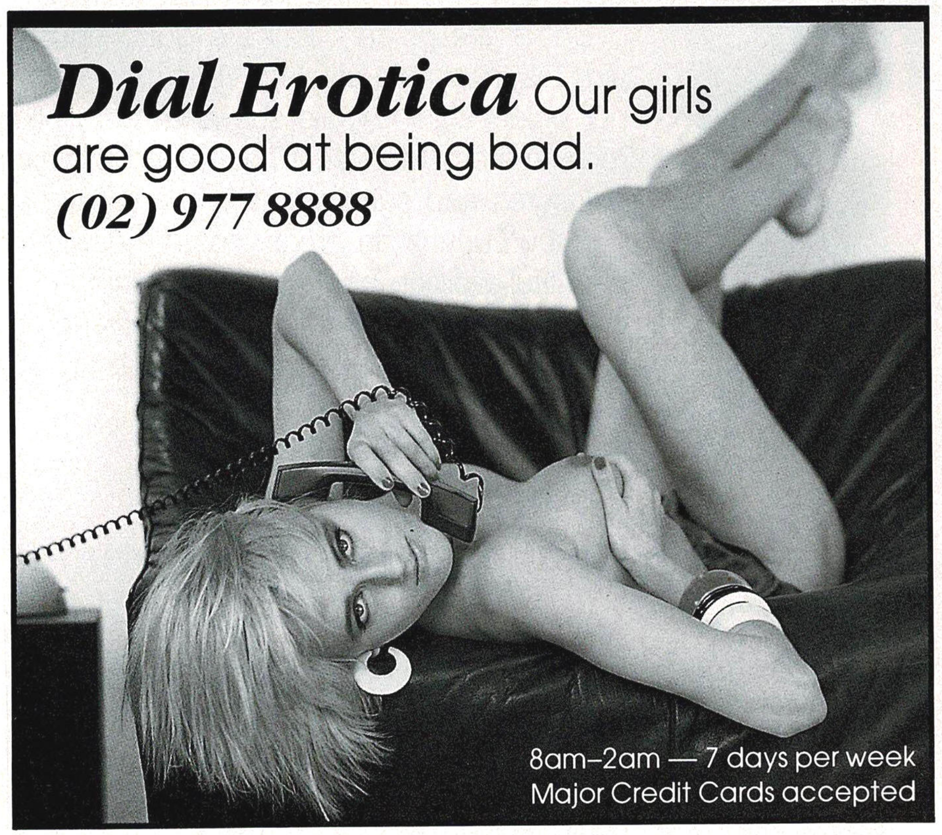
Being brittle emotionally, Geyer agonised over joining Balmain. He says he wouldn't have done it if his mates at Penrith had objected. And every word of that is true. Geyer would have turned his back on $150,000 a year, a car and a cushy job, if either of his Penrith pals, Greg Alexander who is the late Ben's older brother and a Penrith legend, or Brad Fittler had uttered a single sound of disapproval.

"The last thing I did before I signed with Balmain was to go see Brandy (Greg Alexander's nickname). I asked him if he minded, and he said he didn't. Only then did I sign," says Geyer. The bond between Geyer and the Alexander family remains unbreakable. He is due to marry Megan Alexander in October.

Says Geyer: "I had a dream the other night about playing against Penrith. I was in the clear and Brandy came at me. He missed me and I scored. I told Brandy and he said that couldn't be right. He wouldn't have missed me. He said I should go back to sleep and get it right."

So now comes the new season, the new coach, the new club, maybe even the "new" Mark Geyer. Rarely has a player started a season under such intense pressure, or under such close scrutiny. Certainly not one so emotionally and temperamentally vulnerable. "I've done some things I regret," Geyer says. "I've made mistakes. When I started football, all I wanted was to be known as a tough guy ... someone to be feared. Now all I want is to get rid of that tag. Alan Jones told me, what's past is past. This is the new beginning. I'm not dwelling on the past. That's been and gone. I've got my eyes firmly fixed on the road ahead."

The only trouble is that the road is full of morons with their hand on the horn, shouting abuse.



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Failure

continued from page 86

You see, the secret of it all is this: humans have no human side.

Death, it appears, is your only option. But perhaps you refused the earlier quiz altogether because such imperialist notions of crass competition are beyond your enlightened thinking and are simply antiquated vestiges of an exploitative age.

The Oh Wow Individual

Perhaps the most foolproof approach you can take to becoming unemployable is by indicating to all potential employers that you want to save the world, that you care about the future of humanity. That you care, period. It is a simple approach to failure in the job-market. But sometimes simple is best, and this technique may have your name on it. Rather than shake the hand of the potential employer as she enters the office, hug and kiss her in the European fashion. Move swiftly to the potential employer's surface virtues: "You have kind eyes." You immediately indicate your confidence in human nature and the inherent goodness of humankind. Gripping the framed photograph on the potential employer's desk, you shed a sympathetic tear and exclaim, "I'm in a charity plan for third-world families too." When the potential employer explains how important her company is to the well-being of the planet, you believe her, and listen with rapt attention — occasionally whispering phrases like, "Oh wow" and "That's so wonderful."

You tend to stare deep into a potential employer's eyes for minutes at a time without blinking. Other traits include nodding feverishly and earnestly as the potential job is outlined. Then ask the employer to outline the company's environmental position. Finally you are asked to speak about yourself, your reasons for seeking the job and why you should be hired. You reply, "Office harmony — the spirituality of the workplace."

Activating your metaphysical link with the potential employer is to use the ensuing silence positively. You continue joyfully, explaining that you spent summer learning to test the workplace for the presence of radon gas and asbestos, and how to check ozone levels. You know a wonderfully pure brand of mineral water for the office water cooler and you believe productivity is really less important than peace of mind — you suggest that perhaps the sound of rushing streams could be piped throughout the building to enhance the collective oneness. Your optimism and conviction are obviously getting through, as your and the potential employer's moments of silence together become more and more profound:

"Desks are so regimented, why do you think we have wars?" you proceed enthusiastically. "Have you ever thought of futons? I strongly recommend that you form the staff into life-experience groups, like office families. Hierarchy is such a fascist concept I can see in your eyes you agree with me. Why not call all employees just 'brother' or 'sister' so that titles don't interfere with their job satisfaction?"

Finally, suggest that your salary, together with all the staff wages, be put into a single bank account to which everyone has access. "Don't you see? We would just use what we needed.

You leave the potential employer's office ecstatic, hugging her firmly and spontaneously offering your Atlantis crystal and current Shirley MacLaine book saying, "Read it, everything will become clear." The Oh Wow technique is simple but unparalleled in its effectiveness.

You see, potential employers often consider employing members of most other classifications of professional incompetence, but they just will not employ loons. Aside from the methods discussed so far, there are some miscellaneous formulas for free-form failure: gems which will jaundice your job prospects.

Imply you are a committed activist of some sort. Wear a T-shirt to the interview, emblazoned with, "People before profits" or "Die Yuppie Scum." Explain that you don't really want the job — you are doing a psychology degree. Then ask the potential employer whether he enjoys dominating people. Ask whether the company has a policy about employing ex-prisoners. When the potential employer asks why, stare at them fixedly and growl, "Don't push me!"

Whichever fast-track to failure in the job interview you have utilised, you can gauge your performance by measuring it against the following scene. Your potential employer is either convulsing in fury, or is seized by paroxysms of laughter as you leave — all semblance of control is gone. As you walk towards the elevators, the ringing of hysterical mirth accompanies you. It seems the potential employer decided early in the job interview to let the rest of the staff in on the joke and had the proceedings broadcast through the PA. But this is not enough. To truly enter the stratosphere of professional catastrophe, the would-be failure must take this ignominious start and turn it into something. Something worse.

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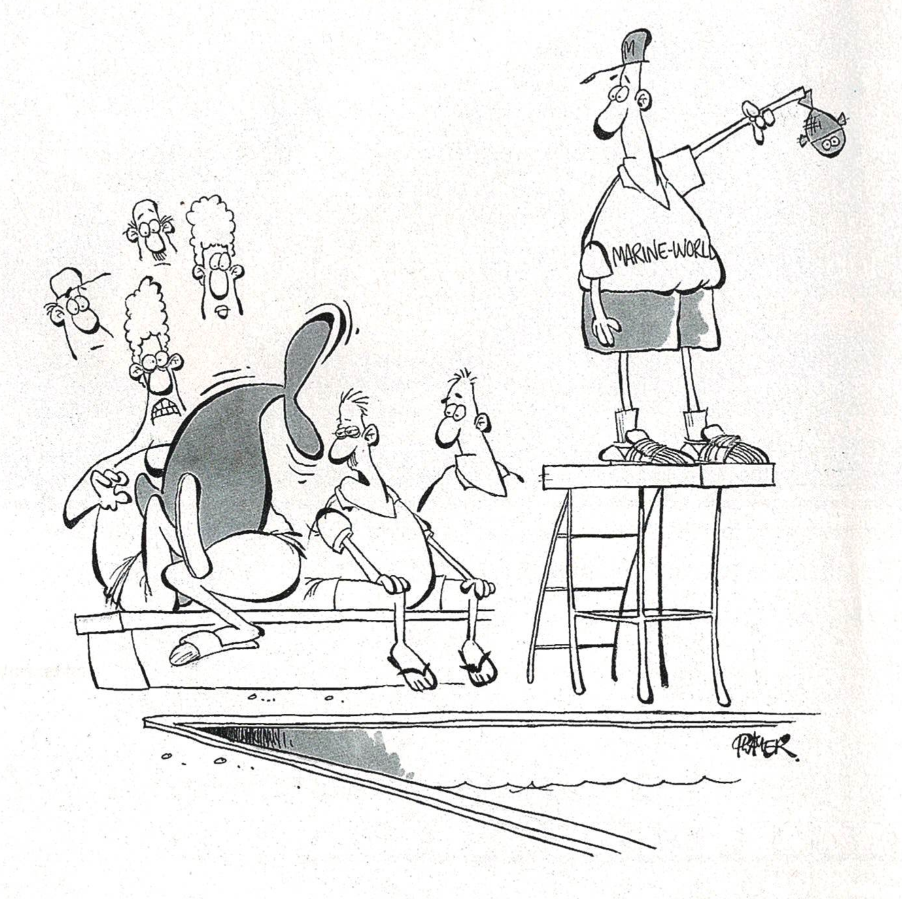

"I think it's about time you did something about that feminine hygiene problem . . ."

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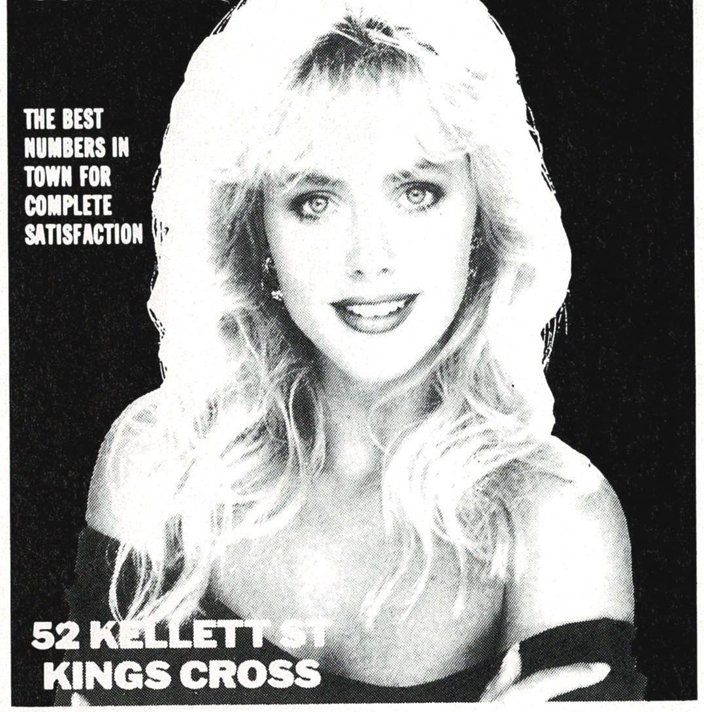

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Dawn And Dirty

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Twenty-one-year-old Country and Western singer Melissa Dawn is on the fast track to becoming a singing sensation. "I think Country music is very honest and straight down the line. When I sing, I can talk about my love, my life and my lust."

Melissa says that her kind of man is a blue-jeaned boy with a geeetar on his back and a head full of dreams. "I love singers. Hell, the reason I got into music initially was so I could meet more of the kind of men that turn me on."

Melissa is currently taking her demo tapes to record producers and she says that she is not having any trouble keeping their attention.

"I like giving off a sexy image. Not only does it help my career but it's also a powerful aphrodisiac knowing that a man can be smitten by me."

"The first time I made love with a man, was, believe it or not, at a Country music concert. Ever since then the two have been linked for me. If my man comes home to find me in my lingerie and a Hank Williams disc playing he knows that he's in for one helluva evening."

As for men that set Melissa's heart a-flutter, "Oh definitely not a city type with all that urban street-smart toughness. That's just not me." Well Melissa all we can say is — Thank gawd we're country boys.

kissed Lana's slim, trim body and buried her tongue in Lana's very wet pussy. It was as if I didn't exist. Lana was moaning loudly and thrashing about the bed in ecstasy as Melissa lapped at her pussy and sucked madly on her clit. They were tongue-kissing deeply, sucking and fondling each other's breasts and fingering each other's cunts. Lana with her small pointed breasts and long nipples, took great delight in the voluptuousness of Melissa's large firm tits, sucking, licking and squeezing them for all they were worth. It was getting too much for me so I undressed quickly and moved onto the bed. My tongue joined Melissa's at Lana's cunt and Lana reached round and slipped the large purple head of my cock into her hot wet mouth and a moist finger straight up my arse. Lana just loves fingering my arse and I can't say I have ever tried to stop her. I stretched my hands around to Melissa's arse and dipped two fingers into her juicy cunt. It was fantastic and we shifted positions many times until the girls were in a 69 position. Melissa was on her back and Lana over her with her cunt pushed into Melissa's eager mouth. I kneeled over Melissa's head and alternated my cock between Lana's cunt and Melissa's mouth.

Between mouthfuls of cunt, Melissa told Lana that she wanted to watch me fuck Lana in the arse. This did not shock Lana as she absolutely adores a cock in her arse. Melissa soaked her fingers in her own cunt juices and lubricated Lana's puckering hole. Taking my swollen cock in her hand, she held the large mushroom head at the entrance to Lana's arse whilst Lana slowly slid back. Without any effort I was buried deep inside Lana's hot and tight arse.

I started stroking in and out while Melissa licked Lana's cunt and my balls while Lana's head was buried between Melissa's legs. The heat was building up and I started to come. I pulled my cock out of Lana's throbbing arsehole and sprayed my cream right into Melissa's waiting mouth, while both girls thrashed into steaming orgasms. Melissa lapped every drop of jism from my cock and Lana's arse. We slept like the dead until late morning. — *Name and address withheld*

Do it yourself

She struck during a sticky working weekday night. I had walked out onto the balcony of my apartment to catch the sea breeze on this hot balmy night, when my attention casually turned to the units opposite my 12-apartment block. I glanced into my neighbour's window and spied (to my alert cock's surprise) my young neighbour, lying prostrate, legs spread, on her rented fake leather lounge.

As the night was particularly clammy, she had her T-shirt nightie dragged up over her smallish breasts. Fronted with the view of a young woman showing me what I imagined to be a tight, sweet cunt opened my imagination to all sorts of possibilities. Instinctively, I jumped back and went inside to evaluate the situation. I had come home from a shitty type of day, only to see this nymph earnestly driving her middle digit deep into herself, while her little finger traced cobwebs around her light-brown arsehole. Her pubic hair was wild and unkempt. Understandably, my cock started to swell in my lycra bike shorts. She was only five metres away, playing with her genitals while I tried to figure out my method of masturbation. My mind quickly formulated a plan.

I cut the cardboard tube from the inside of a roll of paper napkins in half, put a new battery inside a small cylindrical vibrator, and grabbed a roll of gaffer tape. This was going to be fun.

When I poked my head out onto the balcony to make sure I wasn't dreaming, I could see her hand gently caressing her breasts and occasionally tweaking her plump nipple between the first finger and thumb. She would stretch it out and away from her breast then twist it to give a slow smile to her loose lips. Back to my ministrations.

First, I wound the elastic band around the base of my dick. Next, I slid the cardboard roll over my cock — it was a squeeze, but fun anyway. Then I taped the vibrator onto the cardboard roll, and turned it on high. Now I had a vibrating cunt that covered every sex sensor on the landscape, from my swollen glans, down all sides and rippled against the base of my cock. I tucked this hardware into my lycra shorts and went back out onto the balcony.

Squatting on my haunches, I peeked up and saw her cunt pointed at me, the dark curly hair around her arsehole joining up with the pubes that carpet her labia. Her long manicured fingers languidly flicked back and forth, sometimes gently caressing her clit with her middle digit, or teasing her puckered brown arsehole. The other hand still pulled and twisted her nipple, while her head lay bent back over the lounge armrest. The whirring of the vibrator sent wave after wave of teasing but accurate stimuli onto the surface of my now rock-hard cock.

I just let the feeling of hundreds of little tongues and fingers tease away, their only intention to bring me to a roaring orgasm as I watched this girl slowly work away on her self-pleasure. I imagined my tongue replacing her fingers, gently sucking her inflated pink nipple into my mouth, squeezing it between my tongue and the roof of my mouth, then biting it like a grape — rolling it back and forth between my teeth to squeeze out the juice without breaking the skin. I imagined my nose buried in the thatch of hair that carpeted her wet cunt, as my tongue alternated between flicking wickedly around her swollen clitoris, then darting full length into her tight vagina.

Between these fantasies and the attention my penis was getting from the aggressive vibrations in my shorts, my

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whole groin area was soaring to a new sensual high. She placed a hand under her arse, formed a three-finger cock, and started to thrust her hips down onto her imaginary lover, while her right hand traced circles of delight around her love sensor. I couldn't take much more, so I gripped the railing with both hands and just let this sexual scene of fantasy wash over me, as the mechanics in my pants teased all the sexual sensors they could.

Then I saw her thigh muscles stiffen and her legs stretch forward. It looked like it was an invitation for me to try to spread them apart to let me put my load into her suitably moist and sweet receptacle. Her head went back further and her jaw clenched as she started driving her fingers in up to the third knuckle, kicking off what was to be the first of three long and slow orgasms. She relaxed for just a moment, but her hands now wandered back and forth between nipples and cunt, no method to her masturbating madness.

As she again flexed her thigh muscles, rolling onto her side, I could feel the pre-ejaculation tenseness in my own thighs start to build. This was too much. I pulled my lycra shorts up higher to both accentuate the vibrations of the battery-driven warrior in my shorts, and to feel the soft slippery material against my arsehole. She pounded her fingers as I just stood and felt my orgasm shudder, starting from the base of my captured cock, then spreading over the muscles in my thighs and lower stomach. I had trouble standing, but vigilantly kept watching this love machine roll onto her stomach, both hands underneath, bucking her white arse up and down as though she had the fattest, longest cock moulded into the lounge. My come squirmed past the elastic band that strangled my cock, and spat out against my shorts. I leant against the railing in bliss, while her arse and hips rolled gently over her busy hands, which were gently urging the last waves of orgasm out her slippery, tired cunt.

We were both thrust back to reality when we heard the jingling of door keys outside her door. I backed away slightly as she lithely rolled over and drew her crumpled T-shirt down over her petite breasts, over her hips and under her arse. She flicked her hair back and tried to look composed as her boyfriend walked in from a late shift, complaining about his manager. She crooned some soothing and sympathetic remarks as she stood to give him a kiss. I felt the come ooze back down the cardboard tube that had been my long distance lover, as my cock began to shrink with the after-shock of my orgasm.

Normality resumed in her unit as I stood in the shadows etching the night's activities into my memory. I was suddenly surprised that I hadn't been caught, yet excited by the possibility of the same experience happening again, or even better having her spy on me. — *Name and address withheld*

Giant thriller

I recently met a lady named Bernadette at a nightclub and took her back home to fuck her. This "Miss World" is a sexual, knee-weakening, cock-hardening, breathtaking goddess. She is 210cm (six foot, 11 inches) tall, has a slim build with long, long luscious legs that were wrapped in a thigh-exposing tight miniskirt. We watched a few sex videos and smoked some dope which sent us into a sexual frenzy. She removed her top to reveal two soft, full breasts that begged to be sucked, which I did promptly. I then ran my tongue down to her black pubic hair and teased her with kisses around her now glistening cunt.

I teased her further by sucking her inner thighs from her knees to her cunt. She had, by now, forced my mouth into her cunt and gripped me in a headlock with her thighs. She finally succumbed to a licking and her body convulsed into a raging orgasm. My mouth was lapping up her love juice which ran down my throat and all over my face. After she regained her breath, she asked me to fuck her arse. She turned over, lay down on her stomach and I joined her so that my arms rested on her legs and my hands on her cheeks. Her firm round arse was covered in her juice which I quickly devoured.

I opened her cheeks, forcing them apart and pushed my tongue into her arse. Her moaning was driving me so wild that I rubbed some come from her last climax on her arsehole and pushed two fingers inside. My knuckles were in pain and her body was shaking as I twisted both fingers inside her, rotating them in opposite directions.

She yelled for more so I got her to lay stomach-down on my chest with her thighs against my sides, and her round firm arse was right in front of me. I pushed two fingers from my right hand back in her anus. Her whole body went taut as she came all over my chest. I pulled her back towards me so I could eat her cunt and finger her clit simultaneously. I brought her to another climax with one finger in her arse and my mouth eating at her cunt. She squirted juice out of her cunt into my mouth, on my face and in my hair. I was drenched! I grabbed my cock and plunged into her cunt. I was so excited that I shot my load almost immediately. — *Name and address withheld*

Hoods and hookers

Recently, my wife and I went along to a Hoods & Hookers theme night at a local club. We really dressed up for the occasion and my wife, Sheree, looked absolutely ravishing. She wore a sexy black lycra dress which bared her back and displayed her cleavage while the split in the dress at the back showed her netted pantyhose — which was all she wore underneath. Shiny, patent-leather black high-heel shoes gave the final touch to her sexy elegance.

It was a fantastic night — we danced, sang, laughed and drank champagne. Then we saw a friend of ours, Simon, a real nice guy and one whom Sheree had shown lust for whenever we'd gotten together.

This time was no exception, and in the heady atmosphere of the club the alcohol sparks were zapping. Simon was lean, tanned, good-looking, laidback and good-humoured. The three of us decided to take a taxi to Simon's place as we were too pissed to drive and his place was closer. The back seat of the taxi was a hot scene. It seemed a logical step for Sheree to snuggle in between us and almost natural for Simon and I to give her a heavy fondling, which she welcomed and reciprocated. All too soon the taxi ride was over — but not our ride.

A little self-consciously Simon invited both of us into his bedroom. Without warning, Sheree headed for Simon and they began to kiss passionately. Both of them let out the most erotic gasps, sighs and low moans that I've ever heard. Sheree and Simon were frantic. I'd never seen her like this before. Both of them rubbed, groped and kissed each other, ripping each other's clothes off in the process. They just couldn't wait to fuck.

Simon had his shirt open, his pants undone and his cock sticking out of his underpants when Sheree pushed him back onto the bed. Sheree had her lycra dress hiked up and one breast exposed as she crawled up over Simon. Just pausing for one quick swallow of his cock, Sheree positioned herself over Simon's prick. Simon plunged his fingers into her netted pantyhose and ripped them open to expose her cunt.

Sheree took hold of Simon's thick prick and guided his knob to her wet pussy lips. I watched her sink back onto his stiff cock, pushing it slowly into her, forcing passionate breaths from both of them. Simon's hands moved to clasp her arse as she rode up and down his shaft. Well I couldn't just sit there and do nothing. I squeezed her arse cheeks and fingered her anus as she lay forward slightly to allow Simon to kiss her nipples and play with her breasts.

Next thing she eased off his cock went back on all fours and began giving him head. I lay down next to them to watch. Sheree sucked on Simon's cock for some time then could stand it no longer. "I want you in me," Sheree said. After whispering this to Simon, he turned her over and began pumping his glistening cock into her.

Sheree groaned and raised her legs, pulling her knees back to take him as deeply as she could. Simon raised his body on hands and toes and now I could clearly see his cock moving in and out of Sheree's smooth pussy. Sheree turned her head towards me and I kissed her, caressing and squeezing her soft breasts and belly. She looked in seventh heaven.

Simon then lay down on her and they kissed each other passionately on the lips, face and neck. Sheree's hands clutched his arse as he humped it up and down between her legs. He had great control and would occasionally stop, slow down or briefly pull out — much to Sheree's frustration, as this only made her hotter than ever. After some minutes of this, Simon withdrew and went down on her hot pussy, licking and sucking her clitoris and inner labia. Sheree was in sexual euphoria and I could see that she was building up to a force-ten orgasm. She held his head with one hand and caressed herself with the other. Then, panting loud and fast, she finally let out a stifled moan; her body tensed and she climaxed with a heaving shudder. Simon moved back up onto her, his stiff cock having no trouble sliding into her again. Sheree convulsed again from a wave of vaginal orgasms.

As he continued to pump her, Sheree spoke to him a low, husky voice. "Where would you like to screw me now? My pussy? My mouth? My arse? You can screw me anywhere." Simon was silent, he was either too dismayed or was trying to make up his mind.

Sheree made his mind up for him. "Screw my arse, I like it there." This time Simon didn't hesitate, he pulled out, turned her over and Sheree raised her buttocks up at him like an offering. Quickly retrieving some moisturising

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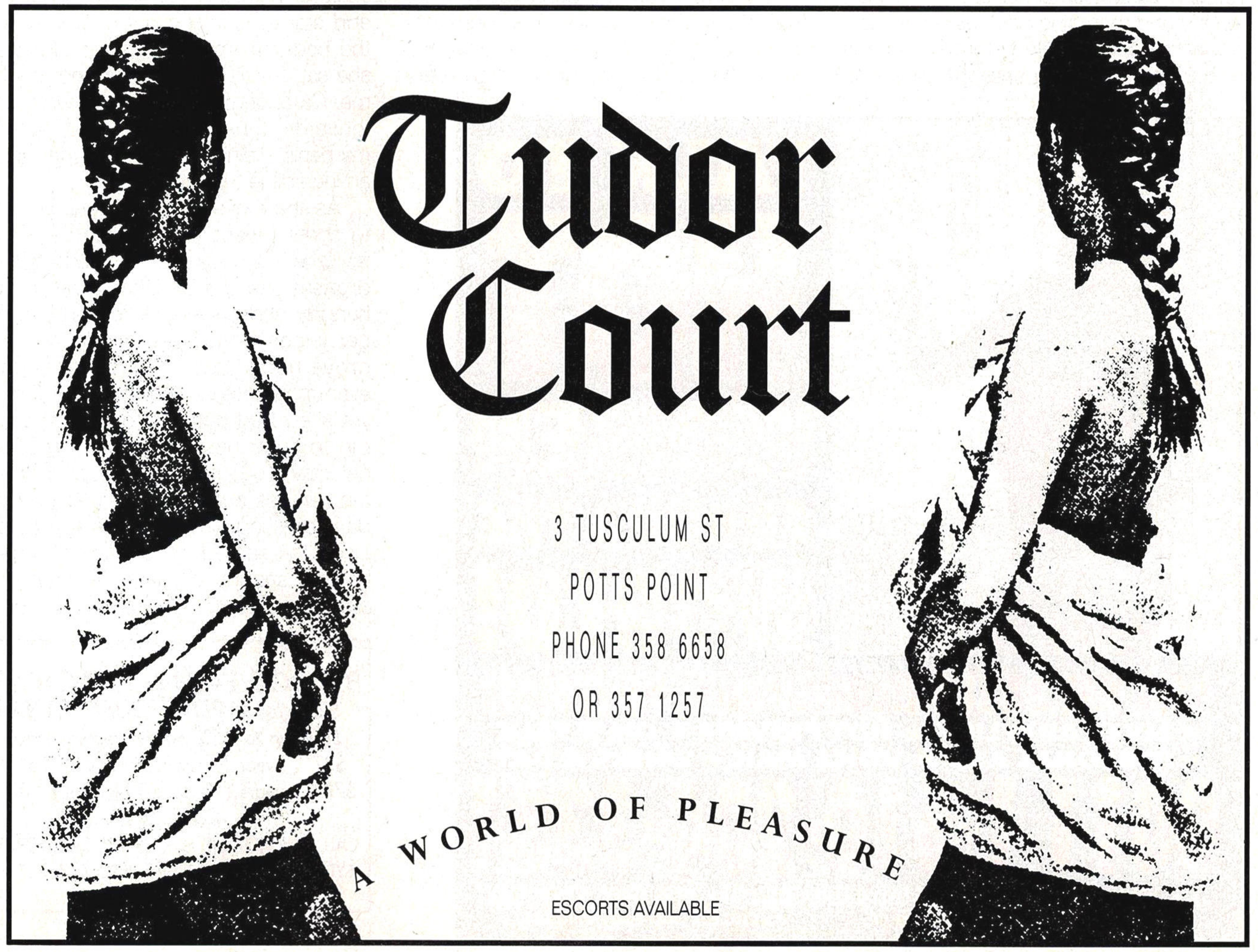

cream from his ensuite, he coated her arse crack with it and spread the rest on his cock. He fingered her anus deeply causing her to let out a surprised moan. Moving in closer he pushed his knob into her tight but slick hole. She slowly and gently slid back onto his shaft so that his balls were tight up against her pussy. Simon lowered himself onto his arms over her and began some slow but long strokes into her hot core.

With a flash of inspiration I said to Simon, "Turn her over so I can screw her pussy." Without pulling out he managed to roll onto his back, exposing the full sight of Sheree's arse impaled by his hard cock. I moved into position and fingered her pussy, it was hot and slippery. Holding the soft, wet lips apart I brought my cock up to them and felt them wrap gently around my knob. With legs tangled everywhere, I pushed as deep into her and felt Simon's cock as he moved it in and out of her arse. Sheree moaned, Simon squeezed her breasts and I pumped slowly in and out. I could feel myself about to come and with some final vigorous thrusting I pumped squirt after squirt of sperm into her pussy. I pulled out to allow them greater action and they really went for it — Simon with his slow strokes and Sheree clutching his hips and groaning in uncontrollable ecstasy. She suddenly began a wild humping back onto his cock, her hips jerking and thumping back at him in lusty abandon. He couldn't control himself under this erotic onslaught and with short loud groans he humped deeply and rapidly sending hot spurts of sperm deep into her rectum. Sheree's heaving buttocks squeezed and milked the last of his load as they both slowed their humping groins to a standstill. After this marathon session we all rested and had a smoke. We all had a quick shower together and went back to the bed, now suffused with the glow of dawn. But our night was not over yet. — *Name and address withheld*

Bumpy Ride

On the night of our work Christmas party, my girlfriend and I decided to go with some friends of ours, who also work there. The car was fairly crowded as there were four adults plus our son and their daughter in the car seats. Due to the lack of room, my girlfriend, Carol, had to sit on my lap.

The trip to the party was about a 15-minute drive. Carol was wearing a long loose dress, we were both feeling a bit horny and it was dark in the back seat. Not long after we got going I lifted Carol's dress up over her knees and started rubbing her pussy through her thin lace panties. She seemed to be enjoying it so much I put my hand inside and felt her hot wetness.

Unfortunately, because of our position I couldn't quite get a finger inside, so I persisted with rubbing up and down her saturated lips. When we arrived at the party we got out of the car and I whispered, "Did you enjoy that honey?"

She said, "Yes, but don't you ever do that to me again." We enjoyed our party and I got quite merry. Carol knows that when I've had a few drinks I get very horny. On the way home we had the same problem with room again, so Carol sat on my lap. Before we got to the end of the street, I had her dress up and my hand in her pants. Carol slid forward a bit to allow me better access to her love tunnel. Her move also gave her enough room to put a hand around between my legs. In no time at all her anxious hand found my already throbbing erection. As I pumped my finger in and out of her she stroked my member.

After a few minutes she removed my hand from between her legs and replaced it with her own, rubbing her clitoris and turning herself on. Carol had had enough foreplay and she wanted to get down to business.

She undid my jeans and my cock sprung free. Taking the hint I pulled her panties to one side and guided my missile straight into her eager beaver. She began rocking slowly and gently. Carol's pace increased slightly and before long she had risen to the first of many orgasms.

When we arrived home we quickly gathered our son and our belongings and hurried upstairs with a very brief goodbye to our friends.

Once inside, Ben was quickly put into his cot and we rushed to our own bed. I was in first and as Carol stood beside the bed undressing I slid across to her side. As soon as she dropped her pants I slipped my head between her legs and began licking her.

After a few seconds she bent over and started sucking my cock. I laid on the bed with my feet on the pillow and she sat on my stiff pole with her back to me. Carol began rocking backwards and forwards, I just laid back and watched my penis sliding in and out of her, it was an incredible turn on.

As she rocked I said, "When you start to come I want you to slide back onto my face." She agreed. As she began her orgasm she did as I had asked and I hungrily and greedily licked and sucked her juices from deep inside her. This drove her crazy, making her orgasm even more intense. As I had not finished yet she rolled onto her back and invited me to enter her once again. I obliged, naturally. Together we pumped for about ten minutes and suddenly I let go like a dam bursting, reaching the top at precisely the same moment she did, giving her her second orgasm. — *Name and address withheld*

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BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

A novel idea

I can confidently state that I'm the best looking guy at my work. When I told the guys at the pub this, they scoffed at me and told me to go and look in the mirror. One guy even bet me 50 dollars that I wasn't. Next day he came to work to test my claim. Later that night the bastards wanted me to shout them beers with my new-found fifty note.

"It's true," said the guy with the light wallet. "He's the best looking guy by far." He took a giant swig of beer. "He's the fucking only guy there! He works in a goddamn library!" I started telling them that I have the biggest dick at my work, too. They were just about to agree when one interrupted. "No way, mate. You were the only guy there but some of those sheilas you work with look like they've got dicks!" I had to agree with him. For some strange reason it seems only old or ugly women are employed in libraries. The guys started bagging me. So I decided to tell them about a story you'll never find on a library shelf.

I didn't know her name for quite a while. She was on work experience from tech for a week. I got the shock of my life when I first spotted her strolling in. I thought I was hallucinating. She was wearing a tight and very suggestive skirt. Her top seemed at the mercy of her well-formed breasts. The ease with which she walked made it seem like she was permanently wet. You could imagine the looks of my fellow librarians as this piece of arse, I mean art, strolled through the workroom. Needless to say, I got cramps in my neck looking up and around corners whenever she was near. I tried to strike up a conversation with her in the lunch room. She told me how she hated libraries and was only here because they couldn't place her anywhere else. I got the feeling that, due to her past exploits, they were trying to place this young beauty in a monastery just to keep her shapely tanned legs on the ground.

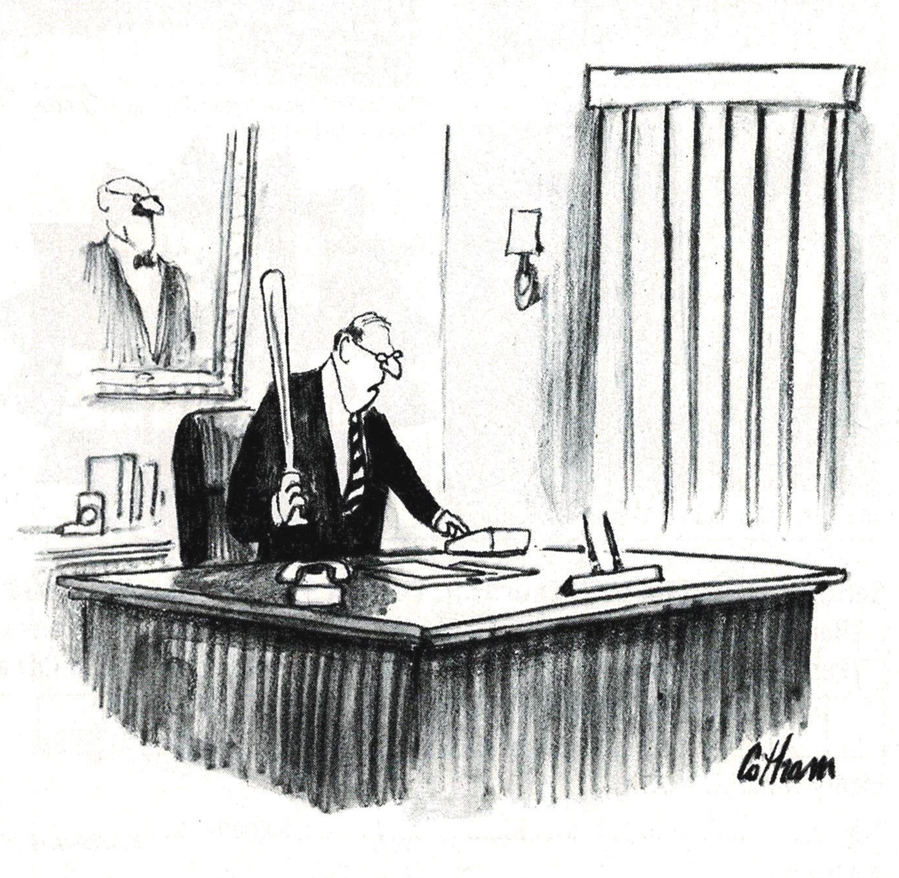
For five full days I tried to get a bit of eye contact happening with her — all to no avail. On Friday, her last day, I decided to give it one more shot. I spent the whole day following her. About one hour before closing time, I followed her into the lunch room. I waited for a moment before entering. As I went around a corner I held my hands out, imagining what I would do with her titties if I could. Suddenly she came around the corner too, her sweet, sweet breasts going right into my expectant hands. I followed my instincts and squeezed them gently. I expected her to slap me — she didn't. She just gazed at me like it was about time someone appreciated her for her body and not her brain. My little book worm suddenly got a lot bolder.

"Bullshit!" cried a guy at the pub. I ignored him. She was about to go home early. I had a novel idea. I told her she couldn't and had to "come" with me to my office for the last hour. She followed rather unhappily. I started telling her about my job as a cataloguer. I told her it's my job to classify books and so on. She started to yawn. (Even her tongue was erotic). I smiled. I told her I'd give her an example. So from under my table I pulled out a book — it was titled *An Illustrated Guide to Sensual Sex*. It was a book my boss told me to destroy a few months ago. For the first time all week her eyes seemed to show a glimmer of interest. I told her to sit down. Her skirt climbed up her legs. I told her we had to examine the book in detail to ascertain where in the library we would place it.

We read page after page. I leant over her, pointing to positions, while perving down her top, asking her for her opinion. Slowly but surely I let my erection rest against her. She didn't seem to mind. In fact she seemed to slowly rub up against it. Then I told her that sometimes we had to test books — just to ascertain whether they were fact or fiction. "You're having me on," she said, half-smiling. "I might if you close the door," I informed her, moving my hard-on towards her breast.

By the way, my office has a large window. So for the next 15 minutes all passers-by could see was her sitting at my terminal groaning and shaking her head wildly. They couldn't see my busily at work under the desk as I sucked her until she stained my plush cushioned seat — I'll never forget the sight of that wriggling arse. Finally I got her on the ground. I nearly shot my load the minute she unbuttoned her top. As I imagined, she had no bra. Why would she with the equipment she had?

She ripped my pants off, her tongue travelled up my penis like she was licking an ice-cream. The desire to shoot in her face had to be resisted. So I closed my eyes and just let her rock uncontrollably above me — her groans must had carried all through the library. I held her sweet cheeks as if my life depended on it. We fucked till about five, trying all the



"Miss Atwood, please draw up the necessary papers, Robertson is about to retire for health reasons."

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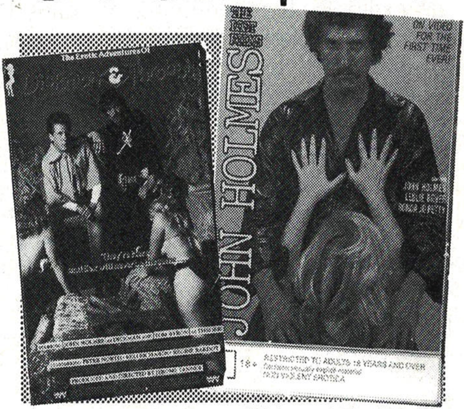
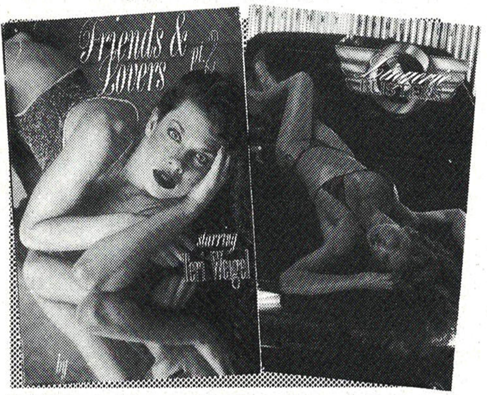


HT3 The Erotic Adventures of Dickman & Throbbin/John Holmes - The Lost Tapes



HT4 Friends & Lovers - The Sequel/Lingerie Busters

Tamara Lee
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HT5 Big Bust Babes - Volume 6 - The Breast of America/ Breastroke II

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BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

positions we had read and some which I couldn't describe. She came at least twice, her nails clawing my back as her thighs wildly shuddered. She then looked at her watch and moaned that her boyfriend would be waiting for her. She asked for me not to shoot — so that he wouldn't detect anything. I shot on my VDU as I stood up. I gave her the book as a parting gesture. She said we should get together again to "sexamine" the last few chapters. I stuck a date due stamp on her hand telling her when to "come" back. — *Name and address withheld*

Double header

My wife, Sophie, has a gorgeous body that looks stunning in a tight black dress, black stockings and suspenders, and nothing else.

We had decided to spend our annual holiday at a luxury resort south of Sydney. It had been a particularly busy year so the choice of a wilderness location, away from it all, provided the ideal place to relax. We had decided to dress for tea and I went for a shower. Upon my return I found Sophie dressed in a tight black leather evening dress, her cleavage accentuated by the plunging neckline. As she turned to close the door her hemline rode up on her leg, just enough to see the top of her stocking.

When I got to the bar she was sitting in a corner, sipping a cocktail. "See that man over there," she said quietly, it was obvious who she meant, he was leaning against the bar — tall, very masculine and handsome. I knew my wife's taste and he was it. "I want to fuck him," she said looking me straight in the eye. "First him, then you. Listen to me," she said decisively," he hasn't noticed us together yet. I am going to go over there and proposition him and I want you to watch for half an hour. Then go back to our room and hide in the wardrobe, leave the door open a bit so you can watch." Without hesitation, Sophie slid back her chair and walked over to him. Suddenly I was incredibly excited.

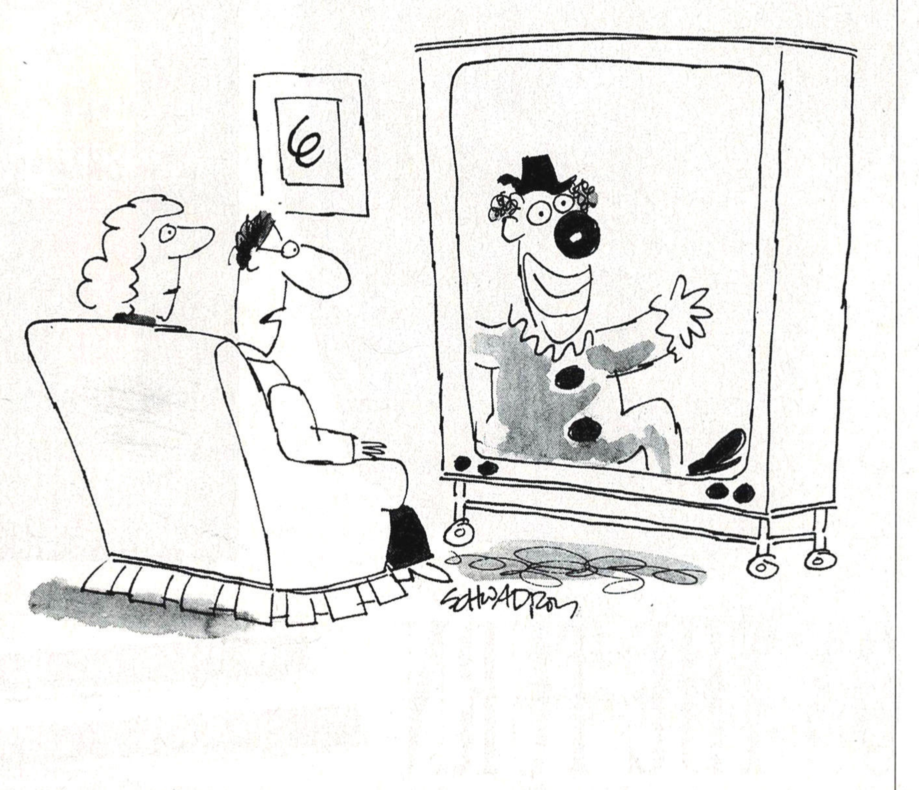
Already in conversation with him, I could see the signs — the flirtatious swinging back of the head, the closeness, the occasional touch. This was my wife in action and I was feeling horny! Although I couldn't hear any of their conversation, it was obvious from their body language that lust was the intention. Occasionally their faces would almost touch as they spoke and my wife's arm might momentarily touch his hip or arm. I slipped away back to our room, my heart was racing as I concealed myself in the wardrobe, the door ajar just enough so I could see the bed. I didn't have to wait long. In about a minute they came in laughing. Closing the door with her feet, my wife kissed her new lover passionately.

My wife was hot all right. Unzipping his trousers and dropping to her knees she took his erect cock right into her mouth, moaning with pleasure. As if sensing my frustrated excitement, my darling wife pushed her man gently into full view on the bed. Climbing on top of him as she opened her pussy lips she wasted no time sinking her pussy onto his throbbing dick. Her leather dress pulled up around her waist revealed her stockings that I was so familiar with.

Her lover was handsome with a wonderful physique. His strength was apparent as he thrust upwards into Sophie's tight, warm pussy. "Quick, we can't be long, he'll be back soon," Sophie muttered to him. I couldn't take my eyes off them, this extreme voyeurism making me want to shoot my load all over the wardrobe. "Oh Sophie, I'm going to come," he moaned. Sophie responded by sliding off his dick and spinning around to face me, looking directly at me through the slit in the door before going down on him. Sucking and slurping and with her hand on the base of his cock, Sophie lifted her head up to concentrate on the spurting come — all the time looking at me. Sophie moaned and rubbed what was left of this stud's come over her tits. "Quick, get dressed, he'll be here any minute," she said.

There was a flurry of activity as clothes were hurriedly arranged and he was thrust out the door. I couldn't wait any longer, I pushed the wardrobe open just as Sophie opened it from the outside. I was still in the wardrobe as Sophie dropped to her knees and swallowed my penis. Her warm mouth had just engulfed my penis as I started to come.

We collapsed on the bed as come flooded into her mouth and over her face, which wash still creamy and superbly lubricated with her last lover's come. Definitely the best — and quickest — blowjob I have ever had. We never saw him again even though we stayed another week. But rest assured, we'll be back next year for another erotic adventure. — *Name and address withheld*



"What worries me is that maybe it's giving me what I really want to watch."

loose ends

WHAT'S YOUR BAG?

If you're a outdoor sportsman, nothing is more handy than a durable, good-sized, well-made duffle bag. And Eagle Creek cargo bags are all three: heavy-duty extra-large and rugged. If your sport requires you to hike equipment a distance, the Expedition Series comes complete with shoulder straps. Starting from around $140.00, Eagle Creek are available from Paddy Pallins.

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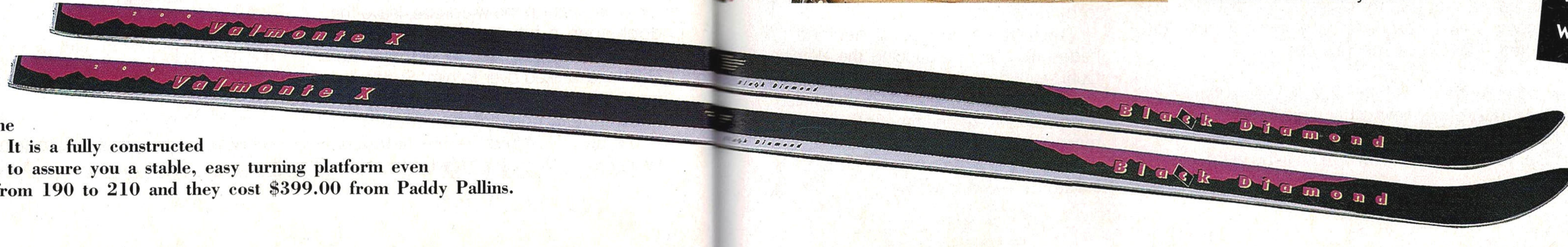
The Aramis company has been looking after the grooming needs of men the world over for almost 30 years. Along with its distinctive range of aftershaves, it also produces a no-fuss range of skin care products like the Razor Burn Relief balm (starting at $38 for 50ml) which visibly reduces post-shave irritation and redness within minutes. Like the rest of the Lab Series range, this product is fragrance free, quickly absorbed and delivers maximum results with minimum effort.

SWALLOWING A RUSTY NAIL

DRAMBUIE
DRAMBUIE

Dating back to the early 1700's, Drambuie stands as one of Scotland's oldest liqueurs. Likewise, Johnnie Walker Scotch whiskey is arguably one Scotland's most famous exports. So if you mixed the two in equal proportions, over ice, in a wee glass with just a bit of water you would have a truly Scottish cocktail — the rusty nail. Try one today.

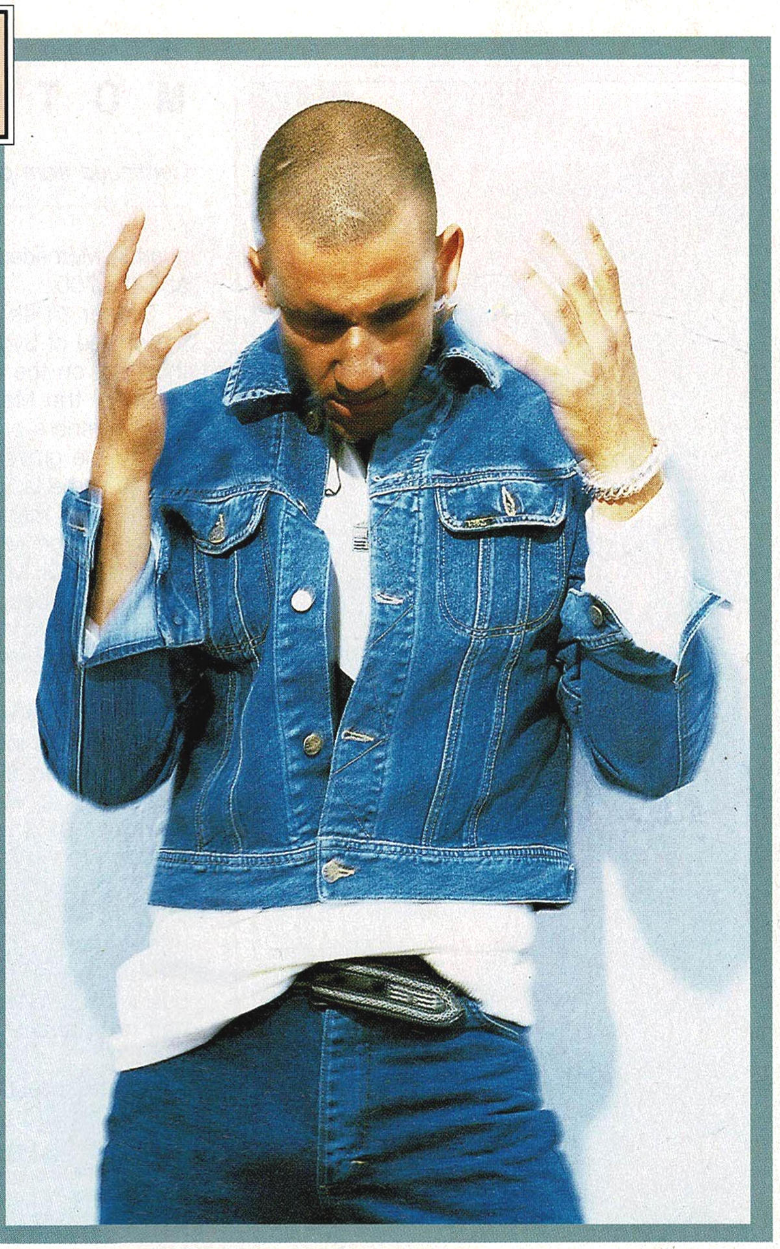
ON THE TURN



Unlike conventional metal-edged touring skis, the Valmonte X was designed with turning in mind. It is a fully constructed ski, featuring 14mm of sidecut and a rigid flex to assure you a stable, easy turning platform even when carrying a heavy knapsack. Lengths are from 190 to 210 and they cost $399.00 from Paddy Pallins.

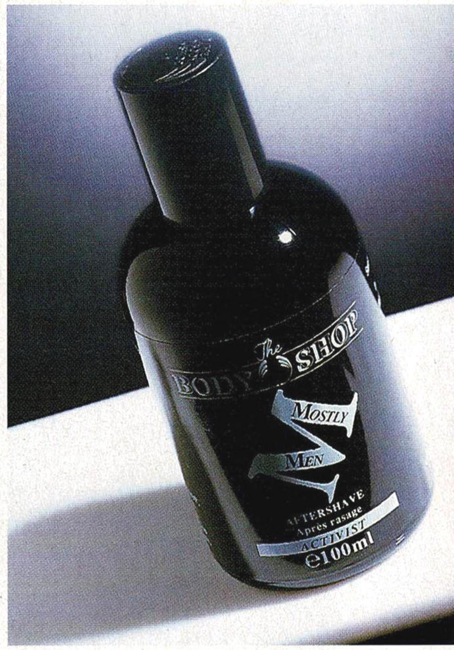
THE JACKET

Everyone owns a denim jacket. It hangs with the other generic brands of clothing and serves its purpose dutifully. But does it have a history? Lee's Stormrider does. JFK, Marilyn Monroe and Liz Taylor all owned a Stormrider. And James Dean wore one in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Now I'm not suggesting you'd buy a jacket just because some big-time Yank owned one, but when they're about the same price and high-quality it's certainly worth a look.



REAL MEN WEAR PERFUME

Fragrances, or perfumes, were once strictly the domain of real men. In Rome, the elite soldiers would anoint themselves daily after bathing. In ancient India, warriors used scented paste to combat fatigue and increase strength. Today, fragrances like Activist — a new addition to the Bodyshop's Mostly Men range — offer a chance for men to reclaim their heritage. You'll find it at any Bodyshop.



ALPINEAIRE
ALPINEAIRE
Saturday Night
ON THE TRAIL

DINNER AT 8
(THOUSAND FEET)

Camping and haute cuisine have never gone hand in hand. But times are a changing. Featured in their vast range of freeze-dried meals for hikers and campers, AlpineAire have their special package, Saturday Night On The Trail — special fare for a special occasion. First course: herb and onion dip. Second course: creamy broccoli soup. Main: pasta and sauce. Dessert: Strawberries and chocolate fondue. The sealed package comes complete with menu card, candle and napkins. Cute hey? Available from Paddy Pallins.

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winners of the Rado competition featured in the November edition of Australian Penthouse were: H. Lees, Tewantin, Qld and C. Ferrier, Walcha, NSW.

Pet Of The Month, Leisa Ryan

INSIDE JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Neddy — In a life of often brutal crime spanning more than 30 years, Neddy Smith has dealt drugs, raped, robbed and murdered. Now he's turned Crown informer. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, we profile the man who wreaked fear and havoc through the underworld and police force alike to become one of Australia's most notorious criminals.

Patanela — On the night of November 8, 1988 an all-steel 19-metre schooner, already legend among seafarers for its rugged endurance, simply vanished without trace. Some say she sank, some say she was rammed but no wreckage was found, no flares sighted and no bodies of the four crew were ever recovered. In the June issue of *Australian Penthouse*, four years after her disappearance, some say the princess of the high seas is still out there, somewhere.

Pet Of The Year — There can only ever be one Pet Of The Year selected from all of the beautiful centrefolds that have graced the pages of *Penthouse* over the past twelve months. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, find out which of the Pets of 1992 has won the coveted 1993 Pet Of The Year title.

Pet Of The Month — Stunning brunette Leisa Ryan is a 25-year-old mother of two from Brisbane. Leisa spends most of her time either running her successful business or taking care of her kids and judging by her stunning shots in the June issue of *Australian Penthouse*, you'll see exactly why mum's the word.

MOTORING

Continued from page 21

humble Mercedes-Benz 600SEL, a steal at $318,700.

Closer to its target audience was the choice of Sydney radio station 2CH, the spot on the dial for blue rinsers. It went for the Mazda 626, a car many of its listeners probably drive — all the way to the grave.

The same lack of unanimity pervades the off-road mags. *Overlander's* choice of 4WD of the Year was the Land Rover Discovery TDi. Magazine rival *Bushdriver* favoured the petrol-engined LandCruiser, ensuring the consumers didn't have a bloody clue which vehicle was the bee's knees.

Not everyone has joined the stampede into industry awards territory. *Penthouse* has steered clear although it has done a well-received Top 10 Lemons of the Decade. Another dissenter is 4WD expert Ian Glover. While editor of *Overlander*, Glover created a 4WD of the year award, unashamedly based on the proven *Wheels* criteria. Now taking care of business at *4 Wheeler* magazine, Glover has no intention of creating a similar gong.

"There are far too many awards now, and it must be maddeningly confusing for consumers. The number of awards is an absurdity," Glover said.

The Car of the Year business has become both a millstone and a milestone for *Wheels'* Scott. It has enormously helped the magazine's profile and credibility.

But Scott is increasingly disturbed by the growth industry in trophies, and the awards propagation increasingly threatens to confuse consumers and detract from the original and what is genuinely the best.

He is most critical of the absence of criteria for the judges of many rival awards and is particularly scathing of the cavalier attitude of some newspaper journalists "who make their judgement after driving the test cars to and from work for a week.

"Some of the selections are a travesty," he said. "We know from our own extensive testing that some so-called award-winners have significant problems. Consumers have every right to be outraged."

Three years ago Scott decided to hedge his bets, introducing the *Wheels* Quality Awards, an annual quantitative evaluation of vehicles' build and finish. The awards were an immediate success, meaning Scott has probably created a monster, or the potential for an army of imitators. — *Peter McKay*

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GSX-R750W
TALK ABOUT PERFORMANCE!

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Eventually you know you have to stop, to play it through your mind again, to talk.

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